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THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS

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THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. V.

TRANSLATED BY

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PREFACE.

THE delay in the issue of this volume calls for a few words of explanation. I had hoped that the late Mr Neil of Pembroke would have collaborated with me in the fifth volume of the Jātaka Translation as he had already done iu Vol. III. But this was not to be, and his premature death in 1901, which was generally ackuowledged to be a serious loss to the cause of Oriental learning, no less than to that of Classical scholarship, threw upon me the burden of undertaking the entire volume without his efficient aid and criticism. The beloved Master of our "Guild of Translators," the late Professor Cowell, assisted me in my task so long as his increasing years and infirmities allowed him to continue his unwearied efforts for the advancement of Oriental studies, but he was not able to give to the work that miuute and careful revision which he had so generously lavished on the four preceding volumes. My labours were also somewhat prolonged by the larger proportion of this volume which had to be versified. In rendering the *gāthās* I have done my best to give the exact sense of the Pali, so far as it was compatible with the exigencies of a metrical version, and if the result at times should strike the reader as rather feeble and pointless, I might urge in extenuation that the original is sometimes equally prosaic and commonplace. Moreover, although I have always regarded Childers' Pali Dictionary as a work of extraordinary merit for the time at which it appeared, yet it would no doubt greatly lighten the labours of translators from the Pali,

if the mass of critical annotations now scattered throughout the Pali Text Society's Publications and various other Oriental Journals could be gathered together and embodied in the new Pali Dictionary which Professor Rhys Davids has promised us. Meanwhile I have to thank Mrs Bode for her very useful *Index to Pali words discussed in Translations* which appeared in the *P. T. Journal* for 1897—1901.

It only remains for me to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Professor Bendall for the kind help he has given me in the many difficulties I have referred to him, and for the readiness with which he has placed at my disposal the stores of his wide reading and critical scholarship. The sixth and last volume of the Translation, which was left unfinished by Professor Cowell, is now in the capable hands of Dr Rouse and will appear in due course edited and completed by him.

H. T. FRANCIS.

GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE,
Oct. 25*th*, 1905.

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Page 25, line 34, for *firewood* read *fire-sticks* or *fire-drills*.

BOOK XVI. TIṀSANIPĀTA.

No. 511.

KIṀCHANDA-JĀTAKA.

[1] "*Why dost thou*," *etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about the observance of fast-days[1].

Now one day when a number of lay Brothers and Sisters, who were keeping a fast-day, came to hear the Law, and were seated in the Hall of Truth, the Master asked them if they were keeping fast-days, and on their saying that they were, he added, "And ye do well to observe fast-days: men of old, in consequence of keeping half a fast-day, attained to great glory," and at their request he told a tale of the past.

Once upon a time at Benares Brahmadatta ruled his kingdom righteously, and being a believer he was zealous in the observance of the duties of the fast-day, in the keeping of the commandments and in almsgiving. He also induced his ministers and the rest to take upon them vows of charity and the like. But his family priest was a backbiter, greedy of bribes, and a giver of unrighteous judgments. The king on a fast-day summoned his councillors and bade them keep the fast. The priest did not take upon himself the duties of the fast-day; so when he had in the day been taking bribes and giving false judgments, and then had come to court to pay his respects, the king, after first asking each of his ministers if he were keeping the fast, questioned the priest, saying, "And are you, Sir, fasting?" He told a lie and said "Yes," and left the palace. Then a certain minister rebuked him, saying, "Surely you are not keeping the fast?" He said, "I took food early in the day, but when I go home I shall rinse my mouth and taking upon myself the duties of the fast-day, [2] I will eat nothing in the evening, and all night I will keep the moral law, and in this way I shall have kept half the fast-day." "Very good, Sir," they said. And he went home and did so. Now one day as he was seated at judgment, a certain woman, who kept the moral precepts, had a

[1] On the observance of *póya* (*uposatha*) days cf. Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, p. 237: "fasting" includes doing no wrong to one's neighbour.

case on, and not being able to go home, she thought, "I will not transgress the observance of the fast-day," and as the time drew near, she began to rinse her mouth. At that moment a lump of ripe mangoes was brought to the brahmin. He perceived that the woman was keeping the fast and said, "Eat this and so keep the fast." She did so. So much for the action of the brahmin. By and bye he died and was born again in the Himalaya country, in a lovely spot on the bank of the Kosiki branch of the Ganges, in a mango-grove, three leagues in extent, on a splendid royal couch in a golden palace. He was born again like one just awakened from sleep, well dressed and adorned, of exceeding beauty of form, and accompanied by sixteen thousand nymphs. All night long he enjoys this glory, for by being born as a Spirit in a phantom palace[1] his reward is corresponding to his deed. So at the approach of dawn he enters a mango-grove, and at the moment of his entrance his divine body disappears, he assumes a form as big as a palm tree, eighty cubits high, and his whole body is ablaze like a judas-tree in full flower. He has but one finger on each hand, while his nails are as big as spades, and with these nails he digs into the flesh on his back and tearing it out eats it, and mad with the pain he suffers, he gives utterance to a loud cry. At sunset this body vanishes and his divine form reappears. Heavenly dancing girls, with various musical instruments in their hands, attend upon him, and in the enjoyment of great honour he ascends to a divine palace in a charming mango-grove. Thus did he, as the result of giving a mango fruit to a woman who was keeping a fast, acquire a mango-grove, three leagues in extent, but, in consequence of receiving bribes and giving false judgments, [3] he tears and eats the flesh from off his own back, whilst, owing to the fact of his having kept half the fast, he enjoys glory every night, surrounded by an escort of sixteen thousand dancing nymphs.

About this time the king of Benares, conscious of the sinfulness of desires, adopted the ascetic life and took up his abode in a hut of leaves, in a pleasant spot on the lower Ganges, subsisting on what he could pick up. Now one day a ripe mango from that grove, the size of a large bowl, fell into the Ganges and was carried by the stream to a spot opposite the landing-place used by this ascetic. As he was rinsing his mouth, he saw the mango floating in mid-stream, and crossing over he took and brought it to his hermitage and placed it in the cell where his sacred fire was kept[2]. Then, splitting it up with a knife, he ate just enough to support life, and covering up the rest with the leaves of the plantain tree, he repeatedly day by day ate of it, as long as it lasted. And when it was all consumed, he could not eat any other kind of fruit, but being a slave to his appetite for daiuties, he vowed he would eat only ripe mango, and

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 240. 5 (Pali).

[2] Cf. *Mahāvagga*, i. 15. 2.

going down to the river bank he sat looking at the stream, determined never to get up till he had found a mango. So he fasted there for six consecutive days, and sat looking for the fruit, till he was dried up by the wind and heat. Now on the seventh day a goddess of the river, by reflecting on the matter, found out the reason of his action, and thinking, "This ascetic, being the slave of his appetite, has sat fasting seven days, looking at the Ganges: it is wrong to deny him a ripe mango: for without it he will perish; I will give him one." So she came and stood in the air above the Ganges, and conversing with him uttered the first stanza:

Why dost thou on this river bank through summer heat remain?
Brahmin, what is thy secret hope? What purpose would'st thou gain?

[4] The ascetic on hearing this repeated nine stanzas:

Afloat upon the stream, fair nymph, a mango I did see;
With outstretched hand I seized the fruit and brought it home with me.

So sweet it was in taste and smell, I deemed it quite a prize;
Its comely shape might vie with biggest water-jar in size.

I hid it mid some plantain leaves, and sliced it with a knife;
A little served as food and drink to one of simple life.

My store is spent, my pangs appeased, but still I must regret,
In other fruits that I may find, no relish I can get.

I pine away; that mango sweet I rescued from the wave
Will bring about my death, I fear. No other fruit I crave.

I've told you why it is I fast, though dwelling by a stream
Whose broadening waves with every fish that swims are said to teem.

And now I pray thee tell to me, and flee thou not in fear,
O lovely maiden, who thou art, and wherefore thou art here.

Fair are the handmaids of the gods, like burnished gold are they,
Graceful as tiger brood along their mountain slopes that play.

Here also in the world of men are women fair to see,
But none amongst or gods or men may be compared to thee.
I ask thee then, O lovely nymph, endowed with heavenly grace,
Declare to me thy name and kin and whence derived thy race.

[5] Then the goddess uttered eight stanzas:

O'er this fair stream, by which thou sitst, O brahmin, I preside,
And dwell in vasty depths below, 'neath Ganges' rolling tide.

All clad with forest growth I own a thousand mountain caves,
Whence flow as many flooded streams to mingle with my waves.

[6] Each wood and grove, to Nāgas dear, sends forth full many a rill,
And yields its store of waters blue, my ample course to fill.

Oft borne upon these tribute streams are fruits from every tree,
Rose-apples, bread-fruit, dates and figs, with mangoes one may see.

And all that grows on either bank and falls within my reach,
I claim as lawful prize, and none my title may impeach.

Well knowing this, hearken to me, O wise and learned king,
Cease to indulge thy heart's desire—renounce the cursed thing.

O ruler erst of broad domains, thy act I cannot praise,
To long for death, in prime of youth, great folly, sure, betrays.

Brahmins and angels, gods and men, all know thy deed and name,
And saints who by their holiness attain on earth to fame—
Yea, all that wise and famous are, thy sinful act proclaim.

[7] Then the ascetic uttered four stanzas:

One who knows how frail our life is, and how transient things of sense,
Never thinks to slay another, but abides in innocence.

Honoured once by saints in council, owner of a virtuous name,
Now with sinful men conversing, thou dost win an evil fame.

Were I on thy banks to perish, nymph with comely form endowed,
Ill repute would rest upon thee, like the shadow of a cloud.

Therefore, goddess fair, I pray thee, every sinful deed eschew,
Lest, a bye-word of the people, thou have cause my death to rue.

[8] On hearing him, the goddess replied in five stanzas:

Well I know the secret longing, thine to bear so patiently,
And I yield myself thy servant and the mango give to thee.
Lo! foregoing sinful pleasures, pleasures hard to be resigned,
Thou hast gained, to keep for ever, holiness and peace of mind.

He that, freed from early bondage, hugs the chains he once forswore,
Rashly treading ways unholy, ever sinneth more and more.

I will grant thy earnest craving, and will bid thy troubles cease,
Guiding thee to cool recesses, where thou mayst abide in peace.

Herons, maynah birds and cuckoos, with the ruddy geese that love
Nectar from the bloom to gather, swans aloft in troops that move,
Paddy-birds and lordly peacocks, with their song awake the grove.

Saffron and kadamba blossoms lie as chaff upon the ground,
Ripest dates, the palms adorning, hang in clusters all around,
And, amidst the loaded branches, see how mangoes here abound!

[9] And singing the praises of the place she transported the ascetic thither, and, bidding him eat mangoes in this grove till he had satisfied his hunger, she went her way. The ascetic, eating mangoes till he had appeased his appetite, rested awhile. Then, as he wandered in the grove, he spied this Spirit in a state of suffering and he had not the heart to utter a word to him, but at sunset he beheld him attended by nymphs and in the enjoyment of heavenly glory and addressed him in three stanzas:

All the night anointed, fêted, with a crown upon thy brow,
Neck and arms bedecked with jewels—all the day in anguish thou!

Many thousand nymphs attend thee. What a magic power is this!
How amazing thus to vary from a state of woe to bliss!

What has led to thy undoing? What the sin that thou dost rue?
Why from thine own back dost ever eat the flesh each day anew?

[10] The Spirit recognized him and said, "You do not recognize me, but I was once your chaplain. This happiness that I enjoy in the night is due to you, as the result of my keeping half the fast-day; while the

suffering I experience by day is the result of the evil that I wrought. For I was set by you on the seat of judgment, and I took bribes and gave false decisions, and was a backbiter, and in consequence of the evil that I wrought by day, I now undergo this suffering," and he uttered a couple of stanzas:

Once in holy lore delighting I in sinful toils was cast,
Working evil for my neighbour, through the lengthening years I passed.

He that shall, backbiting others, love on their good name to prey,
Flesh from his own back will ever rend and eat, as I to-day.

And so saying, he asked the ascetic why he had come here. The ascetic told all his story at length. "And now, holy sir," the Spirit said, "will you stay here or go away?" "I will not stay, I will return to my hermitage." The Spirit said, "Very well, holy sir, I will constantly supply you with a ripe mango," and by an exercise of his magic power he transported him to his hermitage, and, bidding him dwell there contentedly, he exacted a promise from him and went his way. Thenceforth the Spirit constantly supplied him with the mango fruit. The ascetic, in the enjoyment of the fruit, performed the preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation and was destined to the Brahma-world.

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[11] The Master, having finished his lesson to the lay folk, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, some attained to the First Path, some to the Second, and others to the Third Path:—"At that time the goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic was myself."

No. 512.

KUMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who art thou,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning five hundred women, friends of Visākhā, who were drinkers of strong drink. Now the story goes that a drinking festival was proclaimed at Sāvatthi, and these five hundred women, after providing fiery drink for their masters, at the end of the festival thought, "We too will keep the feast," and they all went to Visākhā and said, "Friend, we will keep the feast." She replied, "This is a drinking festival; I will drink no strong drink." They said, "Do you then give an offering to the supreme Buddha: we will keep the feast." She readily assented and sent them away. And after entertaining the Master, and making him a large offering, she set out at eventide for Jetavana, with many a scented wreath in her hand, to hear the preaching of the Law, attended by these women. Now they were eager for drink, when they started with her, and, when they stood in the gabled chamber, they took strong drink, and then accompanied

Visākhā into the presence of the Master. Visākhā saluted the Master and sat respectfully on one side. Some of the other women danced even before the Master; some sang; others made improper movements with their hands and feet; others quarrelled. The Master, in order to give them a shock, emitted a ray of light from his eyebrow; and this was followed by blinding darkness. These women were terrified and frightened with the fear of death, and so the effect of the strong drink wore off. The Master, disappearing from the throne on which he was seated, took his stand on the top of Mount Sineru, and emitted a ray of light from the hairs between his eyebrows[1], like as if it had been the rising of a thousand moons. The Master, just as he stood there, to produce a sensation amongst these women, spoke this stanza:

[2]No place for laughter here, no room for joy,
The flames of passion suffering worlds destroy.
Why overwhelmed in darkest night, I pray,
Seek ye no toroh to light you on your way?

At the end of the stanza all the five hundred women were established in the fruition of the First Path. The Master came and sat down on the Buddha seat, in the shade of the Perfumed Chamber. Then Visākhā saluted him and asked, "Holy sir, whence has arisen this drinking of strong drink, that does violence to a man's honour and to a tender conscience?" And telling her he related a story of the past.

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[12] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was ruling in Benares, a forester, named Sura, who dwelt in the kingdom of Kāsi, went to the Himalayas, to seek for articles of merchandise. There was a certain tree there that sprang up to the height of a man with his arms extended over his head, and then divided into three parts. In the midst of its three forks was a hole as big as a wine jar, and when it rained this hole was filled with water. Round about it grew two myrobalan[3] plants and a pepper shrub; and the ripe fruits from these, when they were cut down, fell into the hole. Not far from this tree was some self-sown paddy. The parrots would pluck the heads of rice and eat them, perched on this tree. And while they were eating, the paddy and the husked rice fell there. So the water, fermenting through the suu's heat, assumed a blood-red colour. In the hot season flocks of birds, being thirsty, drank of it, and becoming intoxicated fell down at the foot of the tree, and after sleeping awhile flew away, chirping merrily. And the same thing happened in the case of wild dogs, monkeys and other creatures. The forester, on seeing this, said, "If this were poison they would die, but after a short sleep they go away as they list; it is no poison." And he himself drank of it, and becoming intoxicated he felt a desire to eat flesh, and then making a fire he killed the partridges and cocks that fell down at the foot of the tree, and roasted their flesh on the live coals, and gesticulating with one hand, and eating flesh with the other, he remained one or two days in the same

[1] This manifestation is abundantly illustrated in Buddhist art, especially in that of the *Mahāyāna* school.

[2] *Dhammapada*, p. 146.

[3] Of different kinds, *Terminalia Chebula* and *Emblica officinalis*.

spot. Now not far from here lived an ascetic, named Varuṇa. The forester at other times also used to visit him, and the thought now struck him, "I will drink this liquor with the ascetic." So he filled a reed-pipe with it, and taking it together with some roast meat he came to the hut of leaves and said, "Holy sir, [13] taste this liquor," and they both drank it and ate the meat. So from the fact of this drink having been discovered by Sura and Varuṇa, it was called by their names (*surā* and *vāruṇī*). They both thought, "This is the way to manage it," and they filled their reed-pipes, and taking it on a carrying-pole they came to a neighbouring village, and sent a message to the king that some wine merchants had come. The king sent for them and they offered him the drink. The king drank it two or three times and got intoxicated. This lasted him only one or two days. Then he asked them if there was any more. "Yes, sir," they said. "Where?" "In the Himalayas, sir." "Then bring it here." They went and fetched it two or three times. Then thinking, "We can't always be going there," they took note of all the constituent parts, and, beginning with the bark of the tree, they threw in all the other ingredients, and made the drink in the city. The men of the city drank it and became idle wretches. And the place became like a deserted city. Then these wine merchants fled from it and came to Benares, and sent a message to the king, to announce their arrival. The king sent for them and paid them money, and they made wine there too. And that city also perished in the same way. Thence they fled to Sāketa, and from Sāketa they came to Sāvatthi. At that time there was a king named Sabbamitta in Sāvatthi. He shewed favour to these men and asked them what they wanted. When they said, "We want the chief ingredients and ground rice and five hundred jars," he gave them everything they asked for. So they stored the liquor in the five hundred jars, and, to guard them, they bound cats, one to each jar. And, when the liquor fermented and began to escape, the cats drank the strong drink that flowed from the inside of the jars, and getting intoxicated they lay down to sleep; and rats came and bit off the cats' ears, noses, teeth and tails. The king's officers came and told the king, "The cats have died from drinking the liquor." [14] The king said, "Surely these men must be makers of poison," and he ordered them both to be beheaded and they died, crying out, "Give us strong drink, give us mead[1]." The king, after putting the men to death, gave orders that the jars should be broken. But the cats, when the effect of the liquor wore off, got up and walked about and played. When they saw this, they told the king. The king said, "If it were poison, they would have died; it must be mead; we will drink it." So he had the city decorated, and set up a pavilion in the palace yard and taking his seat in this splendid pavilion on a royal throne with a white umbrella raised over it, and surrounded by

[1] Another reading has, "Wine, O king, mead, O king."

his courtiers, he began to drink. Then Sakka, the king of heaven, said, "Who are there that in the duty of service to mother and the like diligently fulfil the three kinds of right conduct?" And, looking upon the world, he saw the king seated to drink strong drink and he thought, "If he shall drink strong drink, all India will perish: I will see that he shall not drink it." So, placing a jar full of the liquor in the palm of his hand, he went, disguised as a brahmin, and stood in the air, in the presence of the king, and cried, "Buy this jar, buy this jar." King Sabbamitta, on seeing him standing in the air and speaking after this manner, said, "Whence can this brahmin come?" and conversing with him he repeated three stanzas:

Who art thou, Being from on high,
  Whose form emits bright rays of light,
Like levin flash athwart the sky,
  Or moon illuming darkest night?

To ride the pathless air upon,
  To move or stand in silent space—
Real is the power that thou hast won,
  And proves thou art of godlike race.

Then, brahmin, who thou art declare,
  And what within thy jar may be,
[15] That thus appearing in mid air,
  Thou fain wouldst sell thy wares to me.

Then Sakka said, "Hearken then to me," and, expounding the evil qualities of strong drink, he said:

This jar nor oil nor ghee doth hold,
  No honey or molasses here,
But vices more than can be told
  Are stored within its rounded sphere.

Who drinks will fall, poor silly fool,
  Into some hole or pit impure,
Or headlong sink in loathsome pool
  And eat what he would fain abjure.
Buy then, O king, this jar of mine,
Full to the brim of strongest wine.

Who drinks, with wits distracted quite,
  Like grazing ox that loves to stray,
[16] Wanders in mind, a helpless wight,
  And sings and dances all the day.
Buy then &c.

Who drinks will run all shamelessly,
  Like nude ascetic thro' the town,
And late take rest—so dazed is he—
  Forgetting when to lay him down.
Buy then &c.

Who drinks, like one moved with alarm,
  Totters, as tho' he could not stand,
And trembling shakes his head and arm,
  Like wooden puppet worked by hand.
Buy then &c.

Who drink are burned to death in bed,
  Or else a prey to jackals fall,
To bondage or to death are led,
  And suffer loss of goods withal.
Buy then &c.

Who drinks is lost to decency
  And talks of things that are obscene,
Will sit undressed in company,
  Is sick and every way unclean.
Buy then &c.

Uplifted is the man that drinks,
  His vision is by no means clear,
The world is all my own, he thinks,
  I own no earthly lord as peer.
Buy then &c.

Wine is a thing of boastful pride,
  An ugly, naked, cowardly imp,
To strife and calumny allied,
  A home to shelter thief and pimp.
Buy then &c.

Tho' families may wealthy be,
  And countless treasures may enjoy,
Holding earth's richest gifts in fee,
  This will their heritage destroy.
Buy then &c.

Silver and gold and household gear,
  Oxen and fields and stores of grain—
All, all is lost: strong drink, I fear,
  Has proved of wealthy home the bane.
Buy then &c.

[17] The man that drinks is filled with pride,
  And his own parents will revile,
Or, ties of blood and kin defied,
  Will dare the marriage bed defile.
Buy then &c.

She too that drinks will in her pride
  Her husband and his sire revile,
And, dignity of race defied,
  A slave to folly will beguile.
Buy then &c.

The man that drinks will dare to slay
  A righteous priest or brahmin true,
And then in suffering worlds for aye
  The sinful deed will have to rue.
Buy then &c.

Who drink will sin in triple wise,
  In word, in action, and in thought,
Then sink to Hell, to agonize
  For all the evil they have wrought.
Buy then &c.

The man from whom men beg in vain,
  E'en at the cost of heaps of gold,
From him when drunk their point they gain
  And readily the lie is told.
Buy then &c.

Should one that drinks a message bear
  And lo! some great emergency
Should suddenly arise, he'll swear
  The thing has slipped his memory.
Buy then &c.

E'en modest folk, intoxicate
  With wine, will most indecent be,
And wisest men, when drunk, will prate
  And babble very foolishly.
Buy then &c.

Thro' drink men, fasting, lie about,
  The hard bare ground their resting place,
Huddled like swine, a shameless rout,
  They undergo most foul disgrace.
Buy then &c.

Like oxen smitten to the ground
  [1]Collapsing, in a heap they lie;
[18] Such fire is in strong liquor found,
  No power of man with it can vie.
Buy then &c.

When all men, as from deadly snake,
  In terror from the poison shrink,
What hero bold enough to slake
  His thirst from such a fatal drink?
Buy then &c.

'Twas after drinking this, I ween,
  The [2]Andhakas and Vṛishṇi race,
Roaming along the shore, were seen
  To fall, each by his kinsman's mace.
Buy then &c.

Angels infatuate with wine
  Fell from eternal heaven, O king,
With all their magic power divine:
  Then who would taste the accursed thing?
Buy then &c.

Nor curds nor honey sweet is here,
  But evermore remembering
What's stored within this rounded sphere,
  Buy, prithee, buy my jar, O king.

[19] On hearing this the king, recognizing the misery caused by drink, was so pleased with Sakka that he sang his praises in two stanzas:

[20] No parents had I sage to teach, like thee,
But thou art kind and merciful, I see;
A seeker of the Highest Truth alway;
Therefore I will obey thy words to-day.

Lo! five choice villages I own are thine,
Twice fifty handmaids, seven hundred kine,
And these ten cars with steeds of purest blood,
For thou hast counselled me to mine own good.

[1] *Pattakkhandhā.* Cf. note on *Cullavagga*, iv. 4. 7, Translation by Davids and Oldenberg, p. 13.

[2] See Wilson's *Vishṇu Purāṇa* (Hall's ed.), vol. v. pp. 147—149. Cf. Jātaka, vol. IV. 81, vol. v. 267.

Sakka on hearing this revealed his godhead[1] and made himself known, and standing in the air he repeated two stanzas:

These hundred slaves, O king, may still be thine,
And eke the villages and herds of kine;
No chariots yoked to high-bred steeds I claim;
Sakka, chief god of Thirty Three, my name.

Enjoy thy ghee, rice, milk and sodden meat,
Still be content thy honey cakes to eat.
Thus, king, delighting in the Truths I've preached,
Pursue thy blameless path, till Heaven is reached.

Thus did Sakka admonish him and then returned to his abode in Heaven. And the king, abstaining from strong drink, ordered the drinking vessels to be broken. And undertaking to keep the precepts and dispensing alms, he became destined to Heaven. But the drinking of strong drink gradually developed in India.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was Sakka."

No. 513.

JAYADDISA-JĀTAKA.

[21] "*Lo! after,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told of a Brother who supported his mother. The introductory story is like that told in the [2]Sāma Birth. But on this occasion the Master said, "Sages of old gave up the white umbrella with its golden wreath to support their parents," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there lived a king in a city of the Northern Pañcālas, in the kingdom of Kampilla, named Pañcāla. His queen consort conceived and bare a son. In a former existence her rival in the harem, being in a rage, said, "Some day I shall be able to devour your offspring," and putting up a prayer to this effect she was turned into an ogress. Then she found her opportunity and, seizing the child before the very eyes of the queen and crunching and devouring it as if it were a piece of raw flesh, she made off. A second time she did exactly the same thing, but on the third occasion, when the queen had entered into her lying-in chamber, a guard surrounded the palace and kept a strict watch. On the day when she brought forth, the ogress

[1] Should we not read *devatta-* for *devadatta-*?

[2] Vol. VI. No. 540. Cf. also vol. IV. No. 510 *Ayogharajātaka.*

again appeared and seized the child. The queen uttered a loud cry of "Ogress," and armed soldiers, running up when the alarm was given by the queen, went in pursuit of the ogress. Not having time to devour the child, she fled and hid herself in a sewer. The child, taking the ogress for its mother, put its lips to her breast, and she conceived a mother's love for the infant, and repairing to a cemetery she hid him in a rock-cave and watched over him. And as he gradually grew up, she brought and gave him human flesh, and they both lived on this food. The boy did not know that he was a human being; but, though he believed himself to be the son of the ogress, he could not get rid of or conceal his bodily form. So to bring this about she gave him a certain root. And by virtue of this root he concealed his form and continued to live on human flesh. Now the ogress went away to do service to the great king Vessavaṇa[1], and died then and there. But the queen for the fourth time [22] gave birth to a boy, and because the ogress was now dead, he was safe, and from the fact of his being born victorious over his enemy the ogress, he was called Jayaddisa (prince Victor). As soon as he was grown up and thoroughly educated in all learning, he assumed the sovereignty by raising the umbrella, and ruled over the kingdom. At that time his queen consort gave birth to the Bodhisatta, and they called him prince Alīnasattn. When he grew up and was fully instructed in all learning, he became viceroy. But the son of the ogress by carelessly destroying the root was unable to hide himself, but living in the cemetery he devoured human flesh in a visible form. People on seeing him were alarmed, and came and complained to the king: "Sire, an ogre in a visible shape is eating human flesh in the cemetery. In course of time he will find his way into the city and kill and eat the people. You ought to have him caught." The king readily assented, and gave orders for his seizure. An armed force was stationed all round the city. The son of the ogress, naked and horrible to look upon, with the fear of death upon him, cried aloud and sprang into the midst of the soldiers. They, with a cry of "Here's the ogre," alarmed for their very lives, broke into two divisions and fled. And the ogre, escaping from thence, hid himself in the forest and no longer approached the haunts of men. And he took up his abode at the foot of a banyan tree near a high-road through the forest, and as people travelled by it, he would seize them one by one, and entering the wood killed and ate them. Now a brahmin, at the head of a caravan, gave a thousand pieces of money to the warders of the forest, and was journeying along the road with five hundred waggons. The ogre in human shape leaped upon them with a roar. The men fled in terror and lay grovelling on the ground. He seized the brahmin, and

[1] One of the fonr great demon-kings, the Hindū Plutus.

being wounded by a splinter of wood as he was fleeing, and being hotly pursued by the forest rangers, he dropped the brahmin and went and lay down at the foot of the tree where he dwelt. On the seventh day after this, king Jayaddisa proclaimed a hunt and set out from the city. Just as he was starting, [23] a native of Takkasilā, a brahmin named Nanda, who supported his parents, came into the king's presence, bringing four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money[1]. The king stopped to listen to them, and ordered a dwelling-place to be assigned to him. Then going to the chase, he said, "That man on whose side the deer escapes shall pay the brahmin for his verses." Then a spotted antelope was started, and making straight for the king escaped. The courtiers all laughed heartily. The king grasped his sword, and pursuing the animal came up with it after a distance of three leagues, and with a blow from his sword he severed it in two and hung the carcase on his carrying-pole. Then, as he returned, he came to the spot where the man-ogre was sitting, and after resting for a while on the kuça grass, he essayed to go on. Then the ogre rose up and cried "Halt! where are you going? You are my prey," and seizing him by the hand, he spoke the first stanza:

Lo! after my long seven days' fast
A mighty prey appears at last!
Pray tell me, art thou known to fame?
I fain would hear thy race and name.

The king was terrified at the sight of the ogre, and, becoming as rigid as a pillar, was unable to flee; but, recovering his presence of mind, he spoke the second stanza:

Jayaddisa, if known to thee,
Pañcāla's king I claim to be:
Hunting thro' fen and wood I stray:
Eat thou this deer; free me, I pray.

[24] The ogre, on hearing this, repeated the third stanza:

To save thy skin, thou offerest me for food
This quarry, king, to which my claim is good:
Know I will eat thee first, and yet not balk
My taste for venison: cease from idle talk.

The king, on hearing this, called to mind the brahmin Nanda, and spoke the fourth stanza:

Should I not purchase the release I crave,
Yet let me keep the promise that I gave
A brahmin friend. To-morrow's dawn shall see
My honour saved, and my return to thee.

[1] He ultimately gets four thousand pieces.

The ogre, on hearing this, spoke the fifth stanza:

> Standing so near to death, what is the thing
> That thus doth sorely trouble thee, O king?
> Tell me the truth, that so perhaps we may
> Consent to let thee go for one brief day.

[25] The king, explaining the matter, spoke the sixth stanza:

> A promise once I to a brahmin made;
> That promise still is due, that debt unpaid:
> The vow fulfilled, to-morrow's dawn shall see
> My honour saved, and my return to thee.

On hearing this, the ogre spoke the seventh stanza:

> A promise to a brahmin thou hast made;
> That promise still is due, that vow unpaid.
> Fulfil thy vow, and let to-morrow see
> Thy honour saved and thy return to me.

And having thus spoken, he let the king go. And he, being allowed to depart, said, "Do not be troubled about me; I will return at day-break," and, taking note of certain landmarks by the way, he returned to his army, and with this escort made his entrance into the city. Then he summoned the brahmin Nanda, seated him on a splendid throne, and, after hearing his verses, presented him with four thousand pieces of money. And he made the brahmin mount a chariot and sent him away, bidding his servants conduct him straight to Takkasilā. On the next day, being anxious to return, he called his son, and thus instructed him.

The Master, to explain the matter, spoke two stanzas:

> Escaped from cruel goblin he did come
> Full of sweet longings to his lovely home:
> [26] His word to brahmin friend he never broke,
> But thus to dear Alīnasattu spoke.
>
> 'My son, reign thou anointed king to-day
> Ruling o'er friend and foe with righteous sway;
> Let no injustice mar thy happy state;
> I now from cruel goblin seek my fate.'

The prince, on hearing this, spoke the tenth stanza:

> Fain would I learn what act or word
> Lost me the favour of my lord,
> That thou shouldst raise me to the throne
> Which, losing thee, I would not own.

The king, on hearing this, spoke the next stanza:

> Dear sou, I fail to call to mind
> A single word or act unkind,
> But now that honour's debt is paid,
> I'll keep the vow to ogre made.

[27] The prince, on hearing this, spoke a stanza:

Nay, I will go and thou stay here;
No hope of safe return, I fear.
But shouldst thou go, I'll follow thee
And both alike will cease to be.

On hearing this, the king spoke a stanza:

With thee doth moral law agree,
But life would lose all charm for me,
If on wood-spit this ogre grim
Should roast and eat thee, limb by limb.

Hearing this, the prince spoke a stanza:

If from this ogre thou wilt fly,
For thee I am prepared to die:
Yea, gladly would I die, O king,
If only life to thee I bring.

[28] On hearing this the king, recognizing his son's virtue, accepted his offer, saying, "Well, go, dear son." And so he bade his parents farewell and left the city.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke half a stanza:

Then the brave prince to his dear parents bade
A last farewell, with low obeisance made.

Then his parents and his sister and wife and the courtiers went forth from the city with him. And the prince here inquired of his father as to the way, and, after making careful arrangements and having admonished the others, he ascended the road and made for the abode of the ogre, as fearless as a maned lion. His mother, seeing him depart, could not restrain herself and fell fainting on the earth. His father, stretching out his arms, wept aloud.

The Master, making the matter clear, spoke the other half stanza:

His sire with outstretched arms, his son to stay,
Wept sore. His mother, grieving, swooned away.

And, thus making clear the prayer uttered by the father and the Act of Truth repeated by the mother and sister and wife, he uttered yet four more stanzas:

But when his son had vanished quite
From his despairing father's sight,
  With hands upraised the gods he praised
Kings Varuna and Soma hight,
Brahma and lords of Day and Night.
'By these kept safe and sound of limb,
Escape, dear son, from ogre grim.'

[29] 'As Rāma's fair-limbed mother won[1]
Salvation for her absent son,
When woods of Daṇḍaka he sought,
So for my ohild is freedom wrought;
And by this Act of Truth I've charmed
The gods to bring thee home unharmed.'

'Brother, in thee no fault at all
Open or secret I recall;
And by this Act of Truth I've charmed
The gods to bring thee home unharmed.'

'Void of offence art thou to me,
I too, my lord, bear love to thee;
And by this Act of Truth I've charmed
The gods to bring thee home unharmed.'

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[30] And the prince, following his father's directions, set out on the road to the dwelling of the ogre. But the ogre thought, "Kshatriyas have many wiles: who knows what will happen?" and climbing the tree he sat looking out for the coming of the king. On seeing the prince, he thought, "The son has stopped his father and is coming himself. There's no fear about bim." And descending from the tree he sat with his back to him. On coming up the youth stood in front of the ogre, who then spoke this stanza:

Whence art thou, youth so fair and fine?
Knowest thou this forest realm is mine?
They hold their lives but cheap who come
Where savage ogres find a home.

Hearing this, the youth spoke this stanza:

I know thee, cruel ogre, well;
Within this forest thou dost dwell.
Jayaddisa's true son stands here:
Eat me and free my father dear.

Then the ogre spoke this stanza:

Jayaddisa's true son I know;
Thy looks confess that it is so.
[31] A hardship surely 'tis for thee
To die, to set thy father free.

Then the youth spoke this stanza:

No mighty deed is this, I feel,
To die, and for a father's weal
And mother's love to pass away
And win the bliss of heaven for aye.

On hearing this, the ogre said, "There is no creature, prince, that

[1] See *Rāmāyaṇa*, book iii.

is not afraid of death. Why are not you afraid?" And he told him the reason and recited two stanzas:

No evil deed of mine at all,
Open or secret, I recall:
Well weighed are birth and death by me,
As here, so 'tis in worlds to be.

Eat me to-day, O mighty one,
And do the deed that must be done.
I'll fall down dead from some high tree,
Then eat my flesh, as pleaseth thee.

[32] The ogre, on hearing his words, was terrified and said, "One cannot eat this man's flesh"; and, thinking by some stratagem to make him run away, he said:

If 'tis thy will to sacrifice
  Thy life, young prince, to free thy sire,
Then go in haste is my advice
  And gather sticks to light a fire.

Having so done, the youth returned to him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke another stanza:

Then the brave prince did gather wood
  And, rearing high a mighty pyre,
Cried, lighting it, 'Prepare thy food;
  See! I have made a goodly fire.'

The ogre, when he saw the prince had returned and made a fire, said, "This is a lion-hearted fellow. Death has no terrors for him. Up to this time I have never seen so fearless a man." And he sat there, astounded, from time to time looking at the youth. And he, seeing what the ogre was about, spoke this stanza:

Stand not and gaze in dumb amaze,
  Take me and slay, and eat, I pray,
[33] While still alive, I will contrive
  To make thee fain to eat to-day.

Then the ogre, hearing his words, spoke this stanza:

One so truthful, kindly, just,
  Surely never may be eaten,
Or his head, who eats thee, must
  Be to sevenfold pieces beaten.

The prince, on hearing this, said, "If you do not want to eat me, why did you bid me break sticks and make a fire?" and when the ogre replied, "It was to test you; for I thought you would run away," the prince said, "How now will you test me, seeing that, when in an animal form, I allowed

Sakka, king of heaven, to put my virtue to the test?" And with these words he spoke this stanza:—

[1] To Indra once like some poor brahmin drest
The hare did offer its own flesh to eat;
Thenceforth its form was on the moon imprest;
That gracious orb as Yakkha now we greet.

[34] The ogre, on hearing this, let the prince go and said,

As the clear moon from Rāhu's grip set free
Shines at midmonth with wonted brilliancy,
So too do thou, Kampilla's lord of might,
Escaped from ogre, shed the joyous light
Of thy bright presence, sorrowing friends to cheer,
And bring back gladness to thy parents dear.

And saying, "Go, heroic soul," he let the Great Being depart. And having made the ogre humble, he taught him the five moral laws, and, wishing to put it to the test whether or not he was an ogre, he thought, "The eyes of ogres are red and do not wink. They cast no shadow and are free from all fear. This is no ogre; it is a man. They say my father had three brothers carried off by an ogress; two of them must have been devoured by her, and one will have been cherished by her with the love of a mother for her child: this must be he. I will take him with me and tell my father, and have him established on the throne." And so thinking he cried, "Ho! Sir, you are no ogre; you are my father's elder brother. Well, come with me and raise your umbrella as emblem of sovereignty in your ancestral kingdom." And when he replied, "I am not a man," the prince said, "You do not believe me. Is there any one you will believe?" "Yes," he said, "there is in such and such a place an ascetic gifted with supernatural vision." So he took the ogre with him and went there. The ascetic no sooner caught sight of them than he said, "With what object are you two descendants from a common ancestor walking here?" And with these words he told them how they were related. The man-eater believed and said, "Dear friend, do you go home: as for me, I am born with two natures in one form. I have no wish to be a king. I'll become an ascetic." So he was ordained to the religious life by the ascetic. Then the prince saluted him and returned to the city.

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[35] The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza:

Then did bold prince Alīnasattu pay
All due obeisance to that ogre grim,
And free once more did wend his happy way
Back to Kampilla, safe and sound of limb.

[1] See No. 316 Sasajātaka, vol. iii. p. 34 (English version). The commentary adds that in the present Kalpa the moon is marked by a yakkha instead of a hare.

And when the youth reached the city, the Master explained to the townsfolk and the rest what the prince had done, and spoke the last stanza:

Thus faring forth afoot from town and country side,
  Lo! eager throngs proclaim
  The doughty hero's name,
Or as aloft on car or elephant they ride
  With homage due they come
  To lead the victor home.

The king heard that the prince had returned and set out to meet him, and the prince, escorted by a great multitude, came and saluted the king. And he asked him, saying, "Dear son, how have you escaped from so terrible an ogre?" And he said, "Dear father, he is no ogre; he is your elder brother and my uncle." And he told him all about it and said, "You must go and see my uncle." The king at once ordered a drum to be beaten, and set out with a great retinue to visit the ascetics. The chief ascetic told them the whole story in full; how the child had been carried off by an ogress, and how instead of eating him she had brought him up as an ogre, and how they were related one to another. The king said, "Come, brother, do you reign as king." "No, thank you, Sire," he replied. "Then come and take up your abode in our park and I will supply you with the four requisites." He refused to come. Then the king made a settlement on a certain mountain, not far from their hermitage, and, forming a lake, prepared cultivated fields and, bringing a thousand families with much treasure, he founded a big village and instituted a system of almsgiving for the ascetics. This village grew into the town Cullakammāsadamma.

[36] The region where the ogre was tamed by the Great Being Sutasoma was to be known as the town of Mahākammāsadamma[1].

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the elder who supported his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the king's household, the ascetic was Sāriputta, the man-eater was Aṅgulimāla, the young sister was Uppalavaṇṇā, the queen consort was Rāhula's mother, prince Alīnasattu was myself."

[1] The founding of a place of this name occurs at the end of the Mahāsutasoma-Jātaka, vol. v. p. 511.

No. 514.

CHADDANTA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Large-eyed and peerless one,*" *etc.*—This was a story the Master, while sojourning at Jetavana, told of a female novice. A girl of good family at Sāvatthi, they say, recognizing the misery of the lay life, embraced asceticism, and one day went with other Sisters to hear the Law from the Bodhisatta, as he sat preaching from a magnificent throne, and observing his person to be endued with extreme beauty of form arising from the power of illimitable merit, she thought, "I wonder whether in a former existence those I once ministered to were this man's wives." Then at that very moment the recollection of former existences came back to her. "In the time of Chaddanta, the elephant, I was previously existing as this man's wife." And at the remembrance great joy and gladness sprang up in her heart. In her joyous excitement she laughed aloud as she thought, "Few wives are well disposed to their husbands; most of them are ill disposed. I wonder if I were well or ill disposed to this man." And calling back her remembrance, she perceived that she had harboured a slight grudge in her heart against Chaddanta, the mighty lord of elephants, who measured one hundred and twenty cubits, and had sent Sonuttara, a hunter, who with a poisoned arrow wounded and killed him. Then her sorrow awoke and her heart grew hot within her, and being unable to control her feelings, bursting into sobs she wept aloud. On seeing this the Master broke into a smile, and on being asked by the assembly of the Brethren, "What, Sir, was the cause of your smiling?" he said, "Brethren, this young Sister wept, on recalling a sin she once committed against me." And so saying he told a story of the past.

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[37] Once upon a time eight thousand royal elephants, by the exercise of supernatural powers moving through the air, dwelt near lake Chaddanta in the Himalayas. At this time the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of the chief elephant. He was a pure white, with red feet and face. By and bye, when grown up, he was eighty-eight cubits high, one hundred and twenty cubits long. He had a trunk like to a silver rope, fifty-eight cubits long, and tusks fifteen cubits in circumference, thirty cubits long, and emitting six-coloured rays. He was the chief of a herd of eight thousand elephants and paid honour to pacceka buddhas. His two head queens were Cullasubhaddā and Mahāsubhaddā. The king elephant, with his herd numbering eight thousand, took up his abode in a Golden Cave. Now lake Chaddanta was fifty leagues long and fifty broad. In the middle of it, for a space extending twelve leagues, no sevāla or paṇaka plant is found, and it consists of water in appearance like a magic jewel. Next to this, encircling this water, was a thicket of pure white lilies, a league in

[1] In the *Journal Asiatique* for 1895, tom. v., N. S., will be found a careful study by M. L. Feer of the Chaddanta-Jātaka, based on a comparison of five different versions—two Pali, one Sanskrit, two Chinese.

breadth. Next to this, and encircling it, was a thicket of pure blue lotus, a league in extent. Then came white and red lotuses, red and white lilies, and white esculent lilies, each also a league in extent and each encircling the one before. Next to these seven thickets came a mixed tangle of white and other lilies, also a league in extent, and encircling all the preceding ones. Next, in water as deep as elephants can stand in, was a thicket of red paddy. Next, in the surrounding water, was a grove of small shrubs, abounding in delicate and fragrant blossoms of blue, yellow, red and white. So these ten thickets were each a league in extent. Next came a thicket of various kinds of kidney beans. Next came a tangle of convolvulus, cucumber, pumpkin, gourd and other creepers. Then a grove of sugar-cane of the size of the areca-nut tree. Then a grove of plantains with fruit as big as elephant's tusks. [38] Then a field of paddy. Then a grove of bread-fruit of the size of a water jar. Next a grove of tamarinds with luscious fruit. Then a grove of elephant-apple trees. Then a great forest of different kinds of trees. Then a bamboo grove. Such at this time was the magnificence of this region—its present magnificence is described in the Samyutta Commentary—but surrounding the bamboo grove were seven mountains. Starting from the extreme outside first came Little Black Mountain, next Great Black Mountain, then Water Mountain, Moon Mountain, Sun Mountain, Jewel Mountain, then the seventh in order Golden Mountain. This was seven leagues in height, rising all round the lake Chaddanta, like the rim of a bowl. The inner side of it was of a golden colour. From the light that issued from it lake Chaddanta shone like the newly risen sun. But of the outer mountains, one was six leagues in height, one five, one four, one three, one two, one a single league in height. Now in the north-east corner of the lake, thus girt about with seven mouutains, in a spot where the wind fell upon the water, grew a big banyan tree. Its trunk was five leagues in circumference and seven leagues in height. Four branches spread six leagues to the four points of the compass, and the branch which rose straight upwards was six leagues. So from the root upwards it was thirteen leagues in height, and from the extremity of the branches in one direction to the extremity of the branches in the opposite direction it was twelve leagues. And the tree was furnished with eight thousand shoots and stood forth in all its beauty, like to the bare Jewel Mount. But on the west side of lake Chaddanta, in the Golden Mount, was a golden cave, twelve leagues in extent. Chaddanta the elephant king, with his following of eight thousand elephants, in the rainy season lived in the golden cave; in the hot season he stood at the foot of the great banyan tree, amongst its shoots, welcoming the breeze from off the water. Now one day they told him, "The great Sāl grove is in flower." So attended by his herd he was

minded to disport himself in the Sāl grove, [39] and going thither he struck with his frontal globe a Sāl tree in full bloom. At that moment Cullasubhaddā stood to windward, and dry twigs mixed with dead leaves and red ants fell upon her person. But Mahāsubhaddā stood to leeward, and flowers with pollen and stalks and green leaves fell on her. Thought Cullasubhaddā, "He let fall on the wife dear to him flowers and pollen and fresh stalks and leaves, but on my person he dropped a mixture of dry twigs, dead leaves and red ants. Well, I shall know what to do!" And she conceived a grudge against the Great Being. Another day the king elephant and his attendant herd went down to lake Chaddanta to bathe. Then two young elephants took bundles of usīra root in their trunks and gave him a bath, rubbing him down as it were mount Kelāsa. And when he came out of the water, they bathed the two queen elephants, and they too came out of the water and stood before the Great Being. Then the eight thousand elephants entered the lake and, disporting themselves in the water, plucked various flowers from the lake, and adorned the Great Being as if it had been a silver shrine, and afterwards adorned the queen elephants. Then a certain elephant, as he swam about the lake, gathered a large lotus with seven shoots and offered it to the Great Being. And he, taking it in his trunk, sprinkled the pollen on his forehead and presented the flower to the chief elephant, Mahāsubhaddā. On seeing this her rival said, "This lotus with seven shoots he also gives to his favourite queen and not to me," and again she conceived a grudge against him. Now one day when the Bodhisatta had dressed luscious fruits and lotus stalks and fibres with the nectar of the flower, and was entertaining five hundred pacceka buddhas, Cullasubhaddā offered the wild fruits she had got to the pacceka buddhas, and she put up a prayer to this effect: "Hereafter, when I pass hence, may I be reborn as the royal maiden Subhaddā in the Madda king's family, and on coming of age may I attain to the dignity of queen consort to the king of Benares. Then I shall be dear and charming in his eyes, and in a position to do what I please. So I will speak to the king and send a hunter with a poisoned arrow to wound and slay this elephant. [40] And thus may I be able to have brought to me a pair of his tusks that emit six-coloured rays." Thenceforth she took no food and pining away in no long time she died, and came to life again as the child of the queen consort in the Madda kingdom, and was named Subhaddā. And when she was of a suitable age, they gave her in marriage to the king of Benares. And she was dear and pleasing in his eyes, and the chief of sixteen thousand wives. And she recalled to mind her former existences and thought, "My prayer is fulfilled; now will I have this elephant's tusks brought to me." Then she anointed her body with common oil, put on a soiled robe, and lay in bed pretending to be

sick. The king said, "Where is Subhaddā?" And hearing that she was sick, he entered the royal closet and sitting on the bed he stroked her back and uttered the first stanza:

Large-eyed and peerless one, my queen, so pale, to grief a prey,
Like wreath that's trampled under foot, why fadest thou away?

On hearing this she spoke the second stanza:

As it would seem, all in a dream, a longing sore I had;
My wish is vain this boon to gain, and that is why I'm sad.

The king, on hearing this, spoke a stanza:

All joys to which in this glad world a mortal may aspire,
Whate'er they want is mine to grant, so tell me thy desire.

On hearing this the queen said, "Great king, my desire is hard to attain; I will not now say what it is, but I would have all the hunters that there are in your kingdom gathered together. [41] Then will I tell it in the midst of them." And to explain her meaning, she spoke the next stanza:

Let hunters all obey thy call, within this realm who dwell,
Aud what I fain from them would gain, I'll in their presence tell.

The king agreed, and issuing forth from the royal chamber he gave orders to his ministers, saying, "Have it proclaimed by beat of drum that all the hunters that are in the kingdom of Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent, are to assemble." They did so, and in no long time the hunters that dwelt in the kingdom of Kāsi, bringing a present according to their means, had their arrival announced to the king. Now they amounted in all to about sixty thousand. And the king, hearing that they had come, stood at an open window and stretching forth his hand he told the queen of their arrival and said:

Here then behold our hunters bold, well trained in venery,
Theirs is the skill wild beasts to kill, and all would die for me.

The queen, on hearing this, addressed them and spoke another stanza:

Ye hunters bold, assembled here,
Unto my words, I pray, give ear:
Dreaming, methought an elephant I saw,
Six-tusked[1] and white without a flaw:
His tusks I crave and fain would have;
Nought else avails this life to save.

The hunters, on hearing this, replied:

Ne'er did our sires in times of old
A six-tusked elephant behold:
[42] Tell us what kind of beast might be
That which appeared in dreams to thee.

[1] The Scholiast explains *chabbisāna* (Sanskrit *shaḍvishāna*) six-tusked as *chabbaṇṇa* six-coloured, perhaps more completely to identify the hero of the story with the Buddha.

After this still another stanza was spoken by them:

> Four points, North, South, East, West, one sees,
> Four intermediate are to these,
> Nadir and zenith add, and then
> Say at which point of all the ten
> This royal elephant might be,
> That in a dream appeared to thee.

After these words Subhaddā, looking at all the hunters, spied amongst them one that was broad of foot, with a calf swollen like an alms basket, big in the knee and ribs, thick-bearded, with yellow teeth, disfigured with scars, conspicuous amongst them all as an ugly, hulking fellow, named Sonuttara, who had once been an enemy of the Great Being. And she thought, "He will be able to do my bidding," and with the king's permission she took him with her and, climbing to the highest floor of the seven-storeyed palace, she threw open a window to the North, and stretching forth her hand towards the Northern Himalayas she uttered four stanzas:

> Due north, beyond seven mountains vast,
> One comes to Golden Cliff at last,
> A height by goblin forms possessed
> And bright with flowers from foot to crest.
>
> Beneath this goblin peak is seen
> A cloud-shaped mass of darkest green,
> [43] A royal banyan tree whose roots
> Yield vigour to eight thousand shoots.
>
> There dwells invincible in might
> This elephant, six-tusked and white,
> With herd eight thousand strong for fight.
> Their tusks to chariot-poles are like,
> Wind-swift are they to guard or strike.
>
> Panting and grim they stand and glare,
> Provoked by slightest breath of air,
> If they one born of man should see,
> Their wrath consumes him utterly.

Sonuttara on hearing this was terrified to death and said:

> Turquoise or pearls of brilliant sheen,
> With many a gold adornment, queen,
> In royal houses may be seen.
> [44] What wouldst thou then with ivory do,
> Or wilt thou slay these hunters true?

Then the queen spoke a stanza:

> Consumed with grief and spite am I,
> When I recall my injury.
> Grant me, O hunter, what I crave,
> And five choice hamlets thou shalt have.

And with this she said, "Friend hunter, when I gave a gift to the pacceka buddhas, I offered up a prayer that I might have it in my power to kill this six-tusked elephant and get possession of a pair of his tusks.

This was not merely seen by me in a vision, but the prayer that I offered up will be fulfilled. Do thou go and fear not." And so saying she reassured him. And he agreed to her words and said, "So be it, lady; but first make it clear to me and tell me where is his dwelling-place," and inquiring of her he spoke this stanza:

Where dwells he? Where may he be found?
What road is his, for bathing bound?
Where does this royal creature swim?
Tell us the way to capture him.

[45] Then by recalling her former existence she clearly saw the spot and told him of it in these two stanzas:

Not far this bathing-place of his,
A deep and goodly pool it is:
There bees do swarm and flowers abound,
And there this royal beast is found.

Now lotus-crowned, fresh from his bath
He gladly takes his homeward path,
As lily-white and tall he moves
Behind the queen he fondly loves.

Sonuttara on hearing this agreed, saying, "Fair lady, I will kill the elephant and bring you his tusks." Then in her joy she gave him a thousand pieces and said, "Go home meanwhile, and at the end of seven days you shall set out thither," and dismissing him she summoned smiths and gave them an order and said, "Sirs, we have need of an axe, a spade, an auger, a hammer, an instrument for cutting bamboos, a grass-cutter, an iron staff, a peg, an iron three-pronged fork; make them with all speed and bring them to us." And sending for workers in leather, she charged them, saying, "Sirs, you must make us a leather sack, holding a hogshead's weight; we have need of leather ropes and straps, shoes big enough for an elephant, and a leather parachute: make them with all speed and bring them to us." And both smiths and workers in leather quickly made everything [46] and brought and offered them to her. Having provided everything requisite for the journey, together with firewood and the like, she put all the appliances and necessaries for the journey, such as baked meal and so forth, in the leather sack. The whole of it came to about a hogshead in weight. And Sonuttara, having completed his arrangements, arrived on the seventh day and stood respectfully in the presence of the queen. Then she said, "Friend, all appliances for your journey are completed: take then this sack." And he being a stout knave, as strong as five elephants, caught up the sack as if it had been a bag of cakes, and, placing it on his hips, stood as it were with empty hands. Cullasubhaddā gave the provisions to the hunter's attendants and, telling the king, dismissed Sonuttara. And he, with an obeisance to the king and queen, descended from the palace and, placing his goods in a chariot, set out

from the city with a great retinue, and passing through a succession of villages and hamlets reached the frontiers. Then he turned back the people of the country and went on with the dwellers on the borders till he entered the forest, and passing beyond the haunts of men he sent back the border people too, and proceeded quite alone on a road to a distance of thirty leagues, traversing a dense growth of kuça and other grasses, thickets of basil, reeds and rest-harrow, clumps of thick-thorn and canes, thickets of mixed growth, jungles of reed and cane, dense forest growth, impenetrable even to a snake, thickets of trees and bamboos, tracts of mud and water, mountain tracts, eighteen regions in all, one after another. The jungles of grass he cut with a sickle, the thickets of basil and the like he cleared with his instrument for cutting bamboos, the trees he felled with an axe, and the oversized ones he first pierced with an auger. Then, pursuing his way, he fashioned a ladder in the bamboo grove and climbing to the top of the thicket, he laid a single bamboo, which he had cut, over the next clump of bamboos, and thus creeping along on the top of the thicket he reached a morass. [47] Then he spread a dry plank on the mud, and stepping on it he threw another plank before him and so crossed the morass. Then he made a canoe and by means of it crossed the flooded region, and at last stood at the foot of the mountains. Then he bound a three-pronged grappling-iron with a rope and flinging it aloft he caused it to lodge fast in the mountain. Then climbing up by the rope he drilled the mountain with an iron staff tipped with adamant, and knocking a peg into the hole he stood on it. Then drawing out the grappling-iron he once more lodged it high up on the mountain, and from this position letting the leather rope hang down, he took hold of it and descended and fastened the rope on the peg below. Then seizing the rope with his left hand and taking a hammer in his right he struck a blow on the rope, and having thus pulled out the peg he once more climbed up. In this way he mounted to the top of the first mountain and then oommenciug his descent on the other side, having knocked as before a peg into the top of the first mountain and bound the rope on his leather sack and wrapped it round the peg, he sat within the sack and let himself down, uncoiling the rope like a spider letting out his thread. Then letting his leather parachute catch the wind, he went down like a bird—so at least they say. Thus did the Master tell how in obedience to Subhaddā's words the hunter sallied forth from the city and traversed seventeen different tracts till he reached a mountainous region, and how he there crossed over six mountains and climbed to the top of Golden Cliff:

The hunter hearing, unalarmed,
Set forth with bow and quiver armed,
And crossing o'er seven mountains vast
Reached noble Golden Cliff at last.

Gaining the goblin-haunted height,
What cloud-shaped mass bursts on his sight?
A royal banyan 'tis whose roots
Support eight thousand spreading shoots.

[48] There stood invincible in might
An elephant six-tusked and white,
With herd eight thousand strong for fight;
Their tusks to chariot-poles are like:
Wind-swift are they to guard or strike.

Hard by a pool—'tis full to the brim,
Fit place for royal beast to swim;
Its lovely banks with flowers abound
And buzzing bees swarm all around.

Marking the way the creature went
Whene'er on bathing thought intent,
He sunk a pit, to deed so mean
Urged by the wrath of spiteful queen.

Here follows the story from beginning to end: the hunter, it is said, after seven years, seven months and seven days, having reached the dwelling-place of the Great Being in the manner related above, took note of his dwelling-place and dug a pit there, thinking, "I will take my stand here and wound the lord of elephants and bring about his death." Thus did he arrange matters and went into the forest and cut down trees to make posts and prepared a lot of material. [49] Then when the elephants went to bathe, in the spot where the king elephant used to stand, he dug a square pit with a huge mattock, and the soil that he dug out he sprinkled on the top of the water, as if he were sowing seed, and on the top of stones like mortars he fixed posts, and fitted them with weights and ropes and spread planks over them. Next he made a hole of the size of an arrow and threw on the top earth and rubbish, and on one side he made an entrance for himself, and so, when the pit was finished, at break of day he fastened on a false top knot and donned robes of yellow and, taking his bow and a poisoned arrow, he went down and stood in the pit.

The Master, to make the whole thing clear, said:

The pit with planks he first did hide,
Then bow in hand he got inside,
And as the elephant passed by,
A mighty shaft the wretch let fly.

The wounded beast loud roared with pain
And all the herd roared back again:
Crushed boughs and trampled grass betray
Where panic flight directs their way.

Their lòrd had well nigh slain his foe,
So mad with pain was he, when lo!
A robe of yellow met his eyes,
Emblem of sainthood, priestly guise
And deemed inviolate by the wise.

[50] The Master, falling into conversation with the hunter, spoke a couple of stanzas:

Whoso is marred with sinful taint
And void of truth and self-restraint,
Though robed in yellow he may be,
No claim to sanctity has he.

But one that's free from sinful taint,
Endued with truth and self-restraint,
And firmly fixed in righteousness,
Deserves to wear the yellow dress.

---

[51] So saying, the Great Being, extinguishing all feeling of anger towards him, asked him, saying, "Why did you wound me? Was it for your own advantage or were you suborned by some one else?"

The Master explaining the matter then said:

The beast with mighty shaft laid low,
Unruffled still, addressed his foe:
'What object, friend, in slaying me,
And, pray, who instigated thee?'

Then the hunter told him and uttered this stanza:

The king of Kāsi's favoured queen
Subhaddā told me she had seen
Thy form in dreams, 'and so,' said she,
'I'll have his tusks; go, bring them me.'

Hearing this, and recognizing that this was the work of Cullasubhaddā, he bore his sufferings patiently and thought, "She does not want my tusks; she sent him because she wished to kill me,' and, to illustrate the matter, he uttered a couple of stanzas:

Rich store of goodly tusks have I,
Relics of my dead ancestry,
And this well knows that cursed dame,
'Tis at my life the wretch doth aim.

[52] Rise, hunter, and or ere I die,
Saw off these tusks of ivory:
Go bid the shrew be of good cheer,
'The beast is slain; his tusks are here.'

Hearing his words the hunter rose up from the place where he was sitting and, saw in hand, came close to him to cut off his tusks. Now the elephant, being like a mountain eighty cubits high, was but ineffectually cut. For the man could not reach to his tusks. So the Great Being, bending his body towards him, lay with his head down. Then the hunter climbed up the trunk of the Great Being, pressing it with his feet as though it were a silver rope, and stood on his forehead as if it had been

Kelāsa peak. Then he inserted his foot into his mouth, and striking the fleshy part of it with his knee, he climbed down from the beast's forehead and thrust the saw into his mouth. The Great Being suffered excruciating pain and his mouth was charged with blood. The hunter, shifting about from place to place, was still unable to cut the tusks with his saw. So the Great Being letting the blood drop from his mouth, resigning himself to the agony, asked, saying, "Sir, cannot you cut them?" And on his saying "No," he recovered his presence of mind and said, "Well then, since I myself have not strength enough to raise my trunk, do you lift it up for me and let it seize the end of the saw." The hunter did so: and the Great Being seized the saw with his trunk and moved it backwards and forwards, and the tusks were cut off as it were sprouts. Then bidding him take the tusks, he said, "I don't give you these, friend hunter, because I do not value them, [53] nor as one desiring the position of Sakka, Māra or Brahma, but the tusks of omniscience are a hundred thousand times dearer to me than these are, and may this meritorious act be to me the cause of attaining Omniscience." And as he gave him the tusks, he asked, "How long were you coming here?" "Seven years, seven months, and seven days." "Go then by the magic power of these tusks, and you shall reach Benares in seven days." And he gave him a safe conduct and let him go. And after he had sent him away, before the other elephants and Subhaddā had returned, he was dead.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

> The hunter then the tusks did saw
> From out that noble creature's jaw,
> And with his shining, matchless prize
> Home with all speed he quickly hies.

When he was gone, the herd of elephants not finding their enemy came back.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

> Sad at his death and full of fright,
> The herd that took to panic flight,
> Seeing no trace of cruel foe,
> Returned to find their chief laid low.

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[54] And with them also came Subhaddā, and they all then and there with weeping and lamentation betook them to the pacceka buddhas who had been so friendly to the Great Being, and said, "Sirs, he who supplied

you with the necessaries of life has died from the wound of a poisoned arrow. Come and see where his dead body is exposed." And the five hundred pacceka buddhas passing through the air alighted in the sacred enclosure. At that moment two young elephants, lifting up the body of the king elephant with their tusks, and so causing it to do homage to the pacceka buddhas, raised it aloft on a pyre and burned it. The pacceka buddhas all through the night rehearsed scripture texts in the cemetery. The eight thousand elephants, after extinguishing the flames, first bathed and then, with Subhaddā at their head, returned to their place of abode.

The Master, to make this matter clear, said:

They wept and wailed, as it is said,
Each heaping dust upon his head,
Then slow returning home were seen,
Behind their ever gracious queen.

And Sonuttara within seven days reached Benares with his tusks.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The hunter straight to Kāsi hies
Bearing his bright and matchless prize
—The noble creature's tusks, I mean,
Cheering all hearts with golden sheen—
And to that royal dame he said,
'Here are his tusks: the beast is dead.'

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[55] Now in offering them to the queen, he said, "Lady, the elephant, against whom you conceived a grudge in your heart for a trifling offence, has been slain by me." "Do you tell me that he is dead?" she cried. And he gave her the tusks, saying, "Be assured that he is dead: here are his tusks." She received the tusks adorned with six different coloured rays on her jewelled fan, and, placing them on her lap, gazed at the tusks of one who in a former existence had been her dear lord and she thought, "This fellow has come with the tusks he cut from the auspicious elephant that he slew with a poisoned shaft." And at the remembrance of the Great Being she was filled with so great sorrow that she could not endure it, but her heart then and there was broken and that very day she died.

The Master, to make the story clear, said:

His tusks no sooner did she see
—Her own dear lord of old was he—
Than straight her heart through grief did break
And she, poor fool, died for his sake.

When he, almighty and all wise,
Broke into smiles before their eyes,
Straightway these holy Brethren thought,
'Sure Buddhas never smile for nought.'

'She whom you used to see,' he said,
'A yellow-robed ascetic maid,
Was erst a queen and I,' he cried,
'Was that king elephant who died.'

'The wretch who took those tusks so white,
Unmatched on earth, so shining bright,
[56] And brought them to Benares town
Is now as Devadatta known.'

Buddha from his own knowledge told
This long drawn tale of times of old,
In all its sad variety,
Though free from pain and grief was he.

That elephant of long ago
Was I, the king of all the band,
And, Brothers, I would have you so
This Birth aright to understand.

These stanzas were recorded by elders as they chanted the Law and sang the praises of the Lord of all Power.

[57] And on hearing this discourse a multitude entered the First Path, but the Sister afterwards by spiritual insight attained to Sainthood.

No. 515.

SAMBHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*This rule,*" *etc.*—This story the Master when residing at Jetavana told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The circumstances leading to the introductory story will be set forth in the Mahāummagga Birth[1].

Once upon a time a king called Dhanañjaya Korabya reigned in the city of Indapatta in the Kuru kingdom. A brahmin named Sucīrata was his priest and adviser in things temporal and spiritual. The king ruled his kingdom righteously, in the exercise of almsgiving and other good works. Now one day he prepared a question about the service of Truth, and having seated the brahmin Sucīrata and paid him due honour, he put his question to him in the form of four stanzas:

This rule and lordship I disdain,
Sucīrata, for I would fain
Be great, and o'er the wide world reign.

[1] Vol. vi. p. 329. Jātaka, No. 546.

By right alone—wrong I eschew—
For whatsoe'er is good and true
Kings above all men should pursue.

By this for ever free from blame,
Here and hereafter, we may claim
Midst gods and men a glorious name.

Know, brahmin, that I fain would do
Whate'er is deemed both good and true,
So pray, when asked, declare to me
The Good and True, what they may be.

[58] Now this was a profound question, falling within the range of a Buddha. This is a question one should put to an Omniscient Buddha, and, failing him, to a Bodhisatta who is seeking the Gift of Omniscience. But Sucīrata, by reason of his not being a Bodhisatta, could not solve the question, and, so far from assuming an air of wisdom, he confessed his incompetency in the following stanza:

No one but Vidhura[1], O king,
Hath power to tell this wondrous thing,
What is, my lord, the Good and True,
That thou art ever fain to do.

The king on hearing his words said, "Go then, brahmin, at once," and he gave him a present to take with him, and in his eagerness to get him off, he repeated this stanza:

Lo! straight this weight of gold, my friend,
By thee to Vidhura I send;
Meet gift for sage who best can show
The Good and True that I would know.

[59] And with these words he gave him a tablet of gold, worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, on which to write the answer to the question, a chariot to travel in, an army to escort him, and a present to offer, and straightway despatched him. Issuing from the city of Indapatta, not going straight to Benares, he first visited all places wheresoever sages dwell, and, not finding any one in all India to solve the question, he gradually approached Benares. Taking up his abode there, he went with a few followers to the house of Vidhura, at the time of the early meal, and having announced his arrival, he was invited in and found Vidhura at breakfast in his own house.

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated the seventh stanza:

Then straight in haste did Bhāradvāja[2] wend
His way to Vidhura, and found his friend
Sitting at home, and ready to partake
Of simple fare, his early fast to break.

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[1] Vidhura, the commentary explains, was the chaplain of the king of Benares.

[2] Bhāradvāja is the family name of Sucīrata.

Now Vidhura was a friend of his youth, and had been educated in the family of the same master, so after partaking of the meal with him, when breakfast was over, and Sucīrata was comfortably seated, on being asked by Vidhura, "What brings you here, friend?" he told him why he had come and repeated the eighth stanza:

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila[1], and this his quest,
To ask thee, Vidhura, to tell to me
The True and Good, what it may surely be.

[60] At that time the brahmin thinking to collect the ideas of a number of people pursues his quest, like to one piling up as it were a very Ganges flood, and there is no time for solving the problem. So stating the case he repeated the ninth stanza:

O'erwhelmed by such a mighty theme
As 'twere by Ganges' flooded stream,
I cannot tell what this may be,
The Good and True you seek from me.

And so saying he added: "I have a clever son, far wiser than I am: he will make it clear to you. Go to him." And he repeated the tenth stanza:

A son I have, my very own,
'Mongst men as Bhadrakāra known;
Go seek him out, and he'll declare
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

On hearing this Sucīrata leaving Vidhura's house went to the dwelling of Bhadrakāra, and found him seated at breakfast in the midst of his people.

The Master, to clear up the matter, repeated the eleventh stanza:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily
To Bhadrakāra's home did hie,
Where amidst friends, all gathered round,
Seated at ease the youth was found.

On his arrival there he was hospitably received by the youth Bhadrakāra with the offer of a chair and gifts, and taking his seat, on being asked why he had come, he repeated the twelfth stanza:

[61] I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,
To ask thee, Bhadrakāra, to show me
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

Then Bhadrakāra said to him, "Just now, Sir, I am intent on an intrigue with another man's wife. My mind is ill at ease, so I cannot

[1] The Kurus were descended from Yudhishṭhira.

answer your question, but my young brother Sañjaya has a clearer intellect than I have. Ask him: he will answer your question." And in order to send him there, he repeated two stanzas:

Good venison I leave, a lizard to pursue:
How then should I know aught about the Good and True?

I've a young brother, you must know,
Named Sañjaya. So, brahmin, go
And seek him out, and he'll declare
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

He at once set out for the house of Sañjaya, and was welcomed by him and on being asked why he had come he told him the reason.

The Master, to make the matter clear, uttered two stanzas:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily
To home of Sañjaya did hie,
Where amidst friends, all gathered round,
Seated at ease the youth was found.

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,
To ask thee, Sañjaya, to show to me
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

But Sañjaya also was engaged in an intrigue and said to him, "Sir, I am in pursuit of another man's wife, and going down to the Ganges [62] I cross over to the other side. Evening and morning as I cross the stream, I am in the jaws of death: therefore my mind is disturbed, and I shall not be able to answer your question, but my young brother Sambhava, a boy of seven years, is a hundred thousand times superior to me in knowledge. He will tell you: go and ask him."

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas:

Death opens wide his jaws for me,
Early and late. How tell to thee
Of Truth and Goodness, what they be?

I've a young brother, you must know,
Called Sambhava. So, brahmin, go,
And seek him out. He will declare
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

On hearing this Sucīrata thought, "This question must be the most wonderful thing in the world. I fancy no one is equal to answering it," and so thinking he repeated two stanzas:

This marvel strange misliketh me,
Nor sire nor sons, none of the three,
Knows how to solve this mystery.

If ye thus fail, can this mere youth
Know aught of Goodness and of Truth?

On hearing this Sañjaya said, "Sir, do not regard young Sambhava as a mere boy. If there is no one that can answer your question, go and ask him." And, describing the qualities of the youth by similes that illustrated the case, he repeated twelve stanzas:

[63] Ask Sambhava nor scorn his youth,
He knows right well and he can tell
Of Goodness and of Truth.

As the clear moon outshines the starry host,
Their meaner glories in his splendour lost,

E'en so the stripling Sambhava appears
To excel in Wisdom far beyond his years;
Ask Sambhava nor scorn his youth,
He knows right well and he can tell
Of Goodness and of Truth.

As charming April doth all months outvie
With budding flowers and woodland greenery,

E'en so the stripling Sambhava appears &c.

As Gandhamādana, its snowy height
With forest clad and heavenly herbs bedight,
Diffusing light and fragrance all around,
For myriad gods a refuge sure is found,

E'en so the stripling &c.

As glorious fire, ablaze thro' some morass
With wreathing spire, insatiate, eats the grass
Leaving a blackened path, where'er it pass,

Or as a ghee-fed flame in darkest night
On choicest wood doth whet its appetite,
Shining conspicuous on some distant height,

E'en so the stripling &c.

An ox by strength, a horse by speed,
Displays his excellence of breed,
A cow by milk in copious flow,
A sage by his wise words we know.

E'en so the stripling &c.

[64] While Sañjaya was singing the praises of Sambhava, Sucīrata thought, "I will find out by putting the question to him," so he asked, "Where is your young brother?" Then he opened the window and

stretching forth his hand, he said, "You see yonder boy with a complexion like gold, playing with other youths in the street before the door of the mansion: that is my young brother. Go up to him and ask him; he will answer your question with all the charm of a Buddha." Sucīrata, on hearing his words, descended from the mansion, and drew nigh to the boy at the very moment that he was standing with his garment loose and thrown over his shoulder, [65] and picking up some dirt with both hands.

The Master, to explain the matter, repeated a stanza:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily
To home of Sambhava did hie,
And there out in the public way
The little boy was found at play.

The Great Being, when he saw the brahmin come and stand before him, asked, "Friend, what brings you here?" He replied, "Dear youth, I am wandering through all India, and not finding any one competent to answer the question I put to him, I have come to you." The boy thought, "There is a question, they say, that has not been decided in all India. He has come to me. I am old in knowledge." And becoming ashamed he dropped the dirt that he held in his hand, readjusted his garment and said, "Brahmin, ask on, and I will tell you with the fluent mastery of a Buddha," and in his omniscience he invited him to choose what he would ask. Then the brahmin asked his question in the form of a stanza:

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,
To ask thee, Sambhava, to show to me
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

What he wanted became clear to Sambhava, as it were the full moon in the middle of the sky. "Then listen to me," he said, and answering the question as to the Service of Truth he uttered this stanza:

I'll tell thee, Sir, and tell aright,
E'en as a man of wisdom might,
The king shall know the Good and True,
But who knows what the king will do?

And as he stood in the street and taught the Truth with a voice sweet as honey, the sound spread over the whole of the city of Benares, to twelve leagues on every side. Then the king and all his viceroys and other rulers assembled together, and the Great Being in the midst of the multitude set forth his exposition of the Truth.

[66] Having thus promised in this stanza to answer the question, he now gave the answer as to the Service of Truth:

In answer to the king, Sucīrata, proclaim,
'To-morrow and To-day are never quite the same;
I bid thee then, O king Yudhiṭṭhila, be wise
And prompt to seize whate'er occasion may arise.'

I fain would have thee too, Sucīrata, suggest
A thought in which his mind may profitably rest,
'A king all wicked ways should carefully eschew,
Nor, like bewildered fool, an evil course pursue.'

To loss of his own soul he never should transgress,
Nor e'er be guilty of deeds of unrighteousness,
Himself ne'er be engaged in any evil way,
Nor ever in wrong path a brother lead astray.

These points to carry out whoso doth rightly know,
Like waxing moon, as king in fame doth ever grow.
A shining light to friends and dear unto his kin,
And, when his body fails, the sage to heaven will win.

[67] The Great Being thus, like to one making the moon to rise in the sky, answered the brahmin's question with all the mastery of a Buddha. The people roared and shouted and clapped their hands. And there arose a thousand cries of applause with great wavings of cloths and snapping of fingers. And they cast off the trinkets on their hands. And the value of what they threw down amounted to about a crore. And the king of Benares in his joy paid him great honour. And Sucīrata, after offering him a thousand weight of gold, wrote down the answer to the question with vermilion on a golden tablet, and on coming to the city of Indapatta he told the king the answer as to the Service of Truth. And the king abiding steadfast in righteousness attained to heaven.

At the end of the lesson the Master said, "Not merely now, Brethren, but formerly too, the Tathāgata was great in answering questions," and he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was king Dhanañjaya, Anuruddha was Sucīrata, Kassapa Vidhura, Moggallāna Bhadrakāra, Sāriputta the youth Sañjaya, and I myself was the wise Sambhava."

No. 516.

MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA.

"*A king of Kāsi,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta's hurling a stone at him. [68] So when the Brethren blamed Devadatta for having suborned archers to shoot the Buddha and afterwards hurled a stone at him, the Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also, Devadatta flung a stone at me," and so saying he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, a Brahmin husbandman in a village of Kāsi, after ploughing his fields, loosened his oxen and began to work with a spade. The oxen, while cropping leaves in a clump of trees, little by little escaped into the forest. The man, discovering that it was late, laid aside his spade to look for his oxen, and not finding them he was overcome with grief and wandered about the forest, seeking them, till he had entered the Himalaya region. There having lost his bearings he roamed about for seven days fasting, but seeing a tiṇḍuka tree he climbed up it to eat the fruit. Slipping off the tree he fell sixty cubits into a hell-like abyss, where he passed ten days. At that time the Bodhisatta was living in the shape of a monkey, and while eating wild fruits he caught sight of the man, and after practising with a stone he hauled the fellow out. While the monkey was asleep, the man split his head open with a stone. The Great Being, becoming aware of his action, sprang up and perched on a branch of the tree and cried, "Ho! Sirrah, you walk on the ground; I will just point out to you the way from the top of the tree and then will be off." So he rescued the fellow from the forest, set him on the right road and then himself disappeared in the mountainous region. The man, because he had sinned against the Great Being, became a leper, and even in this world appeared as a preta in human form. For seven years he was overwhelmed with pain, and in his wanderings to and fro he found his way into the Migācira park in Benares, and spreading a plantain leaf in the enclosure he lay down, half maddened by his sufferings. At that moment the king of Benares came to the park and as he walked about he saw the man and asked him, "Who are you, and what have you done to bring this suffering upon you?" And he told the king the whole story at length.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

A king of Kāsi who, they say,
O'er great Benares once held sway,
With courtier friends the road to cheer,
Unto Migācira drew near.

[69] A brahmin there the king did see
—A walking skeleton was he—
His skin was white with leprous blood
And rough like gnarlèd ebon wood[1].

Astonied at the piteous sight
Of this sore troubled, luckless wight,
'Alas! poor wretch,' he cried, 'declare
What name 'mongst ogres thou dost bear.'

[1] Bauhinia Variegata.

'Thy hands and feet are white as snow,
Thy head is whiter still, I trow,
Thy frame with leprous spots o'ergrown,
Disease has marked thee for its own.

'Thy back like spindles in a row
A long unequal curve doth show;
Thy joints are as black knots; I ween,
Thy like before was never seen.

'Whence cam'st thou then, so travel-worn,
Mere skin and bones, a wretch forlorn,
By heat of blazing sun opprest,
By thirst and hunger sore distrest?

'With frame so marred, an awful sight,
Scarce fit to look upon the light,
Thy very mother—no, not she
Would care her wretched son to see.

'What sinful deed was thine, I pray,
Or wrongfully whom didst thou slay?
What the offence I fain would know,
Reduced thee to this state of woe?'

Then the brahmin said:

I'll tell thee, Sir, and tell thee true
E'en as a good man aye should do:
For one that never speaketh lies
Is praised in this world by the wise.

[70] Once in a lonely wood I took my way,
Seeking my kine that late had gone astray;
Through pathless tracts of jungle, fitting home
For the wild elephant, I heedless roam.

Lost in the maze of this vast wilderness,
From thirst and hunger suffering sore distress,
For seven long days I wander thro' the wood
Where the fell tiger rears his savage brood.

E'en rankest poison I was fain to eat
When lo! a lovely tree my gaze doth meet;
O'er a sheer precipice it pendent swung,
And fragrant fruit from all its branches hung.

Whate'er had fallen to the wind's cold touch
I greedily devoured and relished much,
Then, still unsated, I climbed up the tree,
'That way,' methought, 'lies full satiety.'

I ne'er had tasted such ripe fruit before,
And stretching forth my hand to gather more,
The branch, on which my body rested, broke,
As though clean severed by the woodman's stroke.

With broken bough head over heels I went,
With nought to check me in my swift descent
Over the side of rocky precipice,
Without escape from bottomless abyss.

The depth of water in the pool beneath
Saved me from being rudely crushed to death,
So there, poor luckless wight, without a ray
Of hope to cheer me, ten long nights I lay.

At length a monkey came—long-tailed was he
And made his home in some rock cavity—
And as he stept from bough to bough, the brute
Did ever pluck and eat the dainty fruit.

But when my thin and pallid form he spied,
Touched with compassion for my woes, he cried,
'Alas! poor wretch, whom I see lying there
Thus overwhelmed with anguish and despair,
If man or goblin, who thou art, declare.'

Then with due reverence I made reply;
'A man and doomed without escape am I:
But this I say, "All blessings light on thee,
If thou canst find a way of saving me."'

The monkey stepping on the height above
Carried a heavy stone, his strength to prove,
And when by practice he was perfect grown,
The mighty one his purpose thus made known.

'Climb thou, good sir, upon my back and cast
Thy arms about my neck and hold me fast;
Then will I with all speed deliver thee
From the stone walls of thy captivity.'

I hearkened gladly, well remembering
The counsels of the glorious monkey-king,
And, climbing on his back, my arms I cast
Round the wise creature's neck and held him fast.

The monkey then,—so brave and strong was he—
Exhausted by the effort though he be,
From rocky fastness soon uplifteth me.

And having haled me out, the hero cried,
'I'm weary: stand as guard, Sir, by my side,
While I anon in peaceful sleep abide.

'Lion and tiger, panther eke and bear,
[71] If they should ever take me unaware,
Would kill me straight. To watch shall be thy care.'

While, as I watched, he took a moment's rest,
An ugly thought was harboured in my breast.

'Monkeys and such like deer are good to eat;
What if I kill him and my hunger cheat?
The beast if slain would furnish savoury meat.

'When sated, here no longer will I stay
But well provisioned for full many a day
Out from this forest I will find a way.'

Taking a stone his skull I well nigh broke,
But a lame hand put forth a feeble stroke.

The monkey quickly bounded up a tree,
And all bestained with blood regarded me
From far, with tearful eyes, reproachfully.

'God bless thee, act not thus, I pray, good sir,
For otherwise thy fate, I dare aver,
Will long all others from such deeds deter.

'Alas! for shame. What a return is this
For having saved thee from that dread abyss!

'Rescued from death thou playedst a treacherous part,
And evil hast devised with evil heart.

'Vile wretch, beware lest sharpest agony
Springing from evil deed bring death to thee,
E'en as its fruit destroys the bamboo tree[1].

'I trust thee not, for thou wouldst work me ill:
Walk well in front that I may see thee still.

'From ravening beast escaped, thou mayst regain
The haunts of men: the path that stretches plain
Before thine eyes, follow as thou art fain.'

At this the monkey dried his tears, and sped
Up to a mountain tarn, and bathed his head
From stain of blood—by me alas! 'twas shed—

There too, with burning pains through him accursed,
I dragged my tortured frame, to quench my thirst,

But when to that blood-stainéd lake I came,
The crimson flood appeared one mass of flame.

[72] Each liquid drop from it that did bedew
My body, straight into a pustule grew,
Like a cleft vilva-fruit, in size and hue.

The sores discharging yield a loathsome smell,
And whereso'er I fain would gladly dwell
In town and country-side, all fly pell mell.

Scattered by odours foul, the while they ply
Their sticks and stones, and 'Come not thou too nigh
To us, poor wretch,' all men and women cry.

Such is the pain for seven long years I bear;
According to his deeds each man doth fare.

May good be with you all that here I see:
Betray ye not your friends. How vile is he
That sins against a friend with treachery.

All who on earth to friends have proved untrue,
As lepers here their sin must ever rue,
And when the body fails, in Hell are born anew.

[74] And while the man was speaking with the king, even as he spoke, the earth opened its mouth, and at that very moment the man disappeared and was reborn in Hell. The king, when the man was swallowed up in the earth, came forth from the park and entered the city.

The Master here ending his lesson said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly too, Devadatta flung a stone at me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the treacherous friend was Devadatta, I myself was the monkey-king."

[1] The bamboo dies off after bearing fruit.

No. 517.

[75] DAKARAKKHASA-JĀTAKA.

All of this will be set forth in the Mahāummagga Birth[1].

No. 518.

PAṆḌARA-JĀTAKA.

"*No man that lets," etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, whilst sojourning at Jetavana, as to how Devadatta told a lie, and how the earth opened and swallowed him up. At that time, when Devadatta was being blamed by the Brethren, the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too Devadatta told a lie and was swallowed up by the earth," and so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, five hundred trading folk took ship and set sail, and on the seventh day when they were out of sight of land, they were wrecked in mid ocean and all save one man became food for fishes. This one by favour of the wind reached the port of Karambiya, and landing naked and destitute he went about the place, begging alms. The people thought, "Here is an ascetic, happy and contented with little," and they showed him every hospitality. But he said, "I have enough to live upon," and when they offered him under and upper garments, he would have none of them. They said, "No ascetic can go beyond this in the way of contentment," and being the more exceedingly pleased with him, they built him a hermitage for a dwelling-place, and he went by the name of the Karambiya ascetic. While he was living here, he met with great honour and gain, and both a snake-king and a garuḍa-king came to pay their respects to him, and the name of the former was Paṇḍara. Now one day the garuḍa-king came to the ascetic and after saluting him took his seat on one side and said, "Sir, our people,

[1] Vol. vi. p. 329, Jātaka, No. 546.

when they attack snakes, many of them perish. We do not know the right way to seize snakes. There is said to be some mystery in the matter. You could, perhaps, wheedle them [76] out of the secret." "All right," said the ascetic, and when the garuḍa-king had taken his leave and departed, as soon as ever the snake-king arrived and with a respectful salutation had taken his seat, he asked him, saying, "King-snake, the garuḍas say that in seizing you, many of them are killed. In attacking you, how can they seize you securely?" "Sir," he replied, "this is our secret; if I were to tell it, I should bring about the destruction of all my kinsfolk." "What! do you really suspect me of telling some one else? I'll tell no one. I only ask to satisfy my own curiosity. You may trust and tell me without the slightest fear." The snake-king promised to tell him and took his leave. The next day the ascetic again asked him, and then too he did not tell him. But on the third day when the snake-king had come and taken his seat, the ascetic said, "To-day is the third day since I asked you. Why do you not tell me?" "I am afraid, Sir, you might tell some one else." "I'll not say a word to a creature: tell me without any fear." Then the snake made him promise to tell no one, and said, "Sir, we make ourselves heavy by swallowing very big stones and lie down, and when the garuḍas come, we open our mouths wide, and show our teeth and fall upon them. They come on and seize us by the head, and while they strive to lift us up, heavy as we are, from the ground, the water streams from them, and they drop down dead in the midst of it. In this way a number of garuḍas perish. When they attack us, why in the world do they seize us by the head? If the foolish creatures should seize us by the tail and hold us head downwards, they could force us to disgorge the stones we have swallowed, and so, making us a light weight, they could carry us off with them." Thus did the snake reveal his secret to this wicked fellow. Then, when the snake had gone away, up came the garuḍa-king, and saluting the Karambiya ascetic he asked, "Well! Sir, have you learned his secret from the snake-king?" [77] "Yes, Sir," he said, and told him everything just as it was told him. On hearing it, the garuḍa said, "The snake-king has made a great mistake. He ought not to have told another how to destroy his kinsfolk. Well, to-day I must first of all raise a garuḍa[1] wind and seize him." So, raising a wind, he seized Paṇḍara the snake-king by the tail and held him head downmost; and having thus made him disgorge the stones he had swallowed, he flew up into the air with him. Paṇḍaraka, as he was suspended head downwards in the air, sorely lamenting cried, "I have brought sorrow upon me," and he repeated these stanzas:

[1] The wind agitated by the wings of Garuḍa. Cf. *Nāgānanda*, Boyd's English version, p. 59: "Garuḍa was in the habit of devouring one snake daily, catching it up from hell, whilst the ocean was cleft asunder from top to bottom by the wind of his wings."

The man that lets his secret thought be known,
Random of speech, to indiscretion prone,
  Poor fool, at once is overcome by fear,
As I king-snake am by a bird o'erthrown.

The man who in his folly could betray
The thought that he should hide from light of day,
  By his rash speech is overcome by fear,
As I king-snake fall to this bird a prey.

No comrade ought thy inmost thoughts to share,
The best of friends ofttimes most foolish are,
And if too wise, of treachery beware.

I trusted him alas! for was not he
A holy man, of strict austerity?
  My secret I revealed; the deed is done
And now I weep for very misery.

Into my confidence the wretch did creep,
Nor could I any secret from him keep:
  From him the danger that I dread has come,
And now for very misery I weep.

[78] Judging his friend as faithful to the core
And moved by fear, or the strong love he bore,
  To some vile wretch his secret one betrays
And is o'erthrown, poor fool, to rise no more.

Whoso proclaims in evil company
The secret thought that still should hidden lie,
  'Mongst men is counted as a poison-snake:
'From such an one, pray, keep aloof,' they cry.

Fair women, silken robes and sandal wood,
Garlands and perfumes, even drink and food,
  Yea all desires—if only thou, O bird,
Come to our aid—shall be by us eschewed.

[79] Thus did Paṇḍaraka, suspended in the air head downwards, utter his lament in eight stanzas. The garuḍa, hearing the sound of his lamentation, reproved him and said, "King-snake, after divulging your secret to the ascetic, wherefore do you now lament?" And he uttered this stanza:

Of us three creatures living here, pray name
The one that rightly should incur the blame.
  Nor priest nor bird, but foolish deed of thine,
O snake, hath brought thee to this depth of shame.

On hearing this Paṇḍaraka repeated another stanza:

The priest, methought, must be a friend to me,
A holy man, of strict austerity:
[80] My secret I betrayed: the deed is done,
And now I weep for very misery.

Then the garuḍa repeated four stanzas:

All creatures born into this world must die;
Yet Wisdom's ways her children justify:
  By knowledge, justice, self-restraint and truth
A man at length achieves his purpose high.

Parents are kind all other kin above,
No third there is to show us equal love,
Not e'en to them betray thy secret thought,
Lest peradventure they should traitors prove.

Parents and kin of every degree,
Allies and comrades all may friendly be:
To none of them entrust thy hidden thought,
Or thou wilt later rue their treachery.

A wife may youthful be and good and fair,
Own troops of friends, and children's love may share:
Not e'en to her entrust thy hidden thought,
Or of her treachery thou must beware.

[81] Then follow these stanzas:

His secret no man should disclose, but guard like treasure-trove:
Disclosure of a secret thing no wise man would approve.

Wise men to woman or a foe their secrets ne'er betray;
Trust not the slaves of appetite; creatures of impulse they.

Whoso reveals his secret thought to one not overwise,
Fears the betrayal of his trust and at his mercy lies.

All such as know the secret thing that thou shouldst rather hide,
Threaten thy peace of mind; to none that secret thing confide.

By day to thine own self alone the secret dare to name,
But venture not at dead of night that secret to proclaim;

For close at hand, be sure, there stand men ready to betray
The slightest word they may have heard: so trust them not, I pray.

These five stanzas will appear in the Problem of the Five Sages in the Ummagga Birth.

Then follow these stanzas:

As some huge city fenced on every side
With moat, of iron wrought, has long defied
[82] All entrance of a foe to Fairy Land,
So e'en are they that do their counsels hide.

Who by rash speech to secrets give no clue,
But ever steadfast to themselves are true,
From them all enemies do keep aloof,
As men flee far when deadly snakes pursue.

When the Truth had been thus proclaimed by the garuḍa, Paṇḍaraka said:

A tonsured, nude ascetic left his home
And seeking alms did through the country roam:
To him my secret I alas! did tell,
And straight from happiness and virtue fell.

What line of conduct should a priest pursue,
What vows take on him, and what faults eschew?
How free himself from his besetting sin,
And at the last a heavenly mansion win?

[83] The garuḍa said:

> By patience, self-restraint, long-suffering,
> By calumny and ire abandoning,
> Thus may a priest get rid of every sin,
> And at the last a heavenly mansion win.

Paṇḍaraka, on hearing the garuḍa-king thus declare the Truth, begged for his life and repeated this stanza:

> As mother gazing on her baby boy
> Is thrilled in every limb with holy joy,
> So upon me, O king of birds, bestow
> That pity mothers to their children show.

Then the garuḍa in granting him his life repeated another stanza:

> O snake, to-day from death I set thee free;
> Of kinds of children there are only three,
> [84] Pupil, adopted child and true-born son:
> Of these rejoice that thou art surely one.

So saying, he alighted from the air and placed the snake upon the ground.

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas:

> The bird, so saying, straight released his foe
> And gently bore him to the earth below;
> 'Set free to-day, go, safe from danger dwell
> In water or on land. I'll guard thee well.
>
> 'As a skilled leech to men with sickness curst,
> Or a cool tank to those that are athirst,
> As house that shelters from a chilling frost,
> So I a refuge prove to thee, when lost.'

And saying, "Be off," he let him go. And the snake disappeared in the abode of the nāgas. But the bird, returning to the dwelling-place of the garuḍas, said, "The snake Paṇḍaraka has won my confidence under oath and has been let loose by me. I will now put him to the test, to see what his feelings are towards me," and repairing to the abode of the nāgas, he raised a garuḍa wind. On seeing him the snake-king thought the garuḍa-king must have come to seize him, so he assumed a form that stretched to a thousand fathoms and making himself heavy by swallowing stones and sand [85] he lay down, keeping his tail beneath him and raising the hood upon his head, as if minded to bite the garuḍa-king. On seeing this the garuḍa repeated another stanza:

> O snake, thou madest peace with thine old enemy;
> But now thou showst thy fangs. Whence comes this fear to thee?

On hearing this the snake-king repeated three stanzas:

Ever suspect a foe, nor trust thy friend as staunch;
Security breeds fear, to kill thee root and branch.

What! trust the man with whom one quarrelled long ago!
Nay, stand upon thy guard. No one can love his foe.

Inspire a trust in all, but put thy trust in none,
Thyself suspected not, be to suspicion prone.
He that is truly wise ought every nerve to strain
That his true nature ne'er may be to others plain.

Thus did they talk one with another, and becoming reconciled and friendly they repaired together to the hermitage of the ascetic.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said,

The godlike graceful pair of them now see,
Breathing an air of holy purity;
[86] Like steeds well matched 'neath equal yoke they ran,
To seek the dwelling of that saintly man.

With regard to this the Master uttered another stanza:

Then to the ascetic straight king-snake did go,
And thus Paṇḍaraka addressed his foe,
'Know that to-day, all danger past, I'm free,
But 'tis not due to love of thine for me.'

Then the ascetic repeated another stanza:

To that bird-king, I solemnly declare,
I greater love than e'er to thee did bear,
Moved by affection for that royal bird,
I of set purpose, not through folly, erred.

On hearing this, the snake-king repeated two stanzas:

The man that looks at this world and the next,
Ne'er finds himself with love or hatred vext,
'Neath garb of self-restraint thou fain wouldst hide,
But lawless acts that holy garb belied.

[87] Thou, seeming noble, art with meanness stained,
And, as ascetic clad, art unrestrained;
By nature with ignoble thoughts accurst,
Thou in all kinds of sinful act art versed.

So to reprove him, he uttered this stanza, reviling him:

Informer, traitor, that wouldst slay
A guileless friend, be thy head riven
By this my Act of Truth, I pray,
Piecemeal, all into fragments seven.

So before the very eyes of the snake-king, the head of the ascetic was split into seven pieces, and at the very spot where he was sitting the ground was cleft asunder. And, disappearing into the Earth, he was re-born in the Avīci hell, and the snake-king and the garuḍa-king returned each to his own abode.

The Master, to make clear the fact that he had been swallowed up by the earth, repeated the last stanza:

Therefore I say, friends ne'er should treacherous be;
Than a false friend worse man is none to see.
Buried in earth the venomous creature lies,
And at the snake-king's word the ascetic dies.

[88] The Master here ended his discourse and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too, Devadatta told a lie and was swallowed up by the earth," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the ascetic was Devadatta, the snake-king Sāriputta, and the garuḍa-king was myself."

No. 519.

SAMBULA-JĀTAKA.

"*Tied to the spot,*" *etc.* This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told of queen Mallikā. The introductory story is related at length in the Kummāsapiṇḍa[1] Birth. Now by the efficacy of a gift of three portions of sour gruel to the Tathāgata, she that very day rose to the position of chief queen, and being possessed of faithful servants and endued with the five feminine charms, full of knowledge, and a disciple of the Buddha, she showed herself a devoted wife. Her devotion was blazed abroad throughout the city. So one day a discussion was started in the Hall of Truth, how that queen Mallikā was a faithful and devoted wife. The Master, on his coming there, asked the Brethren what was the topic they were discussing as they sat together, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly too, Brethren, she was a devoted wife"; and so saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time king Brahmadatta had a son named Sotthisena, and when he had come of age the king set him up as viceroy. His chief consort, Sambulā by name, was extremely beautiful, and gifted with so radiant a form that she appeared like a lamp-flame shining in

[1] Vol. iii. No. 415, p. 245, English version.

a sheltered spot. By and bye leprosy showed itself in Sotthisena and the physicians failed to cure it. When the sore discharged, he became so loathsome that in his depression he cried, "What good is my kingdom to me? I shall perish without a friend in the wilderness." And, bidding them tell the king, he left his harem and departed. Sambulā, though he made many attempts to stop her, refused to return, and saying, "I will watch over you, my lord, in the forest," went forth from the city with him. On entering the forest, he built a hut of leaves and took up his abode in a shady and well-watered spot, where wild fruit abounded. How then did the royal lady watch over him? Why she rose up early in the morning, swept out his hermitage, set some water for him to drink, [89] furnished him with a tooth-stick and water to wash his mouth, and when his mouth was cleansed, she ground various simples and anointed his sores, and gave him luscious fruits to eat; when he had rinsed his mouth and washed his hands, she saluted him and said, "Be earnest in well-doing, my lord." Then taking a basket, a spade and a hook, she went into the forest to gather wild fruit, and she brought and set it on one side, and fetching water in a jar, she with various powders and clay washed Sotthisena and again offered him wild fruit. And when he had finished his meal, she brought him scented water and herself partook of the fruit. Then she arranged a board with a coverlet, and as he lay down on it, she bathed his feet, and after dressing and cleaning his head and back and feet, she came and lay down by the side of the bed. In this way did she watch over her lord. One day, as she was bringing fruit from the forest, she espied a mountain cave, and putting down the basket from her head, she stood on the edge of the cave, and, stepping down to bathe, she rubbed her body all over with yellow dye and took a bath. After washing herself, she climbed up again and put on her bark garment and stood on the edge of the pool. And the whole forest was lighted up with the radiance that was shed from her person. At that moment a goblin, going forth to find his prey, caught sight of her, and falling in love with her, he repeated a couple of stanzas:

Tied to the spot and trembling as in fear,
Who in this rocky cave is standing here?
Tell us, I pray, O slender-waisted dame,
Who may thy kinsmen be, and what thy name.

Who art thou, lady, ever fair and bright,
And what thy birth that thou canst flood with light
This grove, fit home of every beast of prey?
An ogre I to thee due homage pay.

[90] On hearing what he said, she replied in three stanzas:

Prince Sotthisena, know full well, is heir to Kāsi throne,
And I, this prince's wedded wife, as Sambulā am known.

Videha's royal son is sick and in the forest lies;
Alone I tend him, mad with pain, or else he surely dies.

This savoury bit of venison I picked up in the wood,
And bear it to my lord to-day, now faint for want of food.

This is followed by stanzas spoken alternately by the goblin and the lady:

What good is this sick lord of thine, O Sambulā, to thee?
No wife, but nurse is what he craves. I will thy husband be.

With sorrow worn, a wretch forlorn, no beauty can I claim,
If thou art fain a bride to gain, go woo some fairer dame.

Four hundred wives have I to grace my home on yonder hill;
O lady, deign o'er them to reign, and each fond wish fulfil.

Fair maid so bright with golden light, whate'er is dear to thee
Is mine to give, so come and live a life of joy with me.

[91] But if denied to me as bride, thou art my lawful prey,
And wilt be good to serve as food to break my fast to-day.

(That ogre grim with his seven tufts inspiring dread alarm,
Found helpless Sambulā astray and seized her by the arm.

Thus held by him, that ogre grim, her lustful, cruel foe,
She still deplored her absent lord, nor e'er forgot his woe.)

No grief to me that I should be this hateful ogre's prey,
But that the love of my dear lord from me should fall away.

No gods are here, but absent far they flee,
Nor any guardians of the world I see,
To check the course of outrage and suppress
All acts of unrestrained licentiousness.

[92] Then was the abode of Sakka shaken by the efficacy of her virtue, and his throne of yellow marble showed signs of heat. Sakka, on reflection, discovered the cause, and, taking his thunderbolt, he came with all speed, and, standing above the goblin, spoke another stanza:

'Mongst women folk the chief in fame,
She's wise and perfect, bright as flame,
Shouldst thou eat her, thy skull be riven,
O goblin, into fragments seven.
So harm her not; let her go free,
For a devoted wife is she.

On hearing this the goblin let Sambulā go. Sakka thought: "This goblin will be guilty of the same thing again," and so he bound him with celestial chains and let him loose on the third mountain from thence, that he might not return; and, after earnestly exhorting the royal lady, he departed to his own abode. And the princess, after sunset, by the light of the moon reached the hermitage.

To explain the matter, the Master repeated eight stanzas:

Escaped from ogre, to her hut she fled,
As bird returning finds its fledglings dead,
Or cow, robbed of her calf, laments an empty shed.

Thus Sambulā, of royal fame, made moan,
Wild-eyed and helpless, in the wood, alone.

Hail, priests and brahmins, righteous sages too,
Deserted, I for refuge fly to you.

All hail, ye lions and ye tigers fell,
And other beasts that in the woodland dwell.

All hail, ye grasses, herbs and plants that creep,
All hail, ye forests green and mountains steep.

All hail to Night, bedecked with stars on high,
Dark as blue lotus of the deepest dye.

[93] All hail to Ganges: mother of rivers she,
Known amongst men as famed Bhāgīrathī.

Hail, Himavat, of all the mountains king,
Huge rocky pile, o'ertopping everything.

Regarding her, as she uttered this lamentation, Sotthisena thought, "She is overdoing her lamentation: I do not quite know what it all means. If she were acting thus for love of me, her heart would be broken. I will put her to the test." And he went and sat at the door of his hut. She, still lamenting, came to the door, and, making a low obeisance, she said, "Where has my lord been?" "Lady," he said, "on other days you have never come at this hour; to-day you are very late," [94] and in the form of a question he spoke this stanza:

Illustrious lady, why so late to-day?
What favoured lover led to this delay?

Then she made answer, "My lord, I was returning with my fruit when I beheld a goblin, and he fell in love with me, and seizing me by the hand, he cried: 'Unless you obey my words, I will eat you alive.' And at that moment, sorrowing for you only, I uttered this lament; and she repeated this stanza:

Seized by my foe, I, full of woe, these words to him did say;
'No grief to me that I should be a hateful ogre's prey,
But that the love of my dear lord from me should fall away.'"

Then she told him the rest of the story, saying, "So when I was seized by this goblin, and was unable to make him let me go, I acted so as to excite the attention of the god. Then Sakka came, thunderbolt in hand, and, standing in the air, he threatened the goblin and made him release me. And he bound him with magic chains and deposited him on

the third mountain range from here, and so departed. Thus was I saved by means of Sakka." Sotthisena, on hearing this, replied: "Well, lady, it may be so. With womenkind it is hard to discover the truth. In the Himalaya region dwell many foresters, ascetics and magicians. Who shall believe you?" And so saying, he repeated a stanza:

You jades are ever by far too clever,
  Truth among such is a great rarity,
Ways of the sex are enough to perplex,
  E'en as the course of a fish in the sea.

On hearing his words, she said: "My lord, though you do not believe me, by virtue of the truth I speak, I will heal you." So, filling a pot of water and performing an Act of Truth, she poured the water on his head and spoke this stanza:

[95] May Truth for aye my shelter be,
As I love no man more than thee,
And by this Act of Truth, I pray,
May thy disease be healed to-day.

When she had thus performed an Act of Truth, no sooner was the water sprinkled over Sotthisena than the leprosy straightway left him, as it were copper rust washed in some acid. After staying a few days there, they departed from the forest, and, coming to Benares, entered the park. The king, being apprised of their arrival, went to the park, and there and then bade the royal umbrella to be raised over Sotthisena, and ordered that Sambulā, by sprinkling, should be raised to the position of chief queen. Then conducting them into the city, he himself adopted the ascetic life and took up his abode in the park, but he still constantly took his meals in the palace. And Sotthisena merely conferred on Sambulā the rank of chief consort, but no honour was paid her, and he ignored her very existence and took his pleasure with other women. Sambulā, through jealousy of her rivals, grew thin and pale of countenance, and her veins stood out upon her body. One day when her father-in-law, the ascetic, came to have a meal, to get rid of her grief she came to him when he had finished eating, and saluting him, sat down on one side. On seeing her in this languid condition, he repeated a stanza:

Seven hundred elephants by night and day
Are guarding thee, all ready for the fray,
Hundreds of archers shielding thee from harm;
Whence come the foes to fill thee with alarm?

[96] On hearing his words she said, "Your son, my lord, is no longer the same to me"; and she repeated five stanzas:

Fair as a lotus are the maids he loves,
Their swan-like voice his deepest passion moves,
And as he listens to their measured strain,
In his affections I no longer reign.

In human shape but like to nymphs divine,
Adorned with ornaments of gold they shine,
Of perfect form the noble maidens lie
In graceful pose, to charm the royal eye.

If I once more might wander in the wood,
To glean a portion for his daily food,
Once more I should a husband's love regain,
And quit the court in forest realms to reign.

A woman may in softest robes be drest,
And be with food in rich abundance blest,
Fair though she be, yet if an unloved wife,
Best fix a rope and put an end to life.

Yea the poor wretch on bed of straw[1] that lies,
If she find favour in her husband's eyes,
Enjoys a happiness unknown to one,
Rich in all else, but poor in love alone.

[97] When she had thus explained to the ascetic the cause of her thus pining away, he summoned the king and said, "Dear Sotthisena, when you were crushed by the disease of leprosy and hid yourself in the forest, she went with you and ministered to your wants, and by the power of truth healed your sickness, and now after she has been the means of your being established on the throne, you do not even know the place of her sitting and uprising; this is very wrong of you. An act of treachery to a friend like this is a sin," and reproving his son, he repeated this stanza:

A loving wife is ever hard to find,
As is a man that to his wife is kind:
Thy wife was virtuous and loving too;
Do thou, O king, to Sambulā be true.

[98] After he had thus reproved his son, he got up and went away. The king, when his father was gone, called for Sambulā and said, "My dear, forgive the wrong I have done you this long time. Henceforth I confer on you all power," and he repeated the final stanza:

Shouldst thou, with wealth in great abundance blest,
Still pine away, by jealousy opprest,
I and these maidens, creatures of thy hand,
Will be obedient to thy command.

Thenceforth the pair lived happily together and after a life of charity and good works they departed to fare according to their deeds. The ascetic, after entering upon ecstatic meditation, passed to the heaven of Brahma.

The Master here ended his lesson and saying, "Not now only, but formerly too, Mallikā was a devoted wife," he identified the Birth: "At that time Sambulā was Mallikā, Sotthisena was the king of Kosala, and the ascetic father was myself."

[1] Reading *kaṭadutiyā*.

No. 520.

GAṆḌATINDU-JĀTAKA.

"*Zeal is the way,*" *etc.* This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the admonition of a king. This admonition of a king has already been related in full[1].

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Kampilla, in a city of the Northern Pañcālas, a king called Pañcāla, being established in evil courses and reckless, ruled his kingdom unrighteously. So all his ministers likewise became unrighteous. His subjects being oppressed by taxation took their wives and families and wandered in the forest like wild beasts. Where once stood villages, there now were none, [99] and the people through the fear of the king's men by day did not venture to dwell in their houses, but fencing them about with thorn branches, as soon as the day broke, they disappeared into the forest. By day they were plundered by the king's men and by night by robbers. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in the form of a divinity of a tinduka tree outside the city, and every year received from the king an offering worth a thousand pieces of money, and he thought, "This is a roi fainéant; his whole kingdom is going to ruin; besides me there is no one that can set the king in the right way, and he is a benefactor to me and every year honours me with an offering of a thousand pieces. I will admonish him." So in the night he entered into the royal chamber, and taking up his position at the bed's head he stood poised in the air, emitting a bright light. The king, when he saw him thus shining like the newly-risen sun, asked him who he was and wherefore he had come. On hearing his words he said, "Great king, I am the divinity of the tinduka tree, and I come to give you good advice." "What advice have you to give me?" said the king. "Sire," said the Great Being, "you are careless in your rule, and so all your kingdom is going to ruin, as if it were the prey of hirelings. Kings that are careless in their rule are not masters of all their realm, but in this world they meet with destruction and in the world to come they are re-born in hell, and when they are careless both those within their domain and those outside it are careless too, and therefore a king ought to

[1] No. 334, vol. iii. *Rājovāda-Jātaka.* No. 521, vol. v.

be exceedingly careful," and so saying, to inculcate a moral lesson, he repeated these stanzas:

Zeal is the way to Nirvāna, but sloth leads to death, it is said;
While vigilant souls never die, the careless are even as dead.

From pride as its root cometh sloth: from sloth cometh loss and decay:
Decay is the parent of sin. All sloth, O great king, put away.

Brave souls by their sloth many times of wealth and of realm have been shorn,
And so village lords may become like the waif, without home, all forlorn.

[100] When a prince in his rule groweth slack, untrue to his name and his fame,
Should his wealth all at once disappear, of that prince it is counted as shame.

Thou art slack out of season, O king, from the right thou hast wandered away,
Thy realm that so flourished of old to robbers doth now fall a prey.

No son shall inherit thy realm, with its treasures of gold and of corn,
Thy realm to the spoiler a prey and thou of thy wealth liest shorn.

The prince that is stript of his realm, with its stores and its wealth manifold,
His friends and his kith and his kin esteem him no more as of old.

His guards and his charioteers, his horse and his footmen so bold,
As they see him of all dispossest, regard him no more as of old.

The fool of disorderly life is by evil advice led astray,
Soon stript is the fool of his fame, as the snake its old skin casts away.

But the man who arising betimes unwearied and orderly is,
His oxen and kine thrive apace, and riches increasing are his.

Great king, ever open thine ears, and list to what people may say,
That seeing and hearing the truth, thou mayst win to good fortune thy way.

[101] Thus did the Great Being admonish the king in eleven stanzas, and "Go," said he, "without delay and foster thy kingdom, and destroy it not," and so departed to his own abode. And the king hearkened to his words and, being much moved, on the morrow he handed over his kingdom to his ministers, and accompanied by his chaplain he left the city betimes by the eastern gate [102] and went a furlong's distance. There an old man, a native of the village, carried branches of thorn from the forest and putting them all round his house closed the door, and with his wife and children betook himself to the forest. At eventide when the king's men had departed, he returned to his house, and by the door his foot was pierced with a thorn point, and sitting cross-legged and extracting the thorn he cursed the king in the following stanza:

Struck by an arrow in the fray,
  So may Pañcāla mourn,
As I have cause to grieve to-day,
  Thus wounded by a thorn.

This imprecation on the king came about by the power of the Bodhisatta, and it was as one possessed by the Bodhisatta that he cursed him. In this light is his action to be regarded. Now at this

juncture the king and his chaplain stood before him in disguise. So the chaplain hearing his words uttered another stanza:

> Thou art old, my good sir, and thy sight is too dim
> To discern things aright, I'll be sworn;
> As for king Brahmadatta, what is it to him,
> That thy foot has been pierced by a thorn?

On hearing this the old man repeated three stanzas:

> 'Tis due to Brahmadatta, sure, that I am racked with pain,
> Just as defenceless folk are oft by their oppressors slain.
>
> By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
> Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.
>
> Distrest by such a fear as this, men to the forest flee,
> And round their dwellings scatter thorns, for their security.

[103] On hearing this the king addressing his chaplain said, "Master, the old man speaks truly: it is our fault. Come, let us return and rule the kingdom righteously." Then the Bodhisatta, taking possession of the body of the chaplain, stood before him and said, "Great king, let us investigate the matter." And passing from that village to another one they listened to the words spoken by an old woman. She was, it is said, a poor woman and had two grown up daughters under her care, whom she would not allow to enter the forest. But she herself brought fire-wood and leaves of trees and ministered to her daughters. One day she climbed up a bush to gather leaves and falling rolled upon the ground, and she cursed the king, threatening him with death, and uttered this stanza:

> Oh! when will Brahmadatta die, for long as he shall reign,
> Our daughters live unwedded and for husbands sigh in vain?

Then the priest checking her spoke this stanza:

> Evil and profitless withal these words of thine, O jade,
> Whence shall the king find in his realm a husband for each maid?

[104] The old woman on hearing this repeated two stanzas:

> Not evil are these words of mine, nor spoken all in vain,
> So long as thy defenceless folk are by oppressors slain.
>
> By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
> Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway,
> When times are bad, poor maids are sad, for husbands none have they.

Hearing her words they thought, "She speaks to the point," and going farther on they listened to what a ploughman was saying. As he was ploughing, they say, his ox called Sāliya was laid low, being struck by the ploughshare, and its owner cursed the king and repeated this stanza:

> So may Pañcāla fall to earth by spear-thrust of his foe,
> As Sāliya by ploughshare hurt, poor wretch, here lieth low.

Then the priest, to check him, spoke this stanza:

> With Brahmadatta thou art wroth, though no good cause is shown,
> And while thou dost revile the king, the guilt is all thine own.

Hearing this the ploughman replied in three stanzas:

With Brahmadatta I am wroth, and rightly I maintain;
Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressor slain.
By night to thieves a prey are we &c.

[105] The slave had twice[1] to cook the food and brought it late to me;
While all agape for her, my ox was wounded fatally.

Going on still further they stayed in a certain village. Next day early in the morning a vicious cow kicked a milkman and upset him, milk and all. The man cursed Brahmadatta and repeated this stanza:

By stroke of sword Pañcāla's lord shall fall amidst the fray,
As I'm laid low by kick of cow, milk-pail and all, to-day.

The brahmin in a stanza said:

A cow, say, kicks against the pricks, or pail of milk upsets—
What's this to Brahmadatta that all this abuse he gets?

On hearing this the milkman repeated three stanzas:

Pañcāla's king, O brahmin, is to blame, for in his reign
Defenceless folk are seen to be by their oppressors slain.
By night &c.

A wild and savage cow that we had never milked before
We milked to-day: demands for milk grow ever more and more.

[106] They said, "He speaks the truth," and going forth from that village they climbed into the highway and started towards the city. And in a certain village tax-collectors killed a young dappled calf and stripped off its skin to make a sword-sheath, and the mother of the calf was so grieved for the loss of her young one that she neither ate grass nor drank water but roamed to and fro, lamenting. On seeing her the village boys cursed the king and spoke this stanza:

So let Pañcāla pine away and childless weep in vain,
As this poor cow distracted seeks the calf that men have slain.

Then the priest spoke another stanza:

When from its herd some beast escapes, and roars to ease its pain,
Herein what cause hast thou of Brahmadatta to complain?

Then the village boys repeated two stanzas:

King Brahmadatta's sin in this, brahmin, to me is plain,
Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.
Why should a tender calf be killed, just for a sheath, I pray?

"You speak truth," they said and departed. Then, going on their way, in a certain dry tank crows were striking frogs with their beaks and

[1] The scholiast explains that the royal tax-gatherers had eaten the food first cooked by the slave for her master.

devouring them. When they reached this spot, the Bodhisatta by the exercise of his power cursed the king by the mouth of a frog, saying,

[107] So may Pañcāla killed in fight be eaten, sons and all,
As woodland frog to village crows a prey this day I fall.

Hearing this the priest conversing with the frog repeated this stanza:

Kings cannot, frog, as you must know,
Guard every creature here below,
In this no wicked king is he,
That crows eat living things like thee.

On hearing this the frog repeated two stanzas:

The priest with words too flattering
Thus wickedly deceives the king;
The king, though people are oppressed,
Deems the priest's policy the best.

If blest with all prosperity
This realm should glad and peaceful be,
Crows richest offerings[1] might enjoy,
Nor need aught living to destroy.

[108] On hearing this the king and the priest thought, "All creatures, including the frog that lives in the forest, curse us," and going thence to the city they ruled their kingdom righteously, and abiding in the admonition of the Great Being they devoted themselves to charity and other good works.

The Master here ended his discourse to the king of Kosala in these words, "A king, Sire, must forsake evil courses, and rule his kingdom righteously," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the divinity of the tinduka tree was myself."

[1] A crow was called *baliputtho*, "nourished by oblations."

BOOK XVII. CATTĀLĪSANIPĀTA.

No. 521.

TESAKUṆA-JĀTAKA.

[109] "*'Tis this I ask,*" *etc.* This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told by way of admonition to the king of Kosala. Now this king came to hear the preaching of the law and the Master addressed him in the following terms: "A king, Sire, ought to rule his kingdom righteously, for whenever kings are unrighteous, then also are his officers unrighteous." And admonishing him in the right way as related in the Catukkanipāta (4th Book) he pointed out the suffering and the blessing involved in following or abstaining from evil courses, and expounded in detail the misery resulting from sensual pleasures, comparing them to dreams and the like, saying, "In the case of these men,

No bribe can move relentless death, no kindness mollify,
No one in fight can vanquish death. For all are doomed to die.

And when they depart to another world, except their own virtuous action they have no other sure refuge, so that they must inevitably forsake low associations, and for their reputation's sake they must not be careless, but be earnest and exercise rule in righteousness, even as kings of old, before Buddha arose, abiding in the admonition of the wise, ruled righteously and departing attained to the heavenly city," and at the request of the king he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time Brahmadatta ruled in Benares and had no heir, and his prayer for a son or daughter was not answered. Now one day he went with a large escort to his park and after amusing himself a part of the day in the grounds [110] he had a couch spread for him at the foot of the royal sāl tree, and after a short nap he awoke and, looking up to the sāl tree, he beheld a bird's nest in it, and at the sight of it a desire to possess it sprang up in his heart, and summoning one of his attendants he said, "Climb the tree and see if there is anything in the nest or not." The man climbed up and finding three eggs in it told the king. "Then mind you do not breathe over them," he said, and, spreading some cotton in a casket, he told the man to come down gently, and place the eggs in it. When they had been brought down, he took up the casket and asked his courtiers to what bird these eggs belonged. They answered, "We do not know: hunters will know." The king sent for the hunters and asked them. "Sire," said they, "one is an owl's egg, another is a maynah bird's, and the third is a parrot's." "Pray are there eggs of three different birds in

one nest?" "Yes, Sire, when there is nothing to fear, what is carefully deposited does not perish." The king being pleased said, "They shall be my children," and committing the three eggs to the charge of three courtiers, he said, "These shall be my children. Do you carefully watch over them and when the young birds come out of the shell, let me know." They took good care of them. First of all the owl's egg was hatched, and the courtier sent for a hunter and said, "Find out the sex of the young bird, whether it is a cock or a hen bird," and when he had examined it and declared it to be a cock bird, the courtier went to the king and said, "Sire, a son is born to you." The king was delighted and bestowed much wealth on him and saying, [111] "Watch carefully over him and call his name Vessantara," he sent him away. He did as he was told. Then a few days afterwards the egg of the maynah bird was hatched, and the second courtier likewise, after getting the huntsman to examine it, and hearing it was a hen bird, went to the king and announced to him the birth of a daughter. The king was delighted, and gave to him also much treasure and saying, "Watch carefully over my daughter and call her name Kuṇḍalinī," he sent him away. He also did what he was told. Then after a few days the parrot's egg was hatched and the third courtier, when told by the huntsman who examined it that it was a cock bird, went and announced to the king the birth of a son. The king was delighted and paying him liberally said, "Hold a festival in honour of my son with great pomp, and call his name Jambuka," and then sent him away. He too did as he was told. And these three birds grew up in the houses of the three courtiers with all the ceremony due to royalty. The king speaks of them habitually, as 'my son' and 'my daughter.' His courtiers made merry, one with another, saying, "Look at what the king does: he goes about speaking of birds as his son and his daughter." The king thought, "These courtiers do not know the extent of my children's wisdom. I will make it evident to them." So he sent one of his ministers to Vessantara to say, "Your father wishes to ask you a question. When shall he come and ask it?" The minister came and bowing to Vessantara delivered the message. Vessantara sent for the courtier who looked after him and said, "My father," they tell me, "wants to ask me a question. When he comes, we must shew him all respect," and he asked "When is he to come?" The courtier said, "Let him come on the seventh day from this." Vessantara on hearing this said, "Let my father come on the seventh day from this," and with these words he sent the minister away. He went and told the king. On the seventh day the king ordered a drum to be beaten through the city and went to the house where his son lived. Vessantara treated the king with great respect and had great respect paid even to the slaves and hired servants. The king, after partaking of food in the house of Vessantara, and enjoying great distinction, returned to his

own dwelling-place. Then he had a big pavilion erected in the palace-yard, and, having made proclamation by beating a drum through the city, he sat in his magnificent pavilion surrounded by a great retinue [112] and sent word to a courtier to conduct Vessantara to him. The courtier brought Vessantara on a golden stool. The bird sat on his father's lap and played with his father, and then went and sat on the stool. Then the king in the midst of the crowd of people questioned him as to the duty of a king and spoke the first stanza:

'Tis this I ask Vessantara—dear bird, mayst thou be blest—
To one that's fain o'er men to reign, what course of life is best?

Vessantara, without answering the question directly, reproved the king for his carelessness and spoke the second stanza:

Kaṁsa my sire, of Kāsi lord, so careless long ago,
Urged me his son, though full of zeal, still greater zeal to show.

Rebuking the king in this stanza and saying, "Sire, a king ought to rule his kingdom righteously, abiding in the three truths," and telling of a king's duty he spoke these stanzas:

First of all should a king put away all falsehood and anger and scorn;
Let him do what a king has to do, or else to his vow be forsworn.

By passion and sin led astray, should he err in the past, it is plain
He will live to repent of the deed, and will learn not to do it again.

When a prince in his rule groweth slack, untrue to his name and his fame,
Should his wealth all at once disappear, of that prince it is counted as shame.

'Twas thus that Good Fortune and Luck, when I asked, made reply unto me,
'In a man energetic and bold we delight, if from jealousy free.'

[113] Ill Luck, ever wrecking good fortune, delighteth in men of ill deeds,
The hard-hearted creatures in whom a spirit of jealousy breeds.

To all, O great king, be a friend, so that all may thy safety insure,
Ill Luck put away, but to Luck that is good be a dwelling secure.

The man that is lucky and bold, O thou that o'er Kāsi dost reign,
His foes will destroy root and branch, and to greatness will surely attain.

Great Sakka all courage in man ever watches with vigilant eyes,
For courage as virtue he holds and in it true goodness espies.

Gandharvas, gods, angels and men, one and all, emulate such a king,
And spirits appearing stand by, of his zeal and his vigour to sing.

Be zealous to do what is right, nor, however reviled, yield to sin,
Be earnest in efforts for good—no sluggard can bliss ever win.

Herein is the text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go:
'Tis enough to win bliss for a friend or to work grievous ill for a foe.

[115] Thus did the bird Vessantara in a single stanza rebuke the carelessness of the king, and then in telling the duty of a king in eleven stanzas answered his question with all the charm of a Buddha. The hearts of the multitude were filled with wonder and amazement and innumerable shouts of applause were raised. The king was transported with joy and addressing his courtiers asked them what was to be done for his son; for

having spoken thus. "He should be made a general in the army, Sire." "Well, I give him the post of general," and he appointed Vessantara to the vacant post. Thenceforth placed in this position he carried out his father's wishes. Here ends the story of Vessantara's question.

[116] Again the king after some days, just as before, sent a message to Kuṇḍalinī, and on the seventh day he paid her a visit and returning home again he seated himself in the centre of a pavilion and ordered Kuṇḍalinī to be brought to him, and when she was seated on a golden stool, he questioned her as to the duty of a king and spoke this stanza:

Kuṇḍalinī, of royal birth, couldst thou resolve my quest,
To one that's fain o'er men to reign, what course of life is best?

When the king thus asked her as to the duties of a king, she said, "I suppose, Sir, you are putting me to the test, thinking 'What will a woman be able to tell me?' so I will tell you, putting all your duty as a king into just two maxims," and she repeated these stanzas:

The matter, my friend, is set forth in a couple of maxims quite plain—
To keep whatsoever one has, and whatever one has not to gain.

Take as counsellors men that are wise, thy interests clearly to see,
Not given to riot and waste, from gambling and drunkenness free.

Such an one as can guard thee aright and thy treasure with all proper zeal,
As a charioteer guides his car, he with skill steers the realm's common weal.

Keep ever thy folk well in hand, and duly take stock of thy pelf,
Ne'er trust to another a loan or deposit, but act for thyself.

What is done or undone to thy profit and loss it is well thou shouldst know,
Ever blame the blame-worthy and favour on them that deserve it bestow.

[117] Thou thyself, O great king, shouldst instruct thy people in every good way,
Lest thy realm and thy substance should fall to unrighteous officials a prey.

See that nothing is done by thyself or by others with overmuch speed,
For the fool that so acts without doubt will live to repent of the deed.

To wrath one should never give way, for should it due bounds overflow,
It will lead to the ruin of kings and the proudest of houses lay low.

Be sure that thou never as king thy people mislead to their cost,
Lest all men and women alike in an ocean of trouble be lost.

When a king from all fear is set free, and the pleasures of sense are his aim,
Should his riches and all disappear, to that king it is counted as shame.

Herein is a text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go,
Be an adept in every good work, to excess and to riot a foe,
Study virtue, for vice ever leads to a state full of suffering and woe.

[120] Thus did Kuṇḍalinī also teach the king his duty in eleven stanzas. The king was delighted and addressing his courtiers asked them, saying, "What is to be given to my daughter as a reward for her having spoken thus?" "The office of treasurer, Sire." "Well then, I grant her the post of treasurer," and he appointed Kuṇḍalinī to the vacant post. Thenceforth she held the office and acted for the king. Here ends the story of the question of Kuṇḍalinī.

Again the king after the lapse of a few days, just as before, sent a messenger to the wise Jambuka, and going there on the seventh day and being magnificently entertained he returned home and in the same manner took his seat in the centre of a pavilion. A courtier placed the wise Jambuka on a stool bound with gold, and came bearing the stool on his head. The wise bird sitting on his father's lap and playing with him at length took his seat on the golden stool. Then the king, asking him a question, spoke this stanza:

We've questioned both thy brother prince, and also fair Kuṇḍalinī;
Now, Jambuka, do thou in turn the highest power declare to me.

Thus did the king, in asking a question of the Great Being, not ask him in the way in which he had asked the others, but asked him in a special way. Then the wise bird said to him, "Well, Sire, listen attentively, and I will tell you all," and like a man placing a purse containing a thousand pieces of money into an outstretched hand, he began his exposition of a king's duty:

Amidst the great ones of the earth a fivefold power we see;
Of these the power of limbs is, sure, the last in its degree,
And power of wealth, O mighty lord, the next is said to be.

The power of counsel third in rank of these, O king, I name;
The power of caste without a doubt is reckoned fourth in fame,
And all of these a man that's wise most certainly will claim.

[121] Of all these powers that one is best, as power of learning known,
By strength of this a man is wise and makes success his own.

Should richest realm fall to the lot of some poor stupid wight,
Another will by violence seize it in his despite.

However noble be the prince, whose lot it is to rule,
He is hard put to live at all, if he should prove a fool.

'Tis wisdom tests reports of deeds and makes men's fame to grow,
Who is with wisdom gifted still finds pleasure e'en in woe.

None that are heedless in their ways to wisdom can attain,
But must consult the wise and just, or ignorant remain.

Who early rising shall betimes unweariedly give heed
To duty's varied calls, in life is certain to succeed.

No one that's bent on hurtful things or acts in listless mood
In aught that he may undertake will come to any good.

But one that will unweariedly a rightful course pursue,
Is sure to reach perfection in whatever he may do.

To safeguard one's store is to gain more and more,
  And these are the things I would have thee to mind;
For the fool by ill deeds, like a house built of reeds,
  Collapses and leaves rack and ruin behind.

[123] Thus did the Bodhisatta in all these points sing the praises of the five powers, and exalting the power of wisdom, like to one striking the orb of the moon with his words, he admonished the king in eleven stanzas:

Unto thy parents, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven thou, sire, shalt go[1].

[124] After uttering ten stanzas about the way of righteousness, still further admonishing the king he spoke the concluding stanza:

Herein is the text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go:
Follow wisdom and ever be happy, the Truth in its fulness to know.

Thus did the Great Being, as though he were letting down the heavenly Ganges, teach the Law with all the charm of a Buddha. And the multitude paid him great honour and raised innumerable shouts of applause. The king was delighted and addressing his councillors asked, [125] "How ought my son, wise Jambuka, with a beak like the fresh fruit of the rose-apple, to be rewarded for having spoken thus?" "With the post of commander-in-chief, Sire." "Then I offer him this post," he said, and appointed him to the vacant office, and thenceforth in the position of commander-in-chief he carried out the orders of his father. Great honour was paid to the three birds, and all three of them gave instruction in temporal and spiritual matters. The king, abiding in the admonition of the Great Being, by almsgiving and other good works became destined to heaven. The councillors after performing the king's obsequies, speaking to the birds said, "My lord, Jambu, the king ordered the royal umbrella to be raised over you." The Great Being said, "I have no need of the kingdom, do you exercise rule with all vigilance," and after establishing the people in the moral law, he said "Execute justice," and he had righteous judgment inscribed on a golden plate and disappeared in the forest. And his admonition continued in force forty thousand years.

The Master by means of his admonition of the king taught this lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, Kuṇḍalinī was Uppalavaṇṇā, Vessantara was Sāriputta, the bird Jambu was myself."

No. 522.

SARABHAṄGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Beringed and gallantly,*" *etc.*—This was a story the Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the death of the Elder, the Great Moggallāna[2]. The Elder Sāriputta[3], after gaining the consent of the Tathāgata

[1] Here follow nine similar couplets already given in vol. IV. No. 501, *Rohantamiga-Jātaka*, p. 263, English version; see also Senart's *Mahāvastu*, vol. I. p. 282.

[2] For the death of Moggallāna, see Fausböll's *Dhammapada*, p. 298, and Bigandet's *Legend of the Burmese Buddha*, vol. 2, ch. I. p. 26.

[3] For Sāriputta's death, see vol. I. No. 95, *Mahāsudassana-Jātaka*, p. 230, English version, and Bigandet, *op. cit.* p. 19.

when he was living at Jetavana, went and died in the village of Nāla, in the very room where he was born. The Master, on hearing of his death, went to Rājagaha and took up his abode in the Bamboo Grove. An Elder dwelt there on the slopes of Isigili (Mount of Saints) at the Black Rock. This man, by attaining perfection in supernatural power, was able to make his way into heaven and hell. In the god-world he beheld one of the disciples of Buddha enjoying great power, and in the world of men he saw one of the disciples of the heretics suffering great agony, and on returning to the world of men he told them how in a certain god-world such and such a lay Brother or Sister was re-born and enjoying great honour, and amongst the followers of the heretics such and such a man or woman was re-born in hell [126] or other states of suffering. People gladly accepted his teaching and rejected that of the schismatics. Great honour was paid to the disciples of Buddha, while that paid to the schismatics fell away. They conceived a grudge against the Elder, and said: "As long as this fellow is alive, there are divisions amongst our followers, and the honour paid to us falls away: we will put him to death"; and they gave a thousand pieces of money to a brigand who guarded the ascetics to put the Elder to death. He resolved to kill the Elder, and came with a great following to Black Rock. The Elder, when he saw him coming, by his magic power flew up into the air and disappeared. The brigand, not finding the Elder that day, returned home and came back day after day for six successive days. But the Elder, by his magic power, always disappeared in the same way. On the seventh day an act committed of old by the Elder, carrying with it consequences to be recognised on some future occasion, got its chance for mischief. The story goes that once upon a time, hearkening to what his wife said, he wanted to put his father and mother to death; and, taking them in a carriage to a forest, he pretended that they were attacked by robbers, and struck and beat his parents. Through feebleness of sight being unable to see objects clearly, they did not recognise their son, and thinking they were robbers said: "Dear son, some robbers are killing us: make your escape," and lamented for him only. He thought, "Though they are being beaten by me, it is only on my account they make lamentation. I am acting shamefully." So he reassured them and, pretending that the robbers had been put to flight, he stroked their hands and feet, saying, "Dear father and mother, do not be afraid, the robbers have fled," and brought them again to their own house. This action for ever so long not finding its opportunity but ever biding its time, like a core of flame hidden under ashes, caught up and seized upon the man when he was re-born for the last time, and the Elder, in consequence of his action, was unable to fly up into the air. His magic power that once could quell Nanda[1] and Upananda and cause Vejayanta to tremble, as the result of his action became mere feebleness. The brigand crushed all his bones, subjecting him to the 'straw and meal' torture[2], and, thinking he was dead, went off with his followers. But the Elder, on recovering consciousness, clothed himself with Meditation as with a garment, and flying up into the presence of the Master, saluted him and said, "Holy Sir, my sum of life is exhausted: I would die," and having gained the Master's consent, he died then and there. At that instant the six god-worlds were in a general state of commotion. "Our Master," they cried, "is dead." And they came, bringing incense and perfume and wreaths breathing divine odours, and all kinds of wood, [127] and the funeral pile was made of sandalwood and ninety-nine precious things. The Master, standing near the Elder, ordered his remains to be deposited, and for the space of a league all round about the spot where the body was burned flowers rained down upon it, and men and gods stood mingled together, and for seven days held a sacred festival. The Master had the relics of the Elder gathered together, and erected a shrine in a gabled chamber in the Bamboo Grove. At that time they raised the topic in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Sāriputta, because

[1] Nanda and Upananda were two kings of the Nāgas, Vejayanta was the palace of Indra. Jātaka Index, vol. VII. p. 66, gives corrected reading *Nandopananda-damana*.

[2] But cf. *Aṅguttara Nikāya*, Pt. I. p. 114, ed. by R. Morris, 1883. *Mil.* I. 277. Translation with note by R. Davids.

he did not die in the presence of the Tathāgata, has not received great honour at the hands of the Buddha, but the Great Elder Moggallāna, because he died near the Master, has had great honour paid to him." The Master came up, and asking the Brethren what they were sitting in conclave to discuss, on hearing what it was, said: "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also Moggallāna received great honour at my hands"; and, so saying, he related a story of the past.

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[1]Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by the brahmin wife of the royal chaplain, and at the end of ten months was born early in the morning. At that moment there was a blaze of all kinds of arms in the city of Benares for the space of twelve leagues. The priest, on the birth of the boy, stepped out of doors and looked up to the sky for the purpose of divining his son's destiny, and knew that this boy, because he was born under a certain conjunction in the heaven, would surely be the chief archer in all India. So he went betimes to the palace and inquired after the king's health. On his replying, "How, my master, can I be well: this day there is a blaze of weapons throughout my dwelling-place," he said, "Fear not, Sire; not merely in your house, but throughout all the city is this blaze of arms to be seen. This is due to the fact that a boy is born to-day in our house." "What, master, will be the result of the birth of a boy under these conditions?" "Nothing, Sire, but he will prove to be the chief archer in all India." "Well, master, do you then watch over him, and when he is grown up, present him to us." And so saying, he ordered a thousand pieces of money to be given him as the price of his nurture[2]. The priest took it and went home, and on the naming-day of his son, on account of the blaze of arms at the moment of his birth, he called him Jotipāla. He was reared in great state, and at the age of sixteen he was extremely handsome. Then his father, observing his personal distinction, said, "Dear son, go to Takkasilā [128] and receive instruction in all learning at the hands of a world-famous teacher." He agreed to do so and, taking his teacher's fee, he bade his parents farewell and repaired thither. He presented his fee of one thousand pieces of money and set about acquiring instruction, and in the course of seven days he had reached perfection. His master was so delighted with him that he gave him a precious sword that belonged to him, and a bow of ram's-horn and a quiver, both of them deftly joined together, and his own coat of mail and a diadem, and he said, "Dear Jotipāla, I am an old man, do you now train these pupils"; and he handed over to him five hundred pupils. The Bodhisatta, taking everything with him, said good-bye to his teacher and, returning to Benares, went to see his parents. Then his father, on seeing him standing respectfully before him, said, "My son, have you finished your studies?" "Yes, sir." On hearing his

[1] Compare vol. III. No. 423, *Indriya Jātaka*.
[2] *khīramūlam*, i.e. τροφεῖα.

answer he went to the palace and said, "My son, Sire, has completed his education: what is he to do?" "Master, let him wait on us." "What do you decide, Sire, about his expenses?" "Let him receive a thousand pieces of money daily." He readily agreed to this, and returning home he called his boy to him and said, "Dear son, you are to serve the king." Thenceforth he received every day a thousand pieces of money and attended on the king. The king's attendants were offended; "We do not see that Jotipāla does anything, and he receives a thousand pieces of money every day. We should like to see a specimen of his skill." The king heard what they said and told the priest. He said, "All right, Sire," and told his son. "Very well, dear father," he said, "on the seventh day from this I will show them: let the king assemble all the archers in his dominion." The priest went and repeated what he said to the king. The king, by beat of drum through the city, had all his archers gathered together. When they were assembled, they numbered sixty thousand. The king, on hearing that they were assembled, said: "Let all that dwell in the city witness the skill of Jotipāla." And making proclamation by beat of drum, he had the palace yard made ready, and, followed by a great crowd, [129] he took his seat on a splendid throne, and, when he had summoned the archers, he sent for Jotipāla. He put the bow and quiver and coat of mail and diadem, which had been given to him by his teacher, beneath his under garment, and had the sword carried for him, and then came before the king in his ordinary garb and stood respectfully on one side. The archers thought, "Jotipāla, they say, has come to give us a specimen of his skill, but from his coming without a bow he will evidently want to receive one at our hands," but they all agreed they would not give him one. The king, addressing Jotipāla, said, "Give us proof of your skill." So he had a tent-like screen thrown round about him, and taking his stand inside it, and doffing his cloak, he girt on his armour, and got into his coat of mail and fastened the diadem on his head. Then he fixed a string of the colour of coral on his ram's-horn bow, and binding his quiver on his back and fastening his sword on his left side, he twirled an arrow tipt with adamant on his nail, and threw open the screen and sallied forth like a Nāga prince bursting out of the earth, splendidly equipped, and stood making an obeisance to the king. The multitude, on seeing him, jumped about and shouted and clapped their hands. The king said, "Jotipāla, give us a specimen of your skill." "Sire," he said, "amongst your archers are men who pierce like lightning[1], able to split a hair, and to shoot at a sound (without seeing) and to cleave a (falling) arrow[2]. Summon

[1] *akkhaṇavedhī*, R. Morris, P. T. S. J. for 1885, p. 29. Kern takes it as 'target cleaving,' *Bodhicaryāvatāra* comm. ed. Poussin (B. Ind.), p. 124 note.

[2] Perhaps this refers to a feat like that of Locksley ("Robin Hood") in *Ivanhoe*.

four of these archers." The king summoned them. The Great Being set up a pavilion in a square enclosure in the palace yard, and at the four corners he stationed the four archers, and to each of them he had thirty thousand arrows allotted, assigning men to hand the arrows to each, and he himself taking an arrow tipt with adamant stood in the middle of the pavilion and cried, "O king, let these four archers all at once shoot their arrows to wound me; I will ward off the arrows shot by them." The king gave the order for them to do so. "Sire," they said, "we shoot as quick as lightning, and are able to split a hair, and to shoot at the sound of a voice (without seeing), and to cleave a (falling) arrow, but Jotipāla is a mere stripling; we will not shoot him." The Great Being said, "If you can, shoot me." "Agreed," they said, and with one accord they shot their arrows. The Great Being, striking them severally with his iron arrow, in some way or other, [130] made them drop on the ground, and then throwing a wall[1] round them, he piled them together and so made a magazine of arrows, fitting each arrow, handle level with handle, stock with stock, feathers with feathers, till the bowmen's arrows were all spent, and when he saw that it was so, without spoiling his magazine of arrows, he flew up into the air and stood before the king. The people made a great uproar, shouting and dancing about and clapping their hands, and they threw off their garments and ornaments, so that there was treasure lying in a heap to the amount of eighteen crores. Then the king asked him, "What do you call this trick, Jotipāla?" "The arrow-defence, Sire." "Are there any others that know it?" "No one in all India, except myself, Sire." "Show us another trick, friend." "Sire, these four men stationed at four corners failed to wound me. But if they are posted at the four corners, I will wound them with a single arrow." The archers did not dare to stand there. So the Great Being fixed four plantains at the four corners, and fastening a scarlet thread on the feathered part of the arrow, he shot it, aiming at one of the plantains. The arrow struck it and then the second, the third and the fourth, one after another, and then struck the first, which it had already pierced, and so returned to the archer's hand; while the plantains stood encircled with the thread. The people raised myriad shouts of applause. The king asked, "What do you call this trick, friend?" "The pierced circle, Sire." "Show us something more." The Great Being showed them the arrow-stick, the arrow-rope, the arrow-plait, and performed other tricks called the arrow-terrace, arrow-pavilion, arrow-wall[2], arrow-stairs, arrow-tank, and made the arrow-lotus to blossom and caused it to rain a shower of arrows.

[1] Cf. *Mahābhārata*, VI. 58. 2 and 101. 32, *koshṭhakī-kṛitya*, surrounding, enclosing.

[2] This is taken from a reading of one MS. and is required to make up the twelve examples of his skill.

[131] Thus did he display these twelve unrivalled acts of skill, and then he cleft seven incomparably huge substances. He pierced a plank of fig-wood, eight inches thick, a plank of asana-wood, four inches thick, a copper plate two inches thick, an iron plate one inch thick, and after piercing a hundred boards joined together, one after another, he shot an arrow at the front part of waggons full of straw and sand and planks, and made it come out at the back part; and, shooting at the back of the waggons, he caused the arrow to come out at the front. He drove an arrow through a space of over a furlong in water and more than two furlongs of earth, and he pierced a hair, at the distance of half a furlong, at the first sign of its being moved by the wind. And when he had displayed all these feats of skill, the sun set. Then the king promised him the post of commander-in-chief, saying, "Jotipāla, it is too late to-day; to-morrow you shall receive the honour of the chief command. Go and have your beard trimmed and take a bath," and that same day he gave him a hundred thousand pieces of money for his expenses. The Great Being said, "I have no need of this," and he gave his lords eighteen crores of treasure and went with a large escort to bathe; and, after he had had his beard trimmed and had bathed, arrayed in all manner of adornments, he entered his abode with unparalleled pomp. After enjoying a variety of dainty viands, he got up and lay down on a royal couch, and when he had slept through two watches, in the last watch he woke up and sat cross-legged on his couch, considering the beginning, the middle and the end of his feats of skill. "My skill," he thought, "in the beginning is evidently death, in the middle it is the enjoyment of sin, and in the end it is re-birth in hell: for the destruction of life and excessive carelessness in sinful enjoyment causes re-birth in hell. The post of commander-in-chief is given me by the king, and great power will accrue to me, and I shall have a wife and many children; but if the objects of desire are multiplied, it will be hard to get rid of desire. I will go forth from the world alone and enter the forest: [132] it is right for me to adopt the life of an ascetic." So the Great Being arose from his couch, and without letting anybody know, he descended from the terrace, and going out by the house-door[1] he went into the forest all alone, and repaired to a spot on the banks of the Godhāvarī, near the Kaviṭṭha[2] forest, three leagues in extent. Sakka, hearing of his renunciation of the world, summoned Vissakamma and said, "Friend, Jotipāla has renounced the world; a great company will gather round him. Build a hermitage on the banks of the Godhāvarī in the Kaviṭṭha forest and provide them with everything necessary

[1] *aggadvāram* perhaps a *house-door* opposed to the main entrance. Cf. I. 114 and v. 263.

[2] The Kaviṭṭha is the *Feronia Elephantum* or elephant apple tree.

for the ascetic life." Vissakamma did so. The Great Being, when he reached the place, saw a road for a single foot-passenger and thought, "This must be a place for ascetics to dwell in," and travelling by this road and meeting with no one, he entered the hut of leaves. On seeing the requisites for ascetic life he said, "Sakka, king of heaven, methinks, knew that I had renounced the world"; and, doffing his cloak, he put on an inner and outer robe of dyed bark and threw an antelope's skin over one shoulder. Then he bound up his coil of matted locks, shouldered a pingo of three bushels of grain, took a mendicant's staff and sallied forth from his hut, and climbing up the covered walk, he paced up and down it several times. Thus did he glorify the forest with the beauty of asceticism, and after performing the Kasiṇa ritual, on the seventh day of his religious life he developed the eight Attainments and the five Faculties, and lived quite alone, feeding on what he could glean and on roots and berries. His parents and a crowd of friends and kinsfolk and acquaintances, not seeing him, wandered about disconsolate. Then a certain forester, who had seen and recognised the Great Being in the Kaviṭṭha hermitage, told his parents and they informed the king of it. The king said, "Come, let us go and see him," and taking the father and mother, and accompanied by a great multitude, he arrived at the bank of the Godhāvarī by the road which the forester pointed out to him. The Bodhisatta, on coming to the river-bank, seated himself in the air, and after teaching them the Law, [133] he brought them all into his hermitage, and there too, seated in the air, he revealed to them the misery involved in sensual desires and taught them the Law. And all of them, including the king, adopted the religious life. The Bodhisatta continued to dwell there, surrounded by a band of ascetics. And the news that he was dwelling there was blazed abroad throughout all India. Kings with their subjects came and took orders at his hands, and there was a great assembly of them till they gradually numbered many thousands. Whoever reflected on thoughts of lust, or the wish to hurt or injure others, to him came the Great Being, and seated in the air before him, he taught him the Law and instructed him in the Kasiṇa ritual. His seven chief pupils were Sālissara[1], Meṇḍissara, Pabbata, Kāḷadevala, Kisavaccha, Anusissa, and Nārada. And they, abiding in his admonition, attained to ecstatic meditation and reached perfection. By and bye the Kaviṭṭha hermitage became crowded, and there was no room for the multitude of ascetics to dwell there. So the Great Being, addressing Sālissara, said, "Sālissara, this hermitage is not big enough for the crowd of ascetics; do you go with this company of them and take up your abode near the town of Lambacūlaka in

[1] All these names occur in vol. III. No. 423, *Indriya Jātaka*, and for the legends of Kisavaccha and Nālikīra see Hardy's *Manual*, p. 55.

the province of king Caṇḍapajjota." He agreed to do so and, taking a company of many thousands, went and dwelt there. But as people still came and joined the ascetics, the hermitage was full again. The Bodhisatta, addressing Meṇḍissara, said, "On the borders of the country of Suraṭṭha is a stream called Sātodikā. Take this band of ascetics and dwell on the borders of that river." And he sent him away. In the same way on a third occasion he sent Pabbata, saying, "In the great forest is the Añjana mountain: go and settle near that." On the fourth occasion he sent Kāḷadevala, saying, "In the south country in the kingdom of Avanti is the Ghanasela mountain: settle near that." The Kaviṭṭha hermitage again overflowed, though in five different places there was a company of ascetics numbering many thousands. And Kisavaccha, asking leave of the Great Being, [134] took up his abode in the park near the commander-in-chief, in the city of Kumbhavatī in the province of king Daṇḍaki. Nārada settled in the central province in the Arañjara chain of mountains, and Anusissa remained with the Great Being. At this time king Daṇḍaki deposed from her position a courtezan whom he had greatly honoured, and, roaming about at her own will, she came to the park, and seeing the ascetic Kisavaccha, she thought, "Surely this must be Ill Luck. I will get rid of my sin[1] on his person and will then go and bathe." And first biting her tooth-stick, she spat out a quantity of phlegm, and not only spat upon the matted locks of the ascetic, but also threw her tooth-stick at his head and went and bathed. And the king, calling her to mind, restored her to her former position. And infatuated by her folly, she came to the conclusion that she had recovered this honour because she had got rid of her sin on the person of Ill Luck. Not long after this the king deposed his family priest from his office, and he went and asked the woman by what means she had recovered her position. So she told him it was from having got rid of her offence on the person of Ill Luck in the royal park. The priest went and got rid of his sin in the same way, and him too the king reinstated in his office. Now by and bye there was a disturbance on the king's frontier, and he went forth with a division of his army to fight. Then that infatuated priest asked the king, saying, "Sire, do you wish for victory or defeat?" When he answered, "Victory," he said, "Well, Ill Luck dwells in the royal park; go and convey your sin to his person." He approved of the suggestion and said, "Let these men come with me to the park and get rid of their sin on the person of Ill Luck." And going into the park, he first of all nibbled his tooth-stick and let his spittle and the stick fall on the ascetic's matted locks and then bathed his head, and his army did likewise. When the king had departed the commander-in-chief came, and seeing the

[1] Compare Frazer's *Golden Bough*, vol. III. p. 120, 'Divine Scapegoats.'

ascetic, he took the tooth-stick out of his locks and had him thoroughly washed and then asked, "What will become of the king?" "Sir, there is no evil thought in my heart, but the gods [135] are wroth and on the seventh day from this all his kingdom will be destroyed: do you flee with all speed and go elsewhere." He was terribly alarmed, and went and told the king. The king refused to believe him. So he returned to his own house, and taking his wife and children with him, he fled to another kingdom. The master Sarabhaṅga[1], hearing about it, sent two youthful ascetics and had Kisavaccha brought to him in a palanquin through the air. The king fought a battle, and taking the rebels prisoners returned to the city. On his return the gods first caused it to rain from heaven, and when all the dead bodies had been washed away by the flood of rain, there was a shower of heavenly flowers on the top of the clean white sand, and on the flowers there fell a shower of small coins, and after them a shower of big pieces of money, and this was followed by a shower of heavenly ornaments. The people were highly delighted and began to pick up ornaments of gold, even fine gold. Then there rained upon their persons a shower of all manner of blazing weapons, and the people were cut piece-meal. Then a shower of blistering embers fell on them, and over these huge blazing mountain peaks, followed by a shower of fine sand filling a space of sixty cubits. Thus was a part of his realm sixty leagues in extent destroyed, and its destruction was blazed abroad throughout all India. Then the lords of subordinate kingdoms within his realm, the three kings, Kaliṅga, Aṭṭhaka, Bhīmaratha, thought, "Once upon a time in Benares, Kalābu[2], king of Kāsi, having sinned against the ascetic Khantivādī, it is reported he was swallowed up in the earth, and Nāḷikīra in like manner having given ascetics to be devoured by dogs, and Ajjuna[3] of the thousand arms who sinned against Aṅgīrasa likewise perished, and now again king Daṇḍaki, having sinned against Kisavaccha, report says, is destroyed, realm and all. We know not the place where these four kings are re-born: no one except Sarabhaṅga, our master, is able to tell us this. We will go [136] and ask him." And the three kings went forth with great pomp to ask this question. But though they heard rumours that so and so was gone, they did not really know it, but each one fancied that he alone was going, and not far from Godhāvarī they all met, and alighting from their chariots, they all three mounted upon a single chariot and journeyed together to the banks of Godhāvarī. At this moment Sakka, sitting on his throne of yellow marble, considered the

[1] The Jotipāla of the early part of the story is here identified with the Bodhisatta, Sarabhaṅga.

[2] Vol. III. No. 313, *Khantivādi Jātaka*.

[3] Arjuna, called Kārtavīryya. See Tawney's *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*, vol. II. p. 639, and *Uttara Kāṇḍa* of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, *Sarga* 32.

seven questions and said to himself, "Except Sarabhaṅga, the master, there is no one else in this world or the god-world that can answer these questions: I will ask him these questions. These three kings have come to the banks of Godhāvarī to make inquiry of Sarabhaṅga, the master. I will also consult him about the questions they ask." And, accompanied by deities from two of the god-worlds, he descended from heaven. That very day Kisavaccha died, and to celebrate his obsequies, innumerable bands of ascetics, who dwelt in four different places, raised a pile of sandal-wood and burned his body, and in a space of half a league round about the place of his burning there fell a shower of celestial flowers. The Great Being, after seeing to the depositing of his remains, entered the hermitage and, attended by these bands of ascetics, sat down. When the kings arrived on the banks of the river there was a sound of martial music. The Great Being, on hearing it, addressed the ascetic Anusissa and said, "Go and learn what this music means"; and taking a bowl of drinking-water, he went there, and seeing these kings, he uttered this first stanza in the form of a question:

Beringed and gallantly arrayed,
All girt with jewel-hilted blade,
Halt ye, great chiefs, and straight declare
What name 'midst world of men ye bear?

[137] Hearing his words, they alighted from the chariot and stood saluting him. Amongst them king Aṭṭhaka, falling into talk with him, spoke the second stanza:

Bhīmaratha, Kaliṅga famed,
And Aṭṭhaka—thus are we named—
To look on saints of life austere
And question them, are we come here.

Then the ascetic said to them, "Well, sire, ye have reached the place where ye would fain be: therefore, after bathing take a rest, and entering the hermitage, pay your respects to the band of ascetics, and put your question to the master"; and thus, holding friendly converse with them, he tossed up the jar of water[1] and wiping up the drops that fell he looked up to the sky and beheld Sakka, the lord of heaven, surrounded by a company of gods, and descending from heaven, mounted on the back of Erāvaṇa[2], and conversing with him, he repeated the third stanza:

Thou[3] in mid-heaven art fixed on high
Like full-orbed moon that gilds the sky,
I ask thee, mighty spirit, say
How art thou known on Earth, I pray.

[1] In the old Bengali poem, *Chaṇḍī*, a jar of water is amongst the good omens seen by the hero Chandraketu when starting on a journey. See note by Professor Cowell in his translation of the *Sarva-darśana-saṃgraha*, p. 237.

[2] Indra's elephant.

[3] The third person with nominative *bhavaṁ* understood seems to be used here for the second person.

On hearing this, Sakka repeated the fourth stanza:

Sujampati in heaven proclaimed
As Maghavā on Earth is named;
This king of gods to-day comes here
To see these saints of life austere.

[138] Then Anusissa said to him: "Well, sire, do you follow us"; and taking the drinking-vessel, he entered the hermitage, and after putting away the jar of water, he announced to the Great Being that the three kings and the lord of heaven had arrived to ask him certain questions. Surrounded by a band of ascetics, Sarabhaṅga sat in a large, wide enclosed space. The three kings came, and, saluting the band of ascetics, sat down on one side. And Sakka, descending from the sky, approached the ascetics, and saluting them with folded hands, and singing their praises, repeated the fifth stanza:

Wide known to fame this saintly band,
With mighty powers at their command:
I gladly bid you hail: in worth
Ye far surpass the best on earth.

Thus did Sakka salute the band of ascetics, and guarding against the six faults in sitting, he sat apart. Then Anusissa, on seeing him seated to leeward of the ascetics, spoke the sixth stanza:

The person of an aged saint
Is rank, the very air to taint.
Great Sakka, beat a quick retreat
From saintly odours, none too sweet.

[139] On hearing this, Sakka repeated another stanza:

Though aged saints offend the nose
And taint the sweetest air that blows:
Gay flowerets' fragrant wreath above
This odour of the saints we love;
In gods it may no loathing move.

And having so spoken, he added, "Reverend Anusissa, I have made a great effort to come here and ask a question: give me leave to do so." And on hearing Sakka's words Anusissa rose from his seat, and granting him permission, he repeated a couple of stanzas to the company of ascetics:

Famed Maghavā, Sujampati
—Almsgiver, lord of sprites is he—
Queller of demons, heavenly king,
Craves leave to put his questioning.

Who of the sages that are here
Will make their subtle questions clear
For three who over men hold sway,
And Sakka whom the gods obey?

[140] On hearing this the company of ascetics said, "Reverend Anusissa, you speak as though you saw not the earth on which you

stand: except our teacher Sarabhaṅga, who else is competent to answer these questions?" and so saying, they repeated a stanza:

'Tis Sarabhaṅga, sage and saint,
So chaste and free from lustful taint,
The teacher's son, well disciplined,
Solution of their doubts will find.

And so saying, the company of ascetics thus addressed Anusissa: "Sir, do you salute the teacher in the name of the company of saints and find an opportunity to tell him of the question proposed by Sakka." He readily assented and, finding his opportunity, repeated another stanza:

The holy men, Kondañña[1], pray
That thou wouldst clear their doubts away;
This burden lies, as mortals hold,
On men in years and wisdom old.

Then the Great Being, giving his consent, repeated the following stanza:

I give you leave to ask whate'er
Ye most at heart are fain to hear;
I know both this world and the next;
No question leaves my mind perplext.

[141] Sakka, having thus obtained his permission, put a question which he had himself prepared:

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Sakka, to cities bountiful, that sees the Truth of things,
To learn what he was fain to know, began his questionings.

What is it one may slay outright and never more repent?
What is it one may throw away, with all good men's consent?
From whom should one put up with speech, however harsh it be?
This is the thing that I would have Kondañña tell to me.

Then explaining the question, he said:

Anger is what a man may slay and never more repent;
Hypocrisy he throws away with all good men's consent;
From all he should put up with speech, however harsh it be,
This form of patience, wise men say, is highest in degree.

Rude speech from two one might with patience hear,
From one's superior, or from a peer,
But how to bear from meaner folk rude speech
Is what I fain would have Kondañña teach.

Rude speech from betters one may take through fear
Or, to avoid a quarrel, from a peer,
[142] But from the mean to put up with rude speech
Is perfect patience, as the sages teach.

Verses such as these one must understand to be connected in the way of question and answer.

[1] This, the scholiast explains, is the family name of Sarabhaṅga.

When he had thus spoken, Sakka said to the Great Being, "Holy sir, in the first instance you said, 'Put up with harsh speech from all; this, men say, is the highest form of patience,' but now you say, 'Put up here with the speech of an inferior; this, men say, is the highest form of patience'; this latter saying does not agree with your former one." Then the Great Being said to him, "Sakka, this last utterance of mine is in respect of one who puts up with harsh speech, because he knows the speaker to be his inferior, but what I said first was because one cannot by merely looking on the outward form of people know for certain their condition, whether superior to oneself or not," and to make it clear how difficult it is by merely regarding the outward form to distinguish the condition of persons, whether inferior or not, except by means of close intercourse, he spoke this stanza:

How hard it is to judge a man that's polished in exterior
Be he one's better, equal or, it may be, one's inferior.
The best of men pass through the world ofttimes in meanest form disguised;
So then bear with rough speech from all, if thou, my friend, be well advised.

On hearing this Sakka full of faith begged him, saying, "Holy sir, declare to us the blessing to be found in this patience," and the Great Being repeated this stanza:

No royal force, however vast its might,
Can win so great advantage in a fight
[143] As the good man by patience may secure:
Strong patience is of fiercest feuds the cure.

When the Great Being had thus expounded the virtues of patience, the kings thought, "Sakka asks his own question; he will not allow us an opportunity of putting ours." So seeing what their wish was he laid aside the four questions he had himself prepared and propounding their doubts he repeated this stanza:

Thy words are grateful to mine ear,
But one thing more I fain would hear;
Tell us the fate of Daṇḍaki
And of his fellow-sinners three,
Destined to suffer what re-birth
For harassing the saints on earth.

Then the Great Being, answering his question, repeated five stanzas:

Uprooted, realm and all, erewhile
Who Kisavaccha did defile,
O'erwhelmed with fiery embers, see,
In Kukkula lies Daṇḍaki.

Who made him sport of priest and saint
And preacher, free from sinful taint,
This Nāḷikīra trembling fell
Into the jaws of dogs in hell.

So Ajjuna, who slew outright
That holy, chaste, long-suffering wight,
[144] Aṅgīrasa, was headlong hurled
To tortures in a suffering world.

Who once a sinless saint did maim
—Preacher of Patience was his name—
Kalābu now doth scorch in hell,
Midst anguish sore and terrible.

The man of wisdom that hears tell
Of tales like these or worse of hell,
Ne'er against priest or brahmin sins
And heaven by his right action wins.

[146] When the Great Being had thus pointed out the places in which the four kings were re-born, the three kings were freed from all doubt. Then Sakka in propounding his remaining four questions recited this stanza:

Thy words are grateful to mine ear,
But one thing more I fain would hear:
Whom does the world as 'moral' name,
And whom dces it as 'wise' proclaim?
Whom does the world for 'pious' take,
And whom does Fortune ne'er forsake?

Then in answering him the Great Being repeated four stanzas:

Whoso in act and word shows self-restraint,
And e'en in thought is free from sinful taint,
Nor lies to serve his own base ends—the same
All men as 'moral' evermore proclaim.

He who revolves deep questions in his mind
Yet perpetrates nought cruel or unkind,
Prompt with good word in season to advise,
That man by all is rightly counted wise.

Who grateful is for kindness once received,
And sorrow's need has carefully relieved,
Has proved himself a good and steadfast friend—
Him all men as a pious soul commend.

The man with every gift at his command,
True, tender, free and bountiful of hand,
Heart-winning, gracious, smooth of tongue withal—
Fortune from such an one will never fall.

[148] Thus did the Great Being, like as if he were causing the moon to arise in the sky, answer the four questions. Then followed the asking of the other questions and their answers.

Thy kindly words fall grateful on mine ear,
But one thing further I am fain to hear:
Virtue, fair fortune, goodness, wisdom—say
Which of all these do men call best, I pray.

Wisdom good men declare is best by far,
E'en as the moon eclipses every star;
Virtue, fair fortune, goodness, it is plain,
All duly follow in the wise man's train.

Thy kindly words fall grateful on mine ear,
But one thing further I am fain to hear:
To gain this wisdom what is one to do,
What line of action or what course pursue?
Tell us what way the path of wisdom lies
And by what acts a mortal groweth wise.

With clever, old, and learned men consort,
Wisdom from them by questioning extort:
Their goodly counsels one should hear and prize,
For thus it is a mortal man grows wise.

The sage regards the lust of things of sense
In view of sickness, pain, impermanence;
Midst sorrows, lust, and terrors that appal,
Calm and unmoved the sage ignores them all.

Thus would he conquer sin, from passion free,
And cultivate a boundless charity;
To every living creature mercy show,
And, blameless soul, to world of Brahma go.

[149] While the Great Being was thus still speaking of the sins of sensual desires, these three kings together with their armies got rid of the passion of sensual pleasure by means of the opposite quality. And the Great Being, becoming aware of this, by way of praising them recited this stanza:

Bhīmaratha by power of magic came
With thee, O Aṭṭhaka, and one to fame
As king Kaliṅga known, and now all three,
Once slaves to sensuality, are free.

[150] On hearing this, the mighty kings singing the praises of the Great Being recited this stanza:

'Tis so, thou reader of men's thoughts: all three
Of us from sensuality are free,
Grant us the boon for which we are right fain,
That to thy happy state we may attain.

Then the Great Being, granting them this favour, repeated another stanza:

I grant[1] the boon that ye would have of me,
The more that ye from sensual vice are free:
So may ye thrill with boundless joy to gain
That happy state to which ye would attain.

On hearing this they, signifying assent, repeated this stanza:

We will do everything at thy behest,
Whate'er thou in thy wisdom deemst the best;
So will we thrill with boundless joy to gain
That happy state to which we would attain.

Then did the Great Being grant holy orders to their armies and dismissing the band of ascetics repeated this stanza:

Due honour lo! to Kisavaccha came;
So now depart, ye saints of goodly fame,
In ecstasy delighting calmly rest;
This joy of holiness is far the best.

[151] The saints, assenting to his words by bowing to him, flew up into the air and departed to their own places of abode. And Sakka rising

[1] Reading *karomi* for *karohi*.

from his seat and raising his folded hands and making obeisance to the Great Being, as though he were worshipping the sun, departed together with his company.

The Master on seeing this repeated these stanzas:—

Hearing these strains that Highest Truth did teach
Set forth by holy sage in goodly speech,
The glorious Beings to their heavenly home
Once more with joy and gratitude did come.

The holy sage's strains strike on the ear
Pregnant with meaning and in accents clear;
Who gives good heed and concentrates[1] his mind
Upon their special thought will surely find
The path to every stage of ecstasy,
And from the range of tyrant Death is free.

Thus did the Master bring his teaching to a climax in Arhatship and saying, "Not now only, but formerly also, there was a rain of flowers at the burning of the body of Mogallāna," he revealed the Truths and identified the Birth: "Sālissara was Sāriputta, Meṇḍissara was Kassapa, Pabbata Anuruddha, Devala Kaccāyana, Anusissa was Ānanda, Kisavaccha Kolita, Sarabhaṅga the Bodhisatta: thus are ye to understand the Birth."

No. 523.

ALAMBUSĀ-JĀTAKA.

[152] "*Then mighty Indra,*" *etc.* This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told about the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. The subject-matter of the tale is related in full in the Indriya Birth[2]. Now the Master asked the Brother, "Is it true, Brother, that you were rendered discontented?" "It is true, Reverend Sir." "By whom?" "By my wife of former days." "Brother," he said, "this woman wrought mischief for you: it was owing to her that you fell away from mystic meditation, and lay for three years in a lost and distracted condition, and on the recovery of your senses you uttered a great lamentation," and so saying he told him a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi, and when of age he became proficient in all liberal arts, and adopting the ascetic life he lived on wild berries and roots in a forest home. Now a certain doe in the brahmin's mingeing-place ate grass and drank water mingled with his semen, and was so much enamoured of him that she became pregnant and henceforth ever resorted to the spot near the hermitage. The Great Being examining into the matter learned the facts of the case. By and bye the doe gave birth to a man child, and the Great

[1] *atthikaroti*, 'to realise,' 'understand.' R. Morris, P. T. S. J. 1886, p. 107.

[2] Vol. III. No. 423.

Being watched over it with a father's affection. And his name was Isisiṅga[1]. And when the lad reached years of discretion, he admitted him to holy orders, and when he himself grew an old man, he repaired with him to the Nāri grove and thus admonished him, "My dear boy, in this Himalaya country are women as fair as these flowers: they bring utter destruction on all that fall into their power: you must not come under their sway." And shortly afterwards he became destined to birth in the Brahma world. But Isisiṅga, indulging in mystic meditation, made his dwelling in the Himalaya region, a grim ascetic, with all his senses mortified. So by the power of his virtue the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka, on reflection, discovered the cause and thinking, "This fellow will bring me down from my position as Sakka, I will send a heavenly nymph to make a breach in his virtue," and after examining the whole angel world, amongst twenty-five millions of handmaids, save and except the nymph Alambusā, he found no other that was equal to the task. So summoning her, he bade her bring about the destruction of the saint's virtue.

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[153] The Master, in explanation of this matter, uttered this stanza:

Then mighty Indra, lord of lords, the god that Vatra slew,
Unto his hall the nymph did call, for well her wiles he knew.
And 'Fair Alambusā,' he cried, 'the angel host above
To Isisiṅga bid thee go, to tempt him with thy love.'

Sakka ordered Alambusā, saying, "Go and draw nigh to Isisiṅga, and bringing him under your power destroy his virtue," and he uttered these words:

Go, Temptress, ever dog his steps, for holy sage is he,
And, seeking ever highest bliss, still triumphs over me.

On hearing this Alambusā repeated a couple of stanzas:

Why, king of gods, of all the nymphs regardst thou me alone,
And bidst me tempt the saintly man that menaces thy throne?
In happy grove of Nandana is many a nymph divine,
To one of them—it is their turn—the hateful task assign.

[154] Then Sakka repeated three stanzas:

Thou speakest sooth; in happy grove of Nandana, I ween,
May many a nymph, to rival thee in loveliness, be seen.
But none like thee, O peerless maid, with all a woman's wile
This holy man in folly's ways so practised to beguile.
Then queen of women as thou art, go, lovely nymph, thy way
And by the power of beauty force the saint to own thy sway.

[1] *Rāmāyaṇa* I. 9. The story of Ṛishyaśṛiṅga; and *Barlaam and Josaphat* ed. by J. Jacobs.

On hearing this Alambusā repeated two stanzas:

I will not fail, O angel-king, to go at thy behest,
But still with fear this sage austere I venture to molest.

For many a one, poor fool, has gone (I shudder at the thought)
In hell to rue the suffering due to wrongs on saints he wrought.

This said, Alambusā, fair nymph, departed with all speed,
Famed Isisiṅga to entice to some unholy deed.

[155] Into the grove for half a league with berries red so bright,
The grove where Isisiṅga dwelt, she vanished out of sight.

At break of day, ere yet the sun was scarce astir on high,
To Isisiṅga, sweeping out his cell, the nymph drew nigh.

These stanzas owed their inspiration to Perfect Wisdom.

Then the ascetic questioned her and said:

Who art thou, like to lightning flash, or bright as morning star,
With ears and hands bedecked with gems that sparkle from afar?

Fragrant as golden sandal-wood, in brightness like the sun,
A slim and winsome maid art thou, right fair to look upon.

So soft and pure, with slender waist and firmly springing gait,
Thy movements are so full of grace, my heart they captivate.

Thy thighs, like trunk of elephant, are finely tapering found,
Thy buttocks soft to touch and like to any dice-board round.

With down like lotus filaments thy navel marked, I ween,
As though with black collyrium 'twere charged, from far is seen.

Twin milky breasts, like pumpkins halved, their swelling globes display,
Firm set, although without a stalk all unsupported they.

Thy lips are red as is thy tongue, and, O auspicious sign,
Thy neck long as the antelope's is marked with triple line[1].

[156] Thy teeth brushed with a piece of wood, kept ever clean and bright,
Gleam in thy top and lower jaw with flash of purest white.

Thy eyes are long and large of shape, a lovely sight to view,
Like guñjá berries black, marked out with lines of reddish hue.

Thy tresses smooth, not over long and bound in neatest coil,
Are tipped with gold and perfumed with the finest sandal oil.

Of all that live by merchandise, by herds or by the plough,
Of all the mighty saints that live true to ascetic vow—

Amongst them all in this wide world thy peer I may not see,
Then what thy name and who thy sire, we fain would learn from thee.

[157] While the ascetic thus sang the praises of Alambusā, from her feet to the hair of her head, she remained silent, and from his long drawn out speech observing how disturbed was his state of mind she repeated this stanza:

Heaven bless thee, Kassapa[2], my friend, the time is past and gone
For idle questions such as these—for are we not alone?—
Come let us in thy hermitage embracing haste to prove
The thousand joys well known to all the votaries of love.

[1] *kambugīva*: three folds on the neck, like shell-spirals, were a token of luck, *Jātaka* IV. 130. [2] Kassapa was the family name of Isisiṅga.

So saying Alambusā thought, "If I stand still, he will not come within reach of me; I will make as if I were running away," and with all the cunning of a woman's wiles she shook the purpose of the ascetic, as she fled in the direction from which she had approached him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza:

This said, Alambusā, fair nymph, departed with all speed,
Famed Isisiṅga to entice to some unholy deed.

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[158] Then the ascetic, on seeing her depart, cried, "She is off," and by a swift movement on his part he intercepted her as she was slowly making off and with his hand seized her by the hair of her head.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

To check her flight, the holy man with motion swift as air
In hot pursuit o'ertook the nymph and held her by the hair.

Just where he stood the lovely maid embraced him in her arms,
And straight his virtue fell before the magic of her charms.

In thought she flew to Indra's throne in Nandana afar;
The god at once divined her wish and sent a golden car,

With trappings spread and all adorned with manifold array:
And there the saint lay in her arms for many a long day.

Three years passed o'er his head as though it were a moment's space,
Until at last the holy man woke up from her embrace.

Green trees he saw on every side; an altar stood hard by,
And verdant groves re-echoing to the loud cuckoo cry.

He looked around and weeping sore he shed a bitter tear;
'I make no offering, raise no hymn; no sacrifice is here.

Dwelling within this forest lone, who can my tempter be?
Who by foul practice has o'ercome all sense of right in me,
E'en as a ship with precious freight is swallowed in the sea?'

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[159] On hearing this Alambusā thought: "Should I not tell him, he will curse me; verily, I will tell him," and standing by him in a visible form she repeated this stanza:

Sent by king Sakka, here I stand
A willing slave at thy command;
Though far too careless to know this,
'Twas thought of me that marred thy bliss.

On hearing her words he called to mind his father's admonition, and lamenting how he was utterly ruined by disobeying the words of his father he repeated four stanzas:

Thus would kind Kassapa, my sire,
With prudence heedless youth inspire:
'Women are fair as lotus flower,
Beware, good youth, their subtle power.

Of woman's budding charms beware,
Beware the danger that lurks there.'
'Twas thus my sire, by pity moved,
Would fain have warned the son he loved.

[160] My wise old father's words, alas!
Unheeded I allowed to pass,
And so alone, in sore distress
I haunt to-day this wilderness.

Accursed be the life of old,
Henceforth I'll do as I am told.
Far better death itself to face,
Than be again in such a case.

So he forsook sensual desire and entered upon mystic meditation. Then Alambusā, seeing his virtue as an ascetic and aware that he had attained to a state of ecstasy, became terrified and asked his forgiveness.

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas:

Alambusā no sooner knew
His steadfast power and courage true
Than bending low, the sage to greet,
The nymph straightway embraced his feet.

'O saint, all anger lay aside,
A mighty work I wrought,' she cried,
'When heaven itself and gods of fame
Trembled with fear to hear thy name.'

Then he let her go, saying, "I pardon thee, fair lady; go, as thou wilt." And he repeated a stanza:

My blessing on the Thirty-three
And Vāsava, their lord, and thee:
Depart, fair maid, for thou art free.

Saluting him she departed to the abode of the gods in that same golden car.

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[161] The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated three stanzas:

Embracing then the sage's feet and circling to the right,
With hands in suppliant attitude, she vanished from his sight,

And mounting on the golden car, with trappings rich o'erspread,
All splendidly caparisoned, to heavenly heights she sped.

Like blazing torch or lightning flash, she passed athwart the sky,
And Sakka, glad at heart, exclaimed, 'No boon can I deny.'

Receiving a boon from him she repeated the concluding stanza:

If Sakka, lord of sprites, thou wouldst my heart's desire allow,
Let me ne'er tempt a saint again to violate his vow.

The Master here ended his lesson to that Brother and revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths that Brother was established in the Fruit of the First Path—"At that time Alambusā was the wife of his unregenerate days, Isisiṅga was the back-sliding Brother, and the great saint his father was myself."

No. 524.

SAṀKHAPĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Of comely presence,*" *etc.* This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, with regard to the duties of holy days. Now on this occasion the Master, expressing approval of certain lay folk who kept holy days, said: "Wise men of old, giving up the great glory of the Nāga world, observed holy days," and at their request he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king of Magadha ruled in Rājagaha. At that time the Bodhisatta was born as the son of this king's chief consort, and they gave him the name of Duyyodhana. On coming of age he acquired the liberal arts at Takkasilā and returned home to see his father. And his father installed him in the kingdom [162] and adopting the religious life took up his abode in the park. Thrice a day did the Bodhisatta come to visit his father who thereby received great profit and honour. Owing to this hindrance he failed to perform even the preparatory rites that lead to mystic meditation and he thought, "I am receiving great profit and honour: so long as I live here, it will be impossible for me to destroy this lust of mine. Without saying a word to my son, I will depart elsewhere." So not telling a creature he left the park and passing beyond the borders of the realm of Magadha he built him a hut of leaves in the Mahiṁsaka kingdom, near Mount Candaka, in a bend of the river Kaṇṇapeṇṇā, where it issues out of the lake Saṁkhapāla. There he took up his abode and performing the preparatory rites he developed the faculty of mystic meditation and subsisted on whatever he could pick up. A king of the Nāgas, Saṁkhapāla by name, issuing forth from the Kaṇṇapeṇṇā river with a numerous company of snakes from time to time would visit the ascetic, and

he instructed the Nāga king in the Law. Now the son was anxious to see his father and being ignorant as to where he had gone, he set on foot an inquiry, and on finding out that he was dwelling in such and such a place he repaired thither with a large retinue to see him. Having halted a short distance off, accompanied by a few courtiers he set out in the direction of the hermitage. At this moment Saṁkhapāla with a large following sat listening to the Law, but on seeing the king approaching he rose up and with a salutation to the sage he took his departure. The king saluted his father and after the usual courtesies had been exchanged he inquired, saying, "Reverend sir, what king is this that has been to see you?" "Dear son, he is Saṁkhapāla, the Nāga king." The son by reason of the great magnificence of the Nāga conceived a longing for the Nāga world. Staying there a few days he furnished his father with a constant supply of food, and then returned to his own city. There he had an alms-hall erected at the four city gates, and by his alms-giving he made a stir throughout all India, and in aspiring to the Nāga world he ever kept the moral law and observed the duty of holy days, and at the end of his life he was re-born in the Nāga world as king Saṁkhapāla. [163] In course of time he grew sick of this magnificence and from that day desiring to be born as a man he kept the holy days, but dwelling as he did in the Nāga world his observance of them was not a success and he deteriorated in morals. From that day he left the Nāga world and not far from the river Kaṇṇapeṇṇā, coiled round an ant-hill between the high road and a narrow path, he there resolved to keep the holy day and took upon himself the moral law. And saying "Let those that want my skin or want my skin and flesh, let them, I say, take it all," and thus sacrificing himself by way of charity he lay on the top of the ant-hill and, stopping there on the fourteenth and fifteenth of the half-month, on the first day of each fortnight he returned to the Nāga world. So one day when he lay there, having taken upon himself the obligation of the moral law, a party of sixteen men who lived in a neighbouring village, being minded to eat flesh, roamed about in the forest with weapons in their hands and when they returned without finding anything, they saw him lying on the ant-hill and thinking, "To-day we have not caught so much as a young lizard, we will kill and eat this snake-king," but fearing that on account of his great size, even if they caught him, he would escape from them, they thought they would pierce him with stakes just as he lay there coiled up, and after thus disabling him, effect his capture. So taking stakes in their hands they drew nigh to him. And the Bodhisatta caused his body to become as big as a trough-shaped canoe, and looked very beautiful, like a jasmine wreath deposited on the ground, with eyes like the fruit of the guñjá shrub and a head like a jayasumana[1]

[1] *Pentapetes Phoenicea.*

flower and at the sound of the foot-steps of these sixteen men, drawing out his head from his coils, and opening his fiery eyes, he beheld them coming with stakes in their hands and thought, "To-day my desire will be fulfilled as I lie here, I will be firm in my resolution and yield myself up to them as a sacrifice, and when they strike me with their javelins and cover me with wounds, I will not open my eyes and regard them with anger." And conceiving this firm resolve through fear of breaking the moral law, [164] he tucked his head into his hood and lay down. Then coming up to him they seized him by the tail and dragged him along the ground. Again dropping him they wounded him in eight different places with sharp stakes and thrusting black bamboo sticks, thorns and all, into his open wounds, so proceeded on their way, carrying him with them by means of strings in the eight several places. The Great Being from the moment of his being wounded by the stakes never once opened his eyes nor regarded the men with anger, but as he was being dragged along by means of the eight sticks his head hung down and struck the ground. So when they found that his head was drooping, they laid him down on the high road and piercing his nostrils with a slender stake they held up his head and inserted a cord, and after fastening it at the end they once more raised his head and set out on their way. At this moment a landowner named Aḷāra, who dwelt in the city of Mithila in the kingdom of Videha, seated in a comfortable carriage was journeying with five hundred wagons, and seeing these lewd fellows on their way with the Bodhisatta, he gave all sixteen of them, together with an ox apiece, a handful of golden coins to each, and to all of them outer and inner garments, and to their wives ornaments to wear, and so got them to release him. The Bodhisatta returned to the Nāga palace and without any delay, issuing forth with a great retinue, he approached Aḷāra, and after singing the praises of the Nāga palace he took him with him and returned thither. Then he bestowed great honour on him together with three hundred Nāga maidens and satisfied him with heavenly delights. Aḷāra dwelt a whole year in the Nāga palace in the enjoyment of heavenly pleasures, and then saying to the Nāga king, "My friend, I wish to become an ascetic," and taking with him everything requisite for the ascetic life he left the abode of the Nāgas for the Himalaya region and taking orders dwelt there for a long time. By and bye he went on a pilgrimage and came to Benares where he took up his abode in the king's park. Next day he entered the city for alms and made his way to the door of the king's house. The king of Benares on seeing him was so charmed with his deportment that he called him to his presence, seated him on a special seat assigned to him and served him with a variety of dainty food. [165] Then seated on a low seat the king saluted him and conversing with him gave utterance to the first stanza:

Of comely presence and of gracious mien,
A scion thou of noble rank, I ween;
Why then renounce earth's joys and worldly gear
To adopt the hermit's robe and rule severe?

In what follows the connexion of the stanzas is to be understood in the way of alternate speeches by the ascetic and the king.

O lord of men, I well remembering
The abode of that almighty Nāga king,
Saw the rich fruit that springs from holiness,
And straight believing donned the priestly dress.

Nor fear nor lust nor hate itself may make
A holy man the words of truth forsake:
Tell me the thing that I am fain to know,
And faith and peace within my heart will grow.

O king, on trading venture was I bound
When these lewd wretches in my path were found,
A full-grown snake in captive chains was led,
And home in triumph joyously they sped.

As I came up with them, O king, I cried,
—Amazed I was and greatly terrified—
'Where are ye dragging, sirs, this monster grim,
And what, lewd fellows, will ye do with him?'

[166] 'This full-grown snake that ye see fettered thus
With its huge frame will furnish food to us.
Than this, Aḷāra, thou couldst hardly wish
To taste a better or more savoury dish.'

'Hence to our home we'll fly and in a trice
Each with his knife cut off a dainty slice
And gladly eat his flesh, for, as you know,
Snakes ever find in us a deadly foe.'

'If this huge snake, late captured in the wood,
Is being dragged along to serve as food,
To each an ox I offer, one apiece,
Should you this serpent from his chains release.'

'Beef has for us a pleasant sound, I vow,
On snake's flesh we have fed full oft ere now,
Thy bidding, O Aḷāra, we will do;
Henceforth let friendship reign betwixt us two.'

Then they released him from the cord that passed
Right through his nose and knotted held him fast,
The serpent-king set free from durance vile
Turned him towards the east, then paused awhile,

And facing still the east, prepared to fly,
Looked back upon me with a tearful eye,
While I pursuing him upon his way
Stretched forth clasped hands, as one about to pray.

'Speed thou, my friend, like one in haste that goes,
Lest once again thou fall amongst thy foes,
Of such like ruffians shun the very sight,
Or thou mayst suffer to thine own despite.'

Then to a charming limpid pool he sped
—Canes and rose apples both its banks o'erspread—
[167] Right glad at heart, no further fear he knew,
But plunged in azure depths was lost to view.

No sooner vanished had the snake, than he
Revealed full clearly his divinity,
In kindly acts he played a filial part,
And with his grateful speeches touched my heart.

'Thou dearer than my parents didst restore
My life, true friend e'en to thy inmost core,
Through thee my former bliss has been regained,
Then come, Aḷāra, see where once I reigned,
A dwelling stored with food, like Indra's town
Masakkasāra, place of high renown.'

[168] The serpent-king, sire, after he had spoken these words, still further singing the praises of his dwelling place, repeated a couple of stanzas:

What charming spots in my domain are seen,
Soft to the tread and clothed in evergreen!
Nor dust nor gravel in our path we find,
And there do happy souls leave grief behind.

Midst level courts that sapphire walls surround
Fair mango groves on every side abound,
Whereon ripe clusters of rich fruit appear
Through all the changing seasons of the year.

[169] Amidst these groves a fabric wrought of gold
And fixed with silver bolts thou mayst behold,
A dwelling bright in splendour, to outvie
The lightning flash that gleams athwart the sky.

Fashioned with gems and gold, divinely fair,
And decked with paintings manifold and rare,
'Tis thronged with nymphs magnificently dressed,
All wearing golden chains upon their breast.

Then in hot haste did Saṁkhapāla climb
The terraced height, on which in power sublime
Uplifted on a thousand piers was seen
The palace of his wedded wife and queen.

Quickly anon one of that maiden band
Bearing a precious jewel in her hand,
A turquoise rare with magic power replete,
And all unbidden offered me a seat.

The snake then grasped my arm and led me where
There stood a noble and right royal chair,
'Pray, let your Honour sit here by my side,
As parent dear to me art thou,' he cried.

A second nymph then quick at his command
Came with a bowl of water in her hand,
And bathed my feet, kind service tendering
As did the queen for her dear lord the king.

[170] Then yet another maiden in a trice
Served in a golden dish some curried rice,
Flavoured with many a sauce, that haply might
With dainty cravings tempt the appetite.

With strains of music then—for such they knew
Was their lord's wish—they fain were to subdue
My will, nor did the king himself e'er fail
My soul with heavenly longings to assail.

Drawing nigh to me he thus repeated another stanza :

Three hundred wives, Aḷāra, here have I,
Slim-waisted all, in beauty they outvie
The lotus flower. Behold, they only live
To do thy will : accept the boon I give.

Aḷāra said :

[171] One year with heavenly pleasures was I blest
When to the king this question I addressed,
'How, Nāga, is this palace fair thy home,
And how to be thy portion did it come?

Was this fair place by accident attained,
Wrought by thyself, or gift from angels gained?
I ask thee, Nāga king, the truth to tell,
How didst thou come in this fair place to dwell?'

Then followed stanzas uttered by the two[1] alternately :

'Twas by no chance or natural law attained,
Not wrought by me, no boon from angels gained;
But to my own good actions, thou must know,
And to my merits these fair halls I owe.

What holy vow, what life so chaste and pure
What store of merit could such bliss secure?
Tell me, O serpent-king, for I am fain
To know how this fair mansion thou couldst gain.

I once was king of Magadha, my name
Duyyodhana, a prince of mighty fame:
[172] I held my life as vile and insecure,
Without all power in ripeness to mature.

I meat and drink religiously supplied,
And alms bestowed on all, both far and wide,
My house was like an inn, where all that came,
Sages and saints, refreshed their weary frame.

Bound by such vows, such was the life I passed,
And such the store of merit I amassed,
Whereby this mansion was at length attained,
And food and drink in ample measure gained.

This life, however bright for many a day
With dance and song, yet lasted not for aye,
Weak creatures harry thee for all thy might
And feeble beings put the strong to flight.
Why, armed to the teeth in such unequal fray,
To those vile beggars shouldst thou fall a prey?

By what o'ermastering dread wert thou undone?
Where had the virus of thy poison gone?
Why, armed to the teeth and powerful as thou wert,
From such poor creatures didst thou suffer hurt?

By no o'ermastering dread was I undone,
Nor could my powers be crushed by any one.
The worth of goodness is by all confessed;
Its bounds, like the sea shore, are ne'er transgressed.

[1] The two interlocutors are the Nāga king and Alāra.

Two times each moon I kept a holy day;
'Twas then, Aḷāra, that there crossed my way
Twice eight lewd fellows, bearing in their hand
A rope and knotted noose of finest strand.

[173] The ruffians pierced my nose, and through the slit
Passing the cord, dragged me along by it.
Such pain I had to bear—ah! cruel fate—
For holding holy days inviolate.

Seeing in that lone path, stretched at full length,
A thing of beauty and enormous strength,
'Why, wise and glorious one,' I cried, 'dost thou
Take on thyself this strict ascetic vow?'

Neither for child nor wealth is my desire
Nor yet to length of days do I aspire;
But midst the world of men I fain would live,
And to this end heroically strive.

With hair and beard well-trimmed, thy sturdy frame
Adorned with gorgeous robes, an eye of flame,
Bathed in red sandal oil thou seemst to shine
Afar, e'en as some minstrel king divine.

With heavenly gifts miraculously blest
And of whate'er thy heart may crave possest,
I ask thee, serpent-king, the truth to tell,
Why dost thou in man's world prefer to dwell?

Nowhere but in the world of men, I ween,
May purity and self-restraint be seen:
If only once midst men I draw my breath,
I'll put an end to further birth and death.

Ever supplied with bountiful good cheer,
With thee, O king, I've sojourned for a year,
Now must I say farewell and flee away,
Absent from home no longer can I stay.

My wife and children and our menial band
Are ever trained to wait at thy command:
[174] No one, I trust, has offered thee a slight
For dear art thou, Aḷāra, to my sight.

Kind parents' presence fills a home with joy,
Yet more than they some fondly cherished boy:
But greatest bliss of all have I found here,
For thou, O king, hast ever held me dear.

I have a jewel rare with blood-red spot,
That brings great wealth to such as have it not.
Take it and go to thine own home, and when
Thou hast grown rich, pray, send it back again.

[175] Aḷāra, having spoken these words proceeded as follows: "Then, O sire, I addressed the serpent-king and said, 'I have no need of riches, sir, but I am anxious to take orders,' [176] and having begged for everything requisite for the ascetic life, I left the Nāga palace together with the king, and after sending him back I entered the Himalaya country and took orders." And after these words he delivered

a religious discourse to the king of Benares and repeated yet another couple of stanzas:

> Desires of man are transient, nor can they
> The higher law of ripening change obey:
> Seeing what woes from sinful passion spring,
> Faith led me on to be ordained, O king.
>
> Men fall like fruit, to perish straight away,
> All bodies, young and old alike, decay:
> In holy orders only find I rest,
> The true[1] and universal is the best.

[177] On hearing this the king repeated another stanza:

> The wise and learned, suoh as meditate
> On mighty themes, we all should cultivate;
> Hearkening, Aḷāra, to the snake and thee,
> Lo! I perform all deeds of piety.

Then the ascetic, putting forth his strength, uttered a concluding stanza:

> The wise and learned, such as meditate
> On mighty themes, we all should cultivate:
> Hearkening, O monarch, to the snake and me,
> Do thou perform all deeds of piety.

Thus did he give the king religious instruction, and after dwelling in the same spot four months of the rainy season he again returned to the Himalaya, and as long as he lived, cultivated the four Perfect States till he passed to the Brahma heaven, and Saṁkhapāla, so long as he lived, observed holy days, and the king, after a life spent in charity and other good works, fared according to his deeds.

The Master at the end of this discourse identified the Birth: "At that time the father who became an ascetic was Kassapa, the king of Benares was Ānanda, Aḷāra was Sāriputta and Saṁkhapāla was myself."

No. 525.

CULLA-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Good friends,*" *etc.* This story the Master while residing at Jetavana told concerning the perfect exercise of self-abnegation. The introductory story corresponds with that of the Mahānāradakassapa[2] Birth.

Once upon a time what is now Benares was a city called Sudassana and in it dwelt king Brahmadatta. His chief consort gave birth to the

[1] *apaṇṇaka*, cf. vol. I. p. 95, *Apaṇṇaka-Jātaka*.
[2] Vol. VI. No. 544.

Bodhisatta. His face was glorious as the full moon, and therefore he was named Somakumāra. When he arrived at years of discretion, owing to his fondness for Soma juice and his habit of pouring libations of it, men knew him as Sutasoma (Soma-distiller). When he was of age, he was instructed in the liberal arts at Takkasilā, and on his return home he was presented with a white umbrella by his father and ruled his kingdom righteously and owned a vast dominion, and he had sixteen thousand wives with Candadevī as chief consort. By and bye when he was blest with a numerous family, he grew discontented with domestic life and retired into a forest, desiring to embrace the ascetic rule. One day he summoned his barber and thus addressed him, "When you see a grey hair on my head, you are to tell me." The barber agreed to do so and by and bye he espied a grey hair and told him of it. The king said, "Then, sir barber, pull it out and place it in my hand." The barber plucked it out with a pair of golden tweezers and laid it in his hand. The Great Being, when he saw it, exclaimed, "My body is a prey to old age," and in a fright he took the grey hair and descending from the terrace [178] he seated himself on a throne placed in the sight of the people. Then he summoned eighty thousand councillors headed by his general and sixty thousand brahmins headed by his chaplain and many others of his subjects and citizens and said to them, "A grey hair has appeared on my head; I am an old man, and you are to know that I am become an ascetic," and he repeated the first stanza:

Good friends and citizens assembled here,
  Hearken, my trusty counsellors, to me,
Now that grey hairs upon my head appear,
  Henceforth it is my will a monk to be.

On hearing this each one of them in a fit of dejection repeated this stanza:

Such random[1] words as these in uttering
  Thou mak'st an arrow quiver in my heart:
Remember thy seven hundred wives, O king;
  What will become of them, shouldst thou depart?

Then the Great Being spoke the third stanza:

Their sorrows soon another will console,
  For they are young in years and fair to see,
But I am bent upon a heavenly goal
  And so right fain am I a monk to be.

His counsellors, being unable to answer the king, went to his mother and told her about it. She came in hot haste [179] and asking him, "Is this true what they say, dear son, that you long to be an ascetic?" she repeated two stanzas:

[1] *abhumma*, out of one's range or sphere, unfit, improper.

Ill-fated was the day, alas! that I
  Was hailed as mother to a son like thee,
For heedless of my tears and bitter cry,
  Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

Accursed was the day, alas! that I,
  O Sutasoma dear, gave birth to thee,
For heedless of my tears and bitter cry,
  Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

While his mother thus lamented, the Bodhisatta uttered not a word. She remained apart all by herself, weeping. Then they told his father. And he came and repeated a single stanza:

What is this Law that leads thee to become
Eager to quit thy kingdom and thy home?
With thy old parents left behind to dwell
Here all alone, seek'st thou a hermit's cell?

On hearing this the Great Being held his peace. Then his father said, "My dear Sutasoma, even though you have no affection for your parents, you have many young sons and daughters. They will not be able to live without you. At the very moment when they are grown up, will you become an ascetic?" and he repeated the seventh stanza:

[180] But thou hast many a child, I ween,
  And all of tender years,
When thou no longer mayst be seen,
  What sorrow will be theirs!

Hearing this the Great Being repeated a stanza:

Yes, I have many a child, I ween,
  Of tender years are they,
With them full long though I have been,
  I now must part for aye.

Thus did the Great Being declare the Law to his father. And when he heard his exposition of the Law, he held his peace. Then they told his seven hundred wives. And they, descending from the palace tower, came into his presence, and embracing his feet they made lamentation and repeated this stanza:

Thy heart in sorrow, sure, must break
  Or pity is to thee unknown,
That thou canst holy orders take,
  And leave us here to weep alone.

The Great Being, on hearing their lamentation as they threw themselves at his feet and cried aloud, repeated yet another stanza:

My heart in sorrow may not break,
[181] Though I feel pity for your pain,
But holy orders I must take,
  That I may heavenly bliss attain.

Then they told his queen consort, and she being heavy with child, though her time was well nigh come, approached the Great Being and saluting him stood respectfully on one side and repeated three stanzas:

Ill-fated was the day, alas! that I
  O Sutasoma dear, espousèd thee,
For heedless of my tears and bitter cry
  Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

Accursed was the day, alas! that I
  O Sutasoma dear, espousèd thee,
For thou wouldst leave me in my throes to die,
  Determined as thou art a monk to be.

The hour of my delivery is nigh,
  And I would fain my lord should stay with me
Until my child is born, before that I
  See the sad day that I am reft of thee.

Then the Great Being repeated a stanza:

The hour of thy delivery is nigh,
  Until the babe is born, I'll stay with thee,
[182] Then will I leave the royal imp and fly
  Far from the world a holy monk to be.

On hearing his words she was no longer able to control her grief, and holding her heart with both her hands, said, "Henceforth, my lord, our glory is no more." Then wiping away her tears she loudly lamented. The Great Being to console her repeated a stanza:

My queen, with eye like ebon flower,
  Dear Candā, weep not thou for me,
But climb once more thy palace tower:
  I go without one care for thee.

Being unable to bear his words she mounted the palace tower and sat there weeping. Then the Bodhisatta's elder son seeing it said, "Why does my mother sit here weeping?" and he repeated this stanza in the form of a question:

Who has annoyed thee, mother dear,
  Why dost thou weep and stare at me?
Whom of my kin that I see here
  Must I, all impious, slay for thee?

Then the queen uttered this stanza:

No harm, dear son, may touch his head,
  Who lives to work such woe for me:
[183] For know it was thy sire who said,
  'I go without one care for thee.'

Hearing her words he said, "Dear mother, what is this that you say? If this be so, we shall be helpless," and making lamentation he spoke this stanza:

I who once ranged the park to see
  Wild elephants engage in fight,
If my dear sire a monk should be,
  What should I do, poor luckless wight?

Then his younger brother who was seven years old, when he saw them both weeping, drew nigh to his mother and said, "My dear ones, why do ye weep?" and hearing the cause he said, "Well, cease to weep;

I will not allow him to become an ascetic," and he comforted them both, and with his nurse, coming down from the palace tower, he went to his father and said, "Dear father, they tell me you are leaving us against our will and say you will be an ascetic; I will not allow you to become an ascetic," and clasping his father firmly by the neck he uttered this stanza:

My mother, lo! is weeping and
  My brother fain would keep thee still,
I too will hold thee by the hand
  Nor let thee go against our will.

The Great Being thought, "This child is a source of danger to me; by what means am I to get rid of him?" then looking at his nurse he said, "Good nurse, behold this jewel ornament: this is yours: [184] only take away the child, that he be not a hindrance to me," and being unable by himself to get rid of the child who held him by the hand, he promised her a bribe and repeated this stanza:

Up nurse and let the little boy
  Disport him in some other place,
Lest haply he should mar my joy
  And hinder in my heavenward race.

She took the bribe and comforting the child she went with him to another place, and thus lamenting repeated this stanza:

What now if I reject outright
—I need it not—this jewel bright?
For should my lord a hermit be,
What use would jewels be to me?

Then his commander-in-chief thought, "This king, methinks, has come to the conclusion that he has but little treasure in his house; I will let him know he has a great quantity," so standing up he saluted him and repeated this stanza:

Thy coffers filled with treasures vast,
Great wealth hast thou, O king, amassed:
The world is all subdued by thee,
Take thou thy ease; no hermit be.

Hearing this, the Great Being repeated this stanza:

My coffers filled with treasures vast,
Great wealth has been by me amassed:
The whole world is subdued by me;
I leave it all a monk to be.

[185] When he had departed on hearing this, a rich merchant named Kulavaddhana stood up and saluting the king repeated this stanza:

Great wealth have I, O king, amassed,
Beyond all power of reckoning vast:
Behold I give it all to thee,
Take thou thy ease; no hermit be.

On hearing this the Great Being repeated a stanza:

> O Kulavaddhana, I know,
> Thy wealth on me thou wouldst bestow,
> But I a heavenly goal would win,
> So I renounce this world of sin.

As soon as Kulavaddhana had heard this and was gone, he thus addressed his younger brother Somadatta, "Dear brother, I am as discontented as a wild cock in a cage, my dislike to household life gets the better of me; this very day will I become a hermit; do you nndertake to rule this kingdom," and handing it over to him he repeated this stanza:

> O Somadatta, sure I feel
> Strange loathing o'er my senses steal
> At thought of my besetting sins:
> To-day my hermit life begins.

On hearing these words Somadatta too longed to be a hermit and to make this clear he repeated another stanza:

> Dear Sutasoma, go and dwell
> As pleaseth thee in hermit cell;
> I too a hermit fain would be,
> For life were nought apart from thee.

Then in refusing this Sutasoma repeated a half-stanza:

> Thou mayst not go, or through the land
> Home life would all come to a stand[1].

[186] On hearing this the people threw themselves down at the feet of the Great Being and, lamenting, said

> Should Sutasoma go away,
> What would become of us, we pray?

Then the Great Being said, "Well, grieve not: though I have been long with you, I shall now have to part from you; there is no permanence in any existing thing," and teaching the Law to the people, he said,

> Like water through a sieve[2], our day
> So brief alas! fast slips away:
> With life thus circumscribed, I ween,
> No room for carelessness is seen.

> Like water through a sieve, our day
> So brief alas! fast slips away:
> With life thus circumscribed all round,
> Only the fool is careless found.

> Bound fast by lusts, wherein they fell,
> Such men enlarge the bounds of Hell,
> Crowd the brute world and realm of ghosts,
> And multiply the demon hosts.

[1] Lit. "There is no cooking," or as the commentary explains, "no one kindles a fire in the oven."

[2] *caṁgavāra.* The word is rendered by R. D. in Mil. II. p. 278 (S. B. E.) as "dyers' straining-cloth." Cf. *Majjh. Nik.* I. 144, and Neumann's translation I. p. 239, where he renders it *geflecht*, basket-work.

[187] Thus did the Great Being instruct the people in the Law, and climbing to the top of the Palace of Flowers he stood on the seventh storey, and with a sword he cut off his top-knot and cried, "I am now nothing to you; choose ye a king of your own," and with these words he threw his top-knot, turban and all, into the midst of the people. The people seized hold of it, and as they rolled over and over on the ground they loudly lamented, and a cloud of dust rose at this spot to a great height, and the people stepping back stood and looked at it, and said, "The king must have cut off his top-knot and thrown it, turban and all, into the midst of the crowd, and therefore it is that a cloud of dust has risen near the palace," and lamenting they uttered this stanza:

Yon cloud of dust see how it towers
Hard by the royal House of Flowers;
Famed King of Right, methinks, our lord
Has shorn his locks off with a sword.

But the Great Being sent an attendant and had all the requisites for an ascetio brought to him, and had a barber to remove his hair and beard, and throwing his magnificent robe on a couch he cut off strips of dyed cloth, and putting on these yellow patches he fastened an earthen bowl on the top of his left shoulder and with a mendicant staff in his hand he paced backwards and forwards on the topmost storey, and then descending from the palace tower he stepped out into the street, but no one recognised him as he went. Then his seven hundred royal wives ascending the tower and not finding him, but seeing only the bundle of his adornments, came down and told the other sixteen thousand women, saying, "Mighty Sutasoma, your dear lord, has become an ascetic," and loudly lamenting they went out. At this moment [188] the people learned that he had become an ascetic, and the whole city was greatly stirred, and the people said, "They tell us, our king has become a monk," and they assembled at the palace door, and crying, "The king must be here or there," they ran to all the places frequented by him, and not finding the king they wandered to and fro, uttering their lament in these stanzas:

[1]Here are his golden palace-towers
All hung with wreaths of scented flowers,
Where girt with many a lady fair
Our king would oftentimes repair.

Here wreathed with flowers and wrought of gold
His gabled-hall one may behold,
Where, all his kinsfolk by his side,
Our king would range in all his pride.

[1] It seems unnecessary to translate all the sixteen stanzas in the text, differing, as they do, from one another for the most part by a single word, usually the name of a tree or flower.

This is his garden bright with flowers
Through all the season's changing hours,
Where girt, &c.

His lake o'erspread with lotus blue,
Haunt of wild birds, here comes in view,
Where, all his kinsfolk, &c.

[190] Thus did the people utter lamentation in these various places, and then returning to the palace yard they repeated this stanza:

King Sutasoma, sad to tell,
Has left his throne for hermit cell,
And, clad in yellow, goes his way
Like some lone elephant astray.

Then they went forth leaving all their household gear, and taking their children by the hand they repaired to the Bodhisatta, and with them went their parents and young children and sixteen thousand dancing girls. The whole city had the appearance of a deserted place, and behind them followed the country folk. The Bodhisatta with a company covering twelve leagues set out in the direction of the Himalayas. Then Sakka, taking note of his Renunciation of the World, addressing Vissakamma said, "Friend Vissakamma, king Sutasoma is retiring from the world. [191] He ought to have a place to dwell in: there will be a huge gathering of them." And he sent him, saying, "Go and have a hermitage erected, thirty leagues long and five leagues broad, on the banks of the Ganges in the Himalayan country." He did so, and, providing in this hermitage all that was requisite for the ascetic life, he made a foot-path straight to it and then returned to the angel-world. The Great Being entered the hermitage by this path, and, after he himself was first of all ordained, he admitted the rest to orders, and by and bye a great number was ordained, insomuch that a space of thirty leagues was filled with them. Now how the hermitage was built by Vissakamma, and how a great number took orders and how the Bodhisatta's hermitage was arrauged—all this is to be understood in the way related in the Hatthipāla[1] Birth. In this case if a thought of desire or any other false thought sprang up in the mind of any one whatsoever, the Great Being approached him through the air, and sitting cross-legged in space he by way of admonition addressed him in a couple of stanzas:

Call not to mind love's sports of yore
While still a smiling face you wore,
Lest that Fair City of Delight
Should waken lust and slay you quite.

Indulge without or stint or stay
Good will to men by night and day,
So shall ye win the angel home
Where all that do good deeds shall come.

[1] Vol. IV. No. 509.

[192] And this company of saints abiding by his admonition became destined to the Brahma world, and the story is to be told exactly as it is in the Hatthipāla Birth.

The Master having concluded this discourse said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly also the Tathāgata made the Great Renunciation," and he identified the Birth. "At that time the father and mother were members of the Great King's Court, Candā was the mother of Rāhula, the elder son was Sāriputta, the younger son was Rāhula, the nurse was Khujjuttarā, Kulavaddhana, the rich merchant, was Kassapa, the commander-in-chief was Moggallāna, prince Somadatta was Ānanda, King Sutasoma was myself."

BOOK XVIII. PAṆṆĀSANIPĀTA.

No. 526.

NAḶINIKĀ-JĀTAKA.

[193] "*Lo! the land,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while residing at Jetavana concerning the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. And in telling the story he asked the Brother by whom he had been led astray. "By a former wife," said he. "Verily, Brother," the Master said, "she worketh mischief for you. Of old it was owing to her that you fell away from mystic meditation and were mightily destroyed." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a wealthy family in the brahmins of the North, and when he had come of age and had been trained in all the arts, he adopted the ascetic life, and after developing supernatural powers by the exercise of mystio meditation he took up his abode in the Himalayas. Exactly in the same way as related in the [1]Alambusa Birth a doe conceived by him and brought forth a son who was called Isisiṅga. Now when he was grown up, his father admitted him to holy orders and had him instructed in the rites inducing mystic meditation. In no long time he developed by this means supernatural faoulties and enjoyed the bliss of ecstasy in the region of the Himalayas, and by mortification of the senses he became a sage of such severe austerity that the abode of Sakka was shaken by the power of his virtue. Sakka by reflection discovered the cause of it, and thinking, "I will find a way to break down his virtue," for the space of three years he stopped rain from falling in the kingdom of Kāsi, and the country became as it were scorched up, and when no crops came to perfection, the people under the stress of famine gathered themselves together in the palace yard and reproached the king. Taking his stand at an open window, he asked what was the matter. [194] "Your Majesty," they said, "for three years no rain has fallen from heaven, and the whole kingdom is burned up and the people are suffering greatly: cause rain to fall, Sire." The king, taking upon him moral vows and observing a fast, yet failed to bring down the rain. It was then that Sakka at midnight entered the royal chamber

[1] Vol. v. No. 523.

and illuminating it all round was seen to stand in mid air. The king on seeing him asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Sakka," he said. "Wherefore art thou come?" "Does rain fall in your realm, Sire?" "No, it does not rain." "Do you know why it does not rain?" "I do not know." "In the Himalaya country, Sire, dwells an ascetic named Isisiṅga, who from the mortification of his senses is severely austere. He constantly, when it begins to rain, looks up at the sky in a rage and so the rain ceases." "What then is to be done now?" "Should his virtue be broken down, it will rain." "But who is able to overcome his virtue?" "Your daughter, Sire, Naḷinikā can do it. Summon her here and bid her go to such and such a place and make a breach in the virtue of the ascetic." And, having thus admonished the king, Sakka returned to his own abode. On the morrow the king took counsel with his courtiers and summoning his daughter addressed her in the first stanza:

> Lo! the land lies scorched and ruined and my realm sinks to decay:
> Go, Naḷinikā, and, prithee, bring this brahmin 'neath thy sway.

On hearing this she repeated a second stanza:

> How shall I endure this hardship, how, midst elephants astray,
> Through the glades of yonder forest shall I safely guide my way?

Then the king repeated two stanzas:

> Seek thy happy home, my daughter, and from thence without delay
> In a car of wood so deftly framed ride thou upon thy way.

> [195] Horses, elephants, and footmen—go, begirt with brave array,
> And with charm of beauty quickly thou shalt bring him 'neath thy sway.

Thus for the protection of his realm did he talk with his daughter even of such things as should not be spoken of in words. And she readily lent an ear to his proposals. Then, after giving her all that she required, he sent her away with his ministers. They went to the frontier and, after pitching their camp there, they had the princess conveyed by a road pointed out to them by some foresters, and at break of day, entering the Himalaya country, they arrived at a spot close to the ascetic's hermitage. At this very moment the Bodhisatta, leaving his son behind in the hermitage, had gone into the forest to gather wild fruits. The foresters themselves approached the hermitage and, standing where they could see it, they pointed it out to Naḷinikā and repeated two stanzas:

> With plantain marked, midst bhurja trees so green,
> Lo! Isisiṅga's pretty hut is seen.

> Yon smoke, methinks, arises from the flame
> Nursed by that sage of wonder-working fame.

And the king's ministers at the very moment when the Bodhisatta had gone into the forest surrounded the hermitage and set a watch over it, and making the princess adopt the disguise of an ascetic, [196] and arraying

her in an outer and inner garment of beautiful bark adorned with all manner of ornaments, they bade her take in her hand a painted ball tied to a string and sent her into the hermitage grounds, while they themselves stood on guard outside. So playing with her ball she entered the cloister. Now at that moment Isisiṅga was seated on a bench at the door of his hut of leaves, and when he saw her coming he was terrified and got up and went and hid himself in the hut. And she drew nigh to the door and continued playing with her ball.

The Master, to make this point and more beside clear, repeated three stanzas:

Bedecked with gems as she drew nigh, a bright and lovely maid,
Poor Isisiṅga sought in fear his cell's protecting shade.

And while before the hermit's door with ball the damsel plays,
Her lovely limbs she doth expose all naked to his gaze.

But when he saw her sporting thus, forth from his cell he broke,
And, rushing from the leafy hut, words such as these he spoke.

Fruit of what tree may this, Sir, be, that howe'er far 'tis tost
'Twill still return to thee again and never more is lost?

Then she telling him of the tree spoke this stanza:

Mount Gandhamādana, the home wherein I dwell, can boast
Of many a tree with fruit maybe such that though far 'tis tost,
'Twill still return to me again and never more is lost.

[197] Thus did she speak falsely, but he believed her, and thinking it was an ascetic he greeted her kindly and uttered this stanza:

Pray, holy sir, come in and take a seat,
Accept some food and water for thy feet,
And resting here awhile enjoy with me
Such roots and berries as I offer thee.

* * * * * *

[199][1] [Being an ingenuous youth and never having seen a woman before he was led to believe the extraordinary story she told him, and

[1] Naḷinikā, pretending she has been wounded by a bear, practises on the simplicity of the ascetic youth with much the same guile as Venus employs to win Adonis. Compare *The Passionate Pilgrim*,

Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth,
Here in these brakes, deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh...

Malone in his Shakspeare, vol. x. p. 324, points out that Rabelais, La Fontaine and other writers have sported with the same thought. Cf. Rabelais, II. chap. xv, The lion and the old woman.

through her seductions] his virtue was overcome and his mystic meditation broken off. After disporting himself with her till he was tired, he at length sallied forth and finding his way down to the tank he bathed and, when his fatigue had passed off, he returned and sat in his hut. And once more, still believing her to be an ascetic, he asked where she dwelt, and spoke this stanza:

By what road hither hast thou come,
And dost thou love thy woodland home?
Can roots and berries hunger stay,
And how escap'st thou beasts of prey?

Then Nalinikā recited four stanzas:

North of this the Khemā flows
Straight from Himalayan snows:
On its bank, a charming spot,
May be seen my hermit cot.

Mango, tilak, sāl full-grown,
Cassia, trumpet-flower full-blown—
All with song of elves resound:
Here my home, Sir, may be found.

Here with dates and roots, I ween,
Every kind of fruit is seen:
[200] 'Tis a gay and fragrant spot
That has fallen to my lot.

Roots and berries here abound,
Sweet and fair and luscious found.
But I fear, should robbers come,
They'll despoil my happy home.

The ascetic, on hearing this, to put her off till his father should return, spoke this stanza:

My father foraging for fruit is gone;
The sun is sinking, he'll be here anon.
When back from his fruit-gathering he is come,
We'll start together for thy hermit-home.

Then she thought: "This boy because he has been brought up in a forest does not know that I am a woman, but his father will know it as soon as ever he sees me, and will ask me what business I have here and striking me with the end of his carrying-pole, he will break my head. I must be off before he returns and the object of my coming is already accomplished," and telling him how he was to find his way to her house she repeated another stanza:

[201] Alas! I fear I may no longer stay,
But many a royal saint lives on the way:
Ask one of them to point you out the road;
He'll gladly act as guide to my abode.

When she had thus devised a plan for her escape, she left the hermitage, and bidding the youth, as he was wistfully looking after her, to stay where he was, she returned to the ministers by the same road by which she had come there, and they took her with them to their encampment and by several stages reached Benares. And Sakka that very day was so delighted that he caused rain to fall throughout the whole kingdom. But directly she had left the ascetic, Isisiṅga, a fever seized upon his frame and all of a tremble he entered the hut of leaves and putting on his upper robe of bark he lay there groaning. In the evening his father returned and missing his son he said, "Where in the world is he gone?" And he put down his carrying-pole and went into the hut, and when he found him lying there he said, "What ails you, my dear son?" And chafing his back he uttered three stanzas:

No wood is cut, no water fetched, no fire alight. I pray
Tell me, thou silly lad, why thus thou dream'st the live-long day.

Until to-day the wood was ever cut,
The fire alight, and pot thereon was put,
My seat arranged, the water fetched. In sooth
Thou found'st thy pleasure in the task, good youth.

To-day no wood is cleft, no water brought,
No fire alight; cooked food in vain is sought.
To-day no welcome hast thou given to me:
What hast thou lost? What sorrow troubles thee?

[202] On hearing his father's words, in explaining the matter, he said:

Here, Sire, to-day a holy youth has been,
A handsome, dapper boy, of winsome mien:
Not over tall nor yet too short was he,
Dark was his hair, as black as black could be.

Smooth-cheeked and beardless was this stripling wight,
And on his neck was hung a jewel bright;
Two lovely swellings on his fair breast lay,
Like balls of burnished gold, of purest ray.

His face was wondrous fair, and from each ear
A curvéd ring depending did appear;
These and the fillet on his head gave out
Flashes of light, whene'er he moved about.

Yet other ornaments the youth did wear,
Or blue or red, upon his dress and hair;
Jingling, whene'er he moved, they rang again
Like little birds[1] that chirp in time of rain.

No robe of bark, sign of ascetic grim,
No girdle made of muñja grass for him.
[203] His garments shimmer, clinging to the thigh,
Bright as a flash of lightning in the sky.

[1] *ciriṭika* is found as the name of a bird in *Caraka*, I. 27. 46, p. 174 of Calcutta, 1877 edition.

Fruits of what tree beneath his waist are bound,
—Smooth and without or stalk or prickle found—?
Stitched in his robe, in order loose but thick,
They strike each other with a sounding 'click.'

The tresses on his head were wondrous fair,
Hundreds of curls perfuming all the air:
These locks just parted in the midst had he—
Dressed e'en as his would that my hair might be.

But when his locks he did perchance unbind
And loose in all their beauty to the wind,
Their fragrance filled our home midst forest trees,
Like scent of lotus borne along the breeze.

His very dust was fair to look upon,
His person quite unlike that of thy son:
It breathed forth odours wafted everywhere,
Like shrubs ablossom in the summer air.

His fruit so bright and fair, of varied hue,
Afar from him upon the ground he threw,
Yet back to him 'twould evermore return:
What fruit it is I fain from thee would learn.

His teeth in even rows, so pure and white,
Vie with the choicest pearls, a lovely sight;
Whene'er he opes his lips, how charming 'tis!
No food like ours, roots and vile potherbs, his!

His voice so soft and smooth, yet firm and clear
In gentle accents fell upon the ear;
[204] It pierced me to the heart: so sweet a note
Ne'er issued from melodious cuckoo's throat.

Its tone I thought subdued, pitched far too low
For one rehearsing holy lore, I trow;
Howbeit—so great his kindness—I would fain
Renew my friendship with this youth again.

His warm arms flashing in their gold array,
Like gleams of lightning all around me play.
With down, as eye-salve soft, were they o'erspread,
Round were his fingers, blushing coral-red.

Smooth were his limbs, his tresses long untied,
Long too his nails with tips all crimson dyed:
With his soft arms around me clinging tight
The fair boy ministered to my delight.

His hands were white as cotton, gleaming bright
Like golden mirror that reflects the light;
At their soft touch I felt a burning thrill,
And though he's gone, the memory fires me still.

No load of grain he brought, nor ever could
Be won with his own hands to chop our wood,
Nor would he with his axe hew down a tree
Nor carry a sharp stake, to pleasure me.

* * * * * * *

[205] This rumpled couch with leaves of creepers made
Bears witness to the merry pranks we played:
Then in yon lake our weary limbs we lave
And once more seek indoors the rest we crave.

To-day no holy texts can I recite,
No fire for sacrifice is found alight:
Yea, from all roots and berries I'll abstain
Till I behold this pious youth again.

Tell me, dear father, for thou know'st it well,
Where in the world this holy youth may dwell;
And thither with all speed, pray, let us fly,
Or at thy door my death will surely lie.

I've heard him speak of glades, with flowerets gay,
And thronged with birds that sing the live-long day,
'Tis thither with all speed I fain would fly
Or here at once I'll lay me down and die.

[207] The Great Being on hearing the boy talk such nonsense knew at once that through some woman he had lost his virtue, and by way of admonition he repeated six stanzas:

An ancient home for sages long has stood
Within the sunlit precincts of this wood;
[208] In haunts of angels and of nymphs divine,
This feeling of unrest should ne'er be thine.

Friendships exist and then they cease to be;
Each one shows love to his own family;
But they poor creatures are who do not know
To whom their origin and love they owe.

Friendship is formed by constant intercourse;
When this is broken, friendship fails perforce.

Shouldst thou set eyes upon this youth once more,
Or converse hold with him, as heretofore,
Just as a flood sweeps off the ripened corn,
So will the power of virtue be o'er-borne[1].

Demons there be that through the wide earth run
In varied form disguised. Beware, my son!
He that is wise should not consort with such;
Virtue herself is blasted[2] at their touch.

[209] On hearing what his father had to say the youth thought, "She was a female yakkha, he says," and he was terrified and put away the thought of her from him. Then he asked his father's pardon, saying, "Forgive me, dear father, I will not leave this spot." And his father comforted him, saying, "Come, my boy, cultivate charity, pity, sympathy and equanimity," and he proclaimed to him the attainment of the Perfect States. And the son walked accordingly therein and once more developed mystic meditation.

The Master, having finished his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the back-sliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the wife of his unregenerate days was Naḷinikā, the back-sliding Brother was Isisiṅga, and I myself was the father."

[1] The fifth stanza is a repetition of the preceding one and is omitted in the English.
[2] Reading *nassati*.

No. 527.

UMMADANTĪ-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Whose house is this,*" *etc.* This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told about a back-sliding Brother. The story runs that one day, as he was going his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, he saw a woman of surpassing beauty, magnificently attired, and fell in love with her, and on returning home to his monastery he was unable to divert his thoughts from her. From that time, as it were, pierced with love's shafts and sick with desire he became as lean as a wild deer, with his veins standing out on his body, and as sallow as sallow could be. He no longer took delight in any one of the Four Postures, or found pleasure in his own thoughts, but giving up all the services due to a teacher he abandoned the use of instruction, inquiry and meditation. His fellow-monks said, "Sir, once you were calm in mind and serene of countenance, but now it is not so. [210] What can be the cause?" they asked. "Sirs," he answered, "I have no pleasure in anything." Then they bade him be happy, saying, "To be born a Buddha is a hard matter: so also is the hearing of the True Faith, and the attaining to birth as a human being. But you have attained to this, and, yearning to put an end to sorrow, you left your weeping kinsfolk and becoming a believer adopted the ascetic life. Why then do you now fall under the sway of passion? These evil passions are common to all ignorant creatures, from live worms upwards, and such of these passions as are material in their origin, they too are insipid. Desires are full of sorrow and despair: misery in this case ever increases more and more. Desire is like a skeleton or a piece of meat. Desire is like a torch made of a wisp of hay or a light from embers. Desire vanishes like a dream or a loan, or the fruit of a tree. Desire is as biting as a sharp-pointed spear, or as a serpent's head. But you, verily, after embracing so glorious a faith as this and becoming an ascetic, have now fallen under the sway of such harmful passions." When by their admonitions they failed to make him grasp their teaching, they brought him before the Master in the Hall of Truth. And when he said, "Why, Brethren, have you brought this Brother here against his will?" they answered, "They tell us, he is a back-slider." The Master asked if it were true, and on his confessing that it was so, the Master said, "Brother, sages of old, though ruling a kingdom, whenever lust sprang up in their hearts, passed under its sway for a time, but checked their roving thoughts and were guilty of no improper conduct." And with these words he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the city of Ariṭṭhapura in the kingdom of the Sivis reigned a king named Sivi. The Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen, and they called him prince Sivi. His commander-in-chief also had a son born to him, and they named him Ahipāraka. The two boys grew up as friends and at the age of sixteen they went to Takkasilā, and, after completing their education, they returned home. The king made over his kingdom to his son, who appointed Ahipāraka to the post of

[1] Compare *Jātaka-Mālā*, XIII, and *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, ch. xxix, Story of Rahandama Uppalavaṇṇā.

commander-in-chief, and ruled his kingdom righteously. In that same city dwelt a rich merchant, named Tirīṭavaccha, worth eighty crores, and he had a daughter, a very fair and gracious lady, bearing on her person every mark of auspicious fortune, and on her naming-day she was called Ummadantī. When sixteen years old she was as beautiful as a heavenly nymph, of more than mortal loveliness. All worldlings who beheld her could not contain themselves, [211] but were intoxicated with passion, as it were with strong drink, and were quite unable to recover their self-control. So her father, Tirīṭavaccha, drew nigh to the king and said, "Sire, at home I have a treasure of a daughter, a fit mate even for a king. Send for your fortune-tellers, who can read the lineaments of the body, and have her tested by them and then deal with her according to your good pleasure." The king agreed and sent his brahmins, and they repaired to the merchant's house, and being received with great honour and hospitality partook of some rice-milk. At this moment Ummadantī came into their presence, magnificently attired. On catching sight of her they completely lost their self-control, just as if they were intoxicated with passion, and forgot that they had left their meal unfinished. Some of them took a morsel and thinking they would eat it put it on their heads. Some let it fall on their hips. Others threw it against the wall. Every one was beside himself. When she saw them thus, she said, "They tell me, these fellows are to test the character of my marks," and she ordered them to be taken by the scruff of their neck and thrust out. And they were sorely annoyed and returned to the palace in a great rage with Ummadantī, and they said, "Sire, this woman is no mate for you: she is a witch." The king thought, "They tell me, she is a witch," and he did not send for her. On hearing what had happened she said, "I am not taken to wife by the king, because they say I am a witch: witches forsooth are just like me. Very well, should I ever see the king, I shall know what to do." And she conceived a grudge against him. So her father gave her in marriage to Ahipāraka, and she was her husband's darling and delight. Now as the result of what act of hers had she become so beautiful? By the gift of a scarlet robe. Once upon a time, they say, she was born in a poor family in Benares and on some festal day seeing certain holy women, magnificently clad in robes dyed scarlet with safflower and disporting themselves, she told her parents that she too would like to wear a similar robe and take her pleasure. And when they said, "My dear, we are poor people: whence are we to get you such a robe?" "well then," said she, "suffer me to earn wages in a wealthy household, and as soon as they recognise my merit, they will make me a present of a robe." [212] And having gained their consent she approached a oertain family and proposed to let her service to them for a scarlet robe. They said, "After you have worked three years for us, we will recognise your merits by giving you one." She

readily agreed, and set about her work. Recoguising her merit before the three years had expired, they gave her together with a thick safflower-dyed robe yet another garment, and sent her off, saying, "Go with your companions, and, after bathing, dress yourself in these robes." So she went with her companions and bathed, leaving the scarlet robe on the bank. At this moment a disciple of the Kassapa Buddha, who had been robbed of his garments and had put on pieces of a broken bough to serve as outer and inner robes, arrived at this spot. On seeing him she thought, "This holy man must have been robbed of his garment. In former times I too, from not having a robe offered to me, found it difficult to procure one," and she determined to divide the garment in two and give him the half of it. So she went up out of the water and put on her old dress and saying, "Stay, holy sir," she saluted the elder, and tearing her robe in two gave the half of it to him. Then he stood on one side in a sheltered spot and, throwing away his branch-garment, he made himself with one side of the robe an inner garment and with the other side an outer garment and stepped out into the open, and his whole person by the splendour of the robe was all ablaze, like the newly-risen sun. On seeing this she thought, "This holy man at first was not radiant, but now he shines like a newly-risen sun. I will give him this too." So she gave him the other half of the robe, and put up this prayer, "Holy sir, I would fain in some future stage of existence be of such surpassing beauty, that no one who sees me may have power to control himself, and that no other woman may be more beautiful." The elder returned her his thanks and went his way. After a period of transmigration in the world of gods, she was at this time born in Ariṭṭhapura and was as beautiful as she was described. Now in this city they proclaimed the Kattika festival, and on the day of full moon they decorated the city. Ahipāraka, on setting out for the post he had to guard, addressing her, said, [213] "Lady Ummadantī, to-day is the Kattika festival; the king, in marching in solemn procession round the city, will first of all come to the door of this house. Be sure you do not shew yourself to him, for on seeing you he will not be able to control his thoughts." As he was leaving her, she said to him, "I will see to it." And as soon as he was off, she gave an order to her handmaid to let her know when the king came to the door. So at sunset, when the full moon had risen and torches were blazing in every quarter of the city, which was decorated as it were some city of the gods, the king arrayed in all his splendour, mounted on a magnificent car drawn by thoroughbreds and escorted by a crowd of courtiers, making a circuit of the city with great pomp, came first of all to the door of Ahipāraka's house. Now this house enclosed by a wall in colour like vermilion, furnished with gates and tower, was a beautiful and charming place. At this moment the maid brought her mistress

word of the king's arrival, and Ummadantī bade her take a basket of flowers, and standing near the window she threw the flowers over the king with all the charm of a sylph. And looking up at her the king was maddened with passion and quite unable to control his thoughts, and he failed to recognise the house as that of Ahipāraka. So addressing his charioteer, he repeated two stanzas in the form of a question:

Whose house is this, Sunanda, tell me true,
All girt about with wall of golden hue?
What vision fair is this, like meteor bright,
Or sunbeam striking on some mountain height?

A daughter of the house perchance is she,
Herself its mistress, or son's wife maybe?
Your answer quickly in a single word—
Is she unwed[1] or owns she still a lord?

[214] Then, in answering the king, he repeated two stanzas:

All that your Highness asks I know full well,
And of her parents on both sides can tell:
As to her husband, night and day, O king,
He serves thy cause with zeal in everything.

A powerful minister of thine is he,
Vast wealth he owns and great prosperity;
She's wife of Ahipāraka the famed,
And at her birth was Ummadantī named.

On hearing this the king, in praising her name, repeated yet another stanza:

Alas! how ominous a name is here
Given to this maiden by her parents dear;
Since Ummadantī fixed her gaze on me,
Lo! *a mad haunted* man I grew to be.

On seeing how agitated he was she closed the window and went straight to her fair chamber. And from the moment when the king set eyes on her, he had no more thought of making solemn procession round the city. Addressing his charioteer he said, "Friend Sunanda, stop the chariot; [215] this is not a festival suitable for us; it is fit only for Ahipāraka, my commander-in-chief, and the throne also is better suited for him," and stopping the chariot he climbed up to his palace and, as he lay chattering upon the royal couch, he said,

A lily maid, with eyes soft as a doe's,
In the full moon's clear light before me rose,
Beholding her in robe of dove-like hue,
Methought two moons at once came into view.

Darting one glance from her bright, lovely eyes,
The temptress took me captive by surprise,
Like woodland elf upon some mountain height,
Her graceful motion won my heart at sight.

[1] *avāvaṭa*, i.e. *avyāvṛita*, not chosen in marriage.

So dark and tall and fair the maid, with jewels in her ears,
Clad in a single garment, like a timid doe, appears.

With long-tressed hair and nails all stainèd red,
O'er her soft arms rich sandal essence shed,
With tapering fingers and a gracious air,
When will she smile on me, my charmer fair?

When will Tirīṭi's slender-waisted maid,
A gold adornment on her breast displayed,
With her soft arms embracing cling to me,
E'en as a creeper to some forest tree?

When will she stained with dye of lac so bright,
With swelling bosom, maiden lily-white,
Exchange a kiss with me, as oft a glass
Will from one toper to another pass?

Soon as I saw her standing thus, so fair to outward view,
No longer master of myself, reason away I threw.

When Ummadantī I beheld, with jewelled ear-rings bright,
Like one amerced right heavily, I slept not day nor night.

[216] Should Sakka grant a boon to me, my choice were quickly ta'en,
I would be Ahipāraka one night or haply twain,
And Ummadantī thus enjoyed, he might o'er Sivi reign.

Then those councillors told Ahipāraka, saying, "Master, the king on making a solemn procession around the city went to the door of your house [217] and then turning back climbed up to his palace." So Ahipāraka went home and addressing Ummadantī asked her if she had shown herself to the king. "My lord," she said, "a certain pot-bellied fellow with huge teeth, standing up in his chariot, came here. I do not know whether he was a king or a prince, but I was told he was a lord of some kind, and standing at the open window I threw flowers over him. Meanwhile he turned back and went off." On hearing this he said, "You have ruined me," and early next morning ascending to the king's house he stood at the door of the royal chamber and, hearing the king rambling about Ummadantī, he thought, "He has fallen in love with Ummadantī; if he does not get her, he will die: it is my duty to restore him to life, if it can be done without sin on the part of the king or myself." So he went home and summoned a stout-hearted knave of a serving-man and said, "Friend, in such and such a place is a hollow tree that is a sacred shrine. Without saying a word to anyone, go there at sunset and seat yourself inside the tree. Then I shall come and make an offering there, and in worshipping the deities I shall put up this prayer; 'O king of heaven, our king, while a festival was going on, without taking any part in it, has gone into his royal closet and lies there chattering idly; we do not know why he does so. The king has been a great benefactor of the gods and year by year has spent a thousand pieces of money in sacrifices. Tell us why the king talks thus foolishly and grant us the boon of the king's life.' Thus will

I pray and at this moment you are to remember to repeat these words, 'O commander-in-chief, your king is not sick, but he is infatuated with your wife Ummadantī. If he shall get her, he will live; otherwise he will die. If you wish him to live, give up Ummadantī to him.' This is what you are to say." And having thus schooled him he sent him away. So the servant went next day and seated himself inside the tree and when the general came to the place and put up his prayer, he repeated his lesson. The general said, "It is well," and with an obeisance to the deity he went and told the king's ministers, and entering the city he climbed up to the palace and knocked at the door of the royal closet. [218] The king having recovered his senses asked who it was. "It is I, Ahipāraka, my lord." Then he opened the king's door and going in he saluted the king and repeated a stanza:

While kneeling at a sacred shrine, O king,
A yakkha came and told me a strange thing,
How Ummadantī had enslaved thy will:
Take her and so thy heart's desire fulfil.

Then the king asked, "Friend Ahipāraka, do even the yakkhas know that I have been talking foolishly owing to my infatuation for Ummadantī?" "Yes, my lord," he said. The king thought, "My vileness is known throughout the world," and he felt ashamed. And taking his stand in righteousness he uttered another stanza:

Fallen from grace no godhead shall I win,
And all the world will hear of my great sin:
Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

The remaining stanzas are repeated by the two alternately.

Except thyself and me, O king, no one
In the whole world will know the deed that's done:
Lo! Ummadantī is my gift to thee,
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

The sinner thinks, 'No mortal man has been
A witness of my guilty deed, I ween,'
[219] Yet all he does will fall within the ken
Of ghostly beings and of holy men.

Who in this world, supposing thou shouldst say,
'I loved her not,' would any credence pay?
Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,
In very sooth a well-belovéd wife;
Yet, sire, to Ummadantī straight repair,
E'en as a lion to his rocky lair.

The sage howe'er oppressed by his own woe,
Will scarce an act that wins him bliss forego,
E'en the dull fool intoxicate with bliss
Would ne'er be guilty of a sin like this.

A fostering parent, king, I own in thee,
Husband and lord, yea god art thou to me,
Thy slaves my wife and child, and I thy thrall,
O Sivi, do thy pleasure with us all.

Whoso shall wrong his neighbour nor repent,
Saying, 'See here a lord omnipotent,'
Will ne'er be found to live out half his days,
And gods will view his conduct with dispraise.

Should righteous men accept as gift a thing
Freely bestowed by others, then, O king,
They who receive and they who grant have done
A deed whereby the fruit of bliss is won.

Who in this world, supposing thou shouldst say,
'I love her not,' would any credence pay?
[220] Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,
In very sooth a well-belovéd wife;
Lo! Ummadantī is my gift to thee,
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

Who rids himself of pain at others' cost,
Rejoicing still though others' joy be lost,
Not he, but one that feels another's woe
As 'twere his own, true righteousness can know.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,
In very sooth a well-belovéd wife,
I give what most I prize, nor give in vain,
They that thus give receive as much again.

I might destroy myself for fleshly appetite,
Yet would I never dare by wrong destroy the right.

Shouldst thou, O noble prince, thy love foreswear
Because she is my wife, lo! I declare
Henceforth she is divorced and free to all,
Thy slave to summon at thy beck and call.

If thou, mine Ancient[1], to thy detriment,
Shouldst put away thy wife, though innocent,
Thou wouldst, methinks, have heavy blame to bear
And ne'er a single soul to speak thee fair.

With all such blame, my king, I could away,
With censure, praise, or be it what it may,
Let it fall on me, Sivi, as it will,
Only do thou thy pleasure first fulfil.

[221] He who esteem or blame regardeth not,
For praise or censure careth not a jot—
From him will glory and good fortune fly,
As floods subside, leaving land high and dry.

Whate'er of bliss or pain from hence may spring,
O'erstepping right, or fit one's heart to wring,
I'll welcome, if it joyous be or sad,
As Earth puts up with all, both good and bad.

[1] *Kattā*, a king's minister or officer. Cf. *Jātaka* vi. 259, 24, 268, 6, and 313, 22. The commentary explains the word as 'a doer of such things as ought to be done.' Compare the use of *εὐεργέτης* as a title of honour, Hdt. viii. 85.

I would not have another suffering
From wrongful act that may his bosom wring,
I'll bear the burden of my griefs alone,
Steadfast in right, vexing the peace of none.

A meritorious act to heaven will lead,
Be thou no obstacle to such a deed;
I Ummadantī a free offering send,
As kings on brahmin priests much treasure spend.

Truly to me great kindness hast thou shown,
Thy wife and thou are both my friends, I own,
Brahmins and gods alike would blame me sore,
And curses rest on me for evermore.

Townsmen and countryfolk in this, I trust,
Will ne'er, O Sivi king, call thee unjust,
Since Ummadantī is my gift to thee,
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

Truly to me great kindness hast thou shown,
Thou and thy wife are both my friends, I own,
Good men's right acts are famed both far and wide,
Hard to o'erstep is Right, like Ocean's tide.

Worshipful master, waiting to bestow
Whate'er I crave, kind benefactor, thou
[222] Repayest sevenfold all I offer thee;
Take Ummadantī; my free gift is she.

Mine Ancient, Ahipāraka, in sooth,
Right hast thou followed, even from thy youth;
Who else of living men, I prithee, would
Early and late have striven to do me good?

O noble prince, thou art of peerless fame,
Wise, knowing right and walking in the same,
Shielded by right, mayst thou, O king, live long,
And, lord of right, teach me to shun the wrong.

Come, hearken, Ahipāraka, to these my words and then
I'll teach thee ways of righteousness as practised by good men.

A king delighting in the law is blest,
And of all men a learned one is best,
Ne'er to betray a friend is good, I wis,
But evil to eschew is perfect bliss.

'Neath the mild sway of righteous king,
Like shade from sun-stroke sheltering,
His subjects all may dwell in peace,
Rejoicing in their wealth's increase.

No evil deed shall my approval win,
However heedless it remains a sin:
But such as sin 'gainst knowledge I detest;
List to my parable; mark it and digest.

[1]The bull through floods a devious course will take,
The herd of kine all straggling in his wake.
So if a leader tortuous paths pursue,
To base ends will he guide the vulgar crew,
And the whole realm an age of license rue.

[1] These lines occur in *Jātaka*, vol. III. p. 74 (English version).

But if the bull a course direct shall steer,
The herd of kine straight follow in his rear.
So should their chief to righteous ways be true,
The common folk injustice will eschew,
And through the realm shall holy peace ensue.

[223] I would not by an unjust act e'en heaven itself attain,
No, not if, Ahipāraka, the whole world I should gain.

Whatever things of price 'mongst men esteemèd good,
Oxen and slaves and gold, garments and sandal wood,
Brood mares, rich treasure, jewels bright
And all that sun and moon watch over day and night,
Not for all this would I injustice do,
I amongst Sivis born, a leader true.

Father and chief and guardian of our land,
As champion of its rights I take my stand,
So will I reign on righteousness intent,
To mine own will no more subservient.

Auspicious is thy rule, great king, mayst thou continue long
To guide the state with happy fate and in thy wisdom strong.

Great joy is ours, O king, that thou such zeal for right hast shown,
Princes of might, neglecting right, ere now have lost a crown.

[1]To parents dear, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To wife and children, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To friends and courtiers, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In war and travel, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In town and village, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In every land and realm, O king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To brahmins and ascetics all, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To beasts and birds, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

Do righteously, O warrior king; from this all blessings flow;
By following a righteous course to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

With watchful vigilance, O king, on paths of goodness go:
The brahmins, Indra, and the gods have won their godhead so.

[227] When the king had thus been taught the law by his commander-in-chief Ahipāraka, he got rid of his infatuation for Ummadantī.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truth, and identified the Birth. At the end of the Truths the Brother was established in the First Path. At that time Ānanda was the charioteer Sunanda, Sāriputta was Ahipāraka, Uppalavaṇṇā was Ummadantī, the followers of Buddha were the rest of the courtiers, and I myself was king Sivi.

[1] *Jātaka*, vol. IV. p. 263 (English version).

No. 528.

MAHĀBODHI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*What mean these things*," *etc.* This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The incident will be found related in the Mahāummagga[2]. Now on this occasion the Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also, the Tathāgata was wise and crushed all disputants," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta the Bodhisatta was born at Benares in the kingdom of Kāsi, in the family of a North brahmin magnate, worth eighty crores, and they named him young Bodhi. When he came of age, he was instructed in all learning at Takkasilā, and returning home he dwelt in the midst of household cares. By and bye renouncing evil desires he retired to the Himalaya region [228] and took up the ascetic life of a wandering mendicant, and dwelt there for a long time, living on roots and wild berries. At the rainy season he came down from the Himalayas and going on his begging rounds he gradually approached Benares. There he took up his abode in the royal park, and on the following day going his round in the city for alms, in his character of a mendicant, he drew nigh to the palace gate. The king standing at his window saw him, and, being delighted with his calm demeanour, he introduced him into his palace and seated him on the royal couch. After a little friendly talk, the king listened to an exposition of the Law and then offered him a variety of dainty food. The Great Being accepted the food and thought, "Verily this king's court is full of hatred and abounds in enemies. Who, I wonder, will rid me of a fear that has sprung up in my mind?" And observing a tawny hound, a favourite of the king's, standing near him, he took a lump of food and made a show of wishing to give it to the dog. The king being aware of this had the dog's dish brought and bade him take the food and give it to the dog. The Great Being did so and then finished his own meal. And the king, gaining his consent to the arrangement, had a hut of leaves built for him in the royal park within the city, and, assigning to him all that an ascetic required, he let him dwell there. And two or three times every day the king came to pay his respects to him. And at meal times the Great Being continued to

[1] Compare *Jātaka-Mālā*, XXIII. The Story of the Mahābodhi, and *Dīgha Nikāya*, II. *Sāmañña-Phala* (*Dialogues of the Buddha* translated by R. Davids, p. 65).

[2] *Jātaka*, vol. VI. No. 546.

sit on the royal couch and to share the royal food. And so twelve years passed. Now the king had five councillors who taught him his temporal and spiritual duties. One of them denied the existence of Cause (Karma). Another believed everything was the act of a Supreme Being. A third professed the doctrine of previous actions. A fourth believed in annihilation at death. A fifth held the Kshatriya doctrine. He who denied the Cause taught the people that beings in this world were purified by rebirth. He who believed in the action of a Supreme Being taught that the world was created by him. He who believed in the consequences of previous acts taught that sorrow or joy that befalls man here is the result of some previous action. The believer in annihilation taught that no one passes hence to another world, but that this world is annihilated. He who professed the Kshatriya creed taught that one's own interest is to be desired even at the cost of killing one's parents. These men were appointed to sit in judgment in the king's court, [229] aud being greedy of bribes they dispossessed the rightful owner of property. Now one day a certain man, being worsted in a false action at law, saw the Great Being go into the palace for alms, and he saluted him and poured his grievance into his ears, saying, "Holy Sir, why do you, who take your meals in the king's palace, regard with indifference[1] the action of his lord justices who by taking bribes ruin all men? Just now these five councillors, taking a bribe at the hands of a man who brought a false action, have wrongfully dispossessed me of my property." So the Great Being moved by pity for him went to the court, and giving a righteous judgment reinstated him in his property. The people with one consent loudly applauded his action. The king hearing the noise asked what it meant, and on being told what it was, when the Great Being had finished his meal, he took a seat beside him and asked, "Is it true, Reverend Sir, as they say, that you have decided a lawsuit?" "It is true, Sire." The king said, "It will be to the advantage of the people, if you decide cases: henceforth you are to sit in judgment." "Sire," he replied, "we are ascetics; this is not our business." "Sir, you ought to do it in pity to the people. You need not judge the whole day, but when you come here from the park, go at early dawn to the place of judgment and decide four cases; then return to the park and after partaking of food decide four more cases, and in this way the people will derive benefit." After being repeatedly importuned, he agreed to it and henceforth he acted accordingly. Those who brought fraudulent actions found no further opportunity, and the councillors not getting any bribes were in evil plight and thought, "Ever since this mendicant Bodhi began to sit in judgment, we get nothing at all." And calling him the king's enemy they said, "Come, let us slander him to the king and bring about his death." So drawing nigh to the king they said,

[1] *ajjhupekkhati*. Compare *Jātaka*, I. 147, *Cullavagga*, IV. 4. 8.

"Sire, the mendicant Bodhi wishes you harm." The king did not believe them and said, "Nay, he is a good and learned man; he would not do so." "Sire," they replied, "all the citizens are his creatures: [230] we are the only five people he cannot get under his thumb. If you do not believe us, when he next comes here, take note of his following." The king agreed to do so, and standing at his window he watched for his coming, and, seeing the crowd of suitors who followed Bodhi without his knowledge, the king thought they were his retinue, and being prejudiced against him he summoned his councillors and asked, "What are we to do?" "Have him arrested, Sire," they said. "Unless we see some gross offence on his part," he said, "how are we to arrest him?" "Well then diminish the honour that is usually paid to him, and when he sees this falling off of respect, being a wise mendicant, he will without saying a word to anyone run away of his own accord." The king fell in with this suggestion and gradually diminished the respect paid to him. On the first day after this they seated him on a bare couch. He noticed it and at once knew that he had been slandered to the king, and returning to the park he was minded to take his departure that very day, but he thought, "When I know for certain, I will depart," and he did not go away. So the next day when he was seated on the bare couch, they came with food prepared for the king and other food as well, and gave him a mixture of the two. On the third day they did not suffer him to approach the dais, but placing him at the head of the stairs they offered him mixed food. He took it and retiring to the park made his meal there. On the fourth day they placed him on the terrace below and gave him broth made of rice dust, and this too he took to the park and made his meal there. The king said, "Though the honours paid to him are diminished, yet Great Bodhi, the mendicant, does not go away. What are we to do?" "Sire," they said, "it is not for alms he comes here; but he is seeking sovereignty. If he were coming merely for the alms, he would have run away the very first day he was slighted." "What then are we to do?" "Have him slain tomorrow, Sire." He said, "It is well," and placing swords in the hands of these very men he said, "Tomorrow, when he comes and stands inside the door, cut off his head and make mincemeat of him, and without saying a word to anyone throw his body on a dunghill, and then take a bath and return here."

They readily agreed and said, "Tomorrow we will come and do so," [231] and having arranged matters with one another they departed to their several homes. The king too after his evening meal lay down on the royal couch and called to mind the virtues of the Great Being. Then straightway sorrow fell upon him and the sweat poured from his body, and getting no comfort in his bed he rolled about from side to side. Now his chief queen lay beside him but he exchanged not a single word with her.

So she asked him, saying, "How is it, Sire, that you do not say a word to me? Have I in any way offended you?" "No, lady," he said, "but they tell me the meudicant Bodhi has become an enemy of ours. I have ordered five of my councillors to slay him tomorrow. After killing him they will cut him in pieces and cast his body on a dunghill. But for twelve years he has taught us many a truth. No single offence in him has ever been clearly seen by me before, but at the instigation of others I have ordered him to be put to death, and this is why I grieve." Then she comforted him, saying, "If, Sire, he is your enemy, why do you grieve at killing him? Your own safety must be attended to, even if the enemy you slay is your own son. Do not take it to heart." He was reassured by her words and fell asleep. At that moment the well-bred tawny hound hearing the talk thought, "Tomorrow by my own power I must save this man's life." So early next morning the dog went down from the terrace and coming to the big door he lay with his head on the threshold, watching the road by which the Great Being came. But those councillors with swords in their hands came early in the morning and took their stand inside the door. And Bodhi duly observing the time came from the park and approached the palace door. Then the hound seeing him opened his mouth and showed his four big teeth and thought, "Why, holy Sir, do you not seek your alms elsewhere in India? Our king has posted five councillors armed with swords inside the door to slay you. Do not come accepting death as your fate[1], but be off with all speed," and he gave a loud bark. From his knowledge of the meaning of all sounds Bodhi understood the matter and returned to the park [232] and took everything that was necessary for his journey. But the king standing at his window, when he found he was not coming, thought, "If this man is my enemy, he will return to the park and gather together all his forces and will be prepared for action, but if otherwise, he will certainly take all that he requires and be ready to go away. I will find out what he is about." And going to the park he found the Great Being coming out of his hut of leaves and with all his requisites at the end of his cloister walk, ready to start, and saluting him he stood on one side and uttered the first stanza:

> What mean these things, umbrella, shoes, skin-robe and staff in hand?
> What of this cloak and bowl and hook? I fain would understand
> Why in hot haste thou wouldst depart and to what far-off land.

On hearing this the Great Being thought, "I suppose he does not understand what he has done. I will let him know." And he repeated two stanzas:

> These twelve long years I've dwelt, O king, within thy royal park;
> And never once before to-day this hound was known to bark.
>
> To-day he shows his teeth so white, defiant now and proud,
> And hearing what thou toldst the queen, to warn me, bays aloud.

[1] *Jātaka*, IV. 417, "with death written on the brow."

Then the king acknowledged his sin, and asking to be forgiven he repeated the fourth stanza:

[233] The sin was mine: thee, holy sir, my purpose was to slay;
But now I favour thee once more, and fain would have thee stay.

Hearing this the Great Being said, "Of a truth, Sire, wise men do not dwell with one who without having seen a thing with his own eyes follows the lead of others," and so saying he exposed his misconduct and spoke thus:

My food of old was pure and white, next motley 'twas in hue,
Now it is brown as brown can be. 'Tis time that I withdrew.

First on the dais, then upstairs and last below I dine;
Before I'm thrust out neck and crop, my place I will resign.

Affect thou not a faithless friend: like a dry well is he;
However deep one digs it out, the stream will muddy be.

A faithful friend aye cultivate, a faithless one eschew,
As one athirst hastes to a pool, a faithful friend pursue.

Cling to the friend that clings to thee, his love with love requite;
One who forsakes a faithful friend is deemed a sorry wight.

Who cleaves not to a steadfast friend, nor love requites with love,
Vilest of men is he, nor ranks the monkey tribe above.

To meet too often is as bad as not to meet at all;
To ask a boon a whit too soon—this too makes love to pall.

Visit a friend but not too oft, nor yet prolong thy stay;
At the right moment favours beg: so love will ne'er decay.

Who stay too long find oftentimes that friend is changed to foe;
So ere I lose thy friendship I will take my leave and go.

[234] The king said:

Though I with folded hands beseech, thou wilt not lend an ear,
Thou hast no word for us to whom thy service would be dear,
I crave one favour: come again and pay a visit here.

The Bodhisatta said:

If nothing comes to snap our life, O king, if thou and I
Still live, O fosterer of thy realm, perhaps I'll hither fly,
And we may see each other yet, as days and nights go by.

[235] Thus spoke the Great Being and preached the Truth to the king, saying, "Be vigilant, O Sire." And leaving the park, after going a round for alms in a district of his own, he departed from Benares and by degrees reached a place in the Himalayas, and after dwelling some time there he descended from the hills and settled in a forest near a frontier village. As soon as he was gone, those councillors once more sat in judgment, robbing the people, and they thought, "Should Great Bodhi, the mendicant, return, we shall lose our livelihood. What are we to do to prevent his coming back?" Then this occurred to them: "Such people as these cannot leave any object to which they are attached. What can be the object here to which he is attached?" Then feeling sure it must be the king's

chief consort, they thought, "This is the reason why he would return here. We will be beforehand[1] with them and put her to death." And they repeated this to the king, saying, "Sire, to-day a certain report is current in the city." "What report?" he said. "Great Bodhi the mendicant and the queen send messages to and fro, one to the other." "With what objects?" "His message to the queen, they say, is this, 'Will you be able by your own power to put the king to death and to grant me the white umbrella?' Her message to him is, 'The king's death, verily, is my charge: you are to come quickly.'" They constantly repeated this till the king believed it and asked, "What then is to be done?" They answered, "We must put the queen to death." And without investigating the truth of the matter he said, "Well then put her to death: and cutting up her body piecemeal throw it on the dunghill." They did so, and the news of her death was noised abroad throughout the city. Then her four sons said, "Our mother though innocent has been put to death by this man," and they became the king's enemies. And the king was greatly terrified. The Great Being in due course heard what had happened and thought, "Excepting myself there is no one that can pacify these princes and induce them to forgive their father; I will save the king's life and deliver these princes from their evil purpose." So next day he entered a frontier village and after eating the flesh of a monkey given to him by the inhabitants [236] he begged for its skin which he had dried in his hermit's hut till it had lost all smell and then made it into an inner and outer robe which he laid upon his shoulder. Why did he do so? That he might say, "It is very helpful to me." Taking the skin with him he gradually made his way to Benares and drawing nigh to the young princes he said to them, "To murder one's own father is a terrible thing: you must not do this. No mortal is exempt from decay and death. I have come here to reconcile you; when I send a message, you are to come to me." After having thus exhorted the youths, he entered the park within the city and seated himself upon a stone slab, spreading the monkey-skin over it.

When the keeper of the park saw this, he went in haste to tell the king. The king on hearing it was filled with joy, and taking those councillors with him went and saluted the Great Being, and sitting down began to converse pleasantly with him. The Great Being without any exchange of friendly greeting went on stroking his monkey-skin. The king said, "Sir, without making any provision[2] for me you continue to rub your monkey-skin. Is this more helpful to you than I am?" "Yes, Sire, this monkey is of the greatest service to me. I travelled about sitting on its back. It carried my water-pot for me. It swept out my dwelling-

[1] *paṭigacc'eva, v.l. paṭikacc'eva.* Refer to Trenckner's *Milindapañha*, note 48[32], pp. 421, 422. It has here the force of the Latin *ultro*.

[2] Another reading is *akathetvā*, "without addressing a word to me."

place. It performed various duties of a minor kind for me. Through its simplicity I ate its flesh and having had its skin dried I spread it out and sit and lie on it: so it is very useful to me." Thus did he, in order to refute these heretics, attribute the acts of a monkey to the monkey-skin, and with this object he spoke as he did. From his having formerly dressed in its skin he said, "I travelled about sitting on its back." From placing it on his shoulder and from having thus carried his drinking vessel he said, "It carried my drinking vessel." From the fact of having swept the ground with the skin he said, "It sweeps out my dwelling place." When he lies down, because his back is touched by this skiu, and when he steps upon it, because it touches his feet, he says, "It performed such and such various duties for me": when he was hungry, because he took and ate its flesh, he says, [237] "Being such a simple creature, I ate its flesh." On hearing this those councillors thought, "This man is guilty of murder. Consider, pray, the act of this ascetic: he says he killed a monkey, ate its flesh and goes about with its skin," and clapping their hands they ridiculed him. The Great Being, on seeing them do this, said, "These fellows do not know that I am come with this skin to refute their heresies: I will not tell them." And addressing the one that denied the Cause, he asked, saying, "Why, sir, do you blame me?" "Because you have been guilty of an act of treachery to a friend and of murder." Then the Great Being said, "If one should believe in you and in your doctrine and act accordingly, what evil has been done?" And refuting his heresy he said:

> If this thy creed, 'All acts of men, or good or base,
> From natural causes spring, I hold, in every case,'
> Where in involuntary acts can sin find place?
>
> If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
> Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.
>
> Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
> Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[238] Thus did the Great Being rebuke him and reduce him to silence. The king, feeling annoyed at the rebuke before the assembly, collapsed[1] and sat down. And the Great Being, after refuting his heresy, addressed the one who believed that everything is brought about by a Supreme Being and said, "Why, sir, do you blame me, if you really fall back upon the doctrine that everything is the creation of a Supreme Being?" And he repeated this verse:

> If there exists some Lord all powerful to fulfil
> In every creature bliss or woe, and action good or ill,
> That Lord is stained with sin. Man does but work his will.
>
> If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
> Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

[1] *pattakkhandha*, see note on p. 10.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

Thus did he, like one knocking down a mango with a club stick taken from the mango tree, refute the man who believed in the action of some Supreme Being by his very own doctrine, and then he thus addressed the believer in all things having happened before, saying, "Why, sir, do you blame me if you believe in the truth of the doctrine that everything has happened before?" And he repeated this verse:

From former action still both bliss and woe begin;
This monkey pays his debt, to wit, his former sin:
Each act's a debt discharged. Where then does guilt come in?

[239] If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

Having thus refuted the heresy of this man too, he turned to the believer in annihilation[1] and said, "You, sir, maintain that there is no reward and the like, believing that all mortals suffer annihilation here, and that no one goes to a future world. Why then do you blame me?" And rebuking him he said:

Each living creature's form four elements compose;
To these component parts dissolved each body goes.

The dead exist no more, the living still live on;
Should this world be destroyed, both wise and fools are gone:
Amidst a ruined world guilt-stain defileth none.

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[240] Thus did he refute the heresy of this one too and then addressing him who held the Kshatriya doctrine, he said, "You, sir, maintain that a man must serve his own interests, even should he have to kill his own father and mother. Why, if you go about professing this belief, do you blame me?" And he repeated this verse:

The Kshatriyas say, poor simple fools that think themselves so wise,
A man may kill his parents, if occasion justifies,
Or elder brother, children, wife, should need of it arise.

Thus did he withstand the views of this man too, and to reveal his own view he said:

'From off a tree beneath whose shade a man would sit and rest,
'Twere treachery to lop a branch. False friends we both detest.

[1] *ucchedavāda.* Compare *Vinaya Texts*, II. 111, *Dhamma Saṅgaṇi*, p. 268 of translation, and *Buddhist Suttas*, p. 149 (S.B.E. XI.) and *Kathā Vatthu, Pakaraṇa Aṭṭhakathā*, p. 6 (*P. T. S. J.* 1889).

But if occasion should arise, then extirpate that tree.'
That monkey then, to serve my needs, was rightly slain by me.

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[241] Thus did he refute the doctrine of this man too, and now that all these five heretics were dumbfounded and bewildered[1], addressing the king he said, "Sire, these fellows with whom you go about are big thieves who plunder your realm. Oh! fool that you are, a man by consorting with fellows such as these both in this present world and that which is to come would meet with great sorrow," and so saying he taught the king the Truth and said:

This man avers, 'There is no cause.' Another, 'One is Lord of all.'
Some hold, 'Each deed was done of old.' Others, 'All worlds to ruin fall.'
These and the Kshatriya heretics are fools who think that they are wise,
Bad men are they who sin themselves and others wickedly advise,
Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

Now by way of illustration, enlarging on the text of his sermon, he said:

A wolf disguised as ram of old
Drew unsuspected nigh the fold.

The [2]panic-stricken flock it slew,
Then scampered off to pastures new.

Thus monks and brahmins often use
A cloak, the credulous to abuse.

Some on bare ground all dirty lie,
Some fast, some squat in agony.

[242] Some may not drink, some eat by rule,
As saint each poses, wicked fool.

An evil race of men are they, and fools who think that they are wise,
All such not only sin themselves, but others wickedly advise,
Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

Who say, 'No Force exists in anything,'
Deny the Cause of all, disparaging
Their own and others' acts as vanity, O king,

An evil race of men are they, and fools who think that they are wise,
All such not only sin themselves, but others wickedly advise,
Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

If Force exists not anywhere nor acts be good or ill,
Why should a king keep artisans, to profit by their skill?

It is because Force does exist and actions good or ill,
That kings keep ever artisans and profit by their skill.

[1] *nippaṭibhāna*, cf. *appaṭibhāna*, *Cullavagga*, IV. 4. 8.

[2] Reading *vittāsayitvā* for *citrāsayitvā*.

If for a hundred years or more no rain or snow should fall,
Our race, amidst a ruined world, would perish one and all.

But as rains fall and snow withal, the changing year ensures,
That harvest ripens and our land for ages long endures.

[1]The bull through floods a devious course will take &c.

Who plucketh fruit before it has well ripened on the tree,
Destroys its seed and never knows how sweet the fruit may be.

[243] So he that by unrighteous rule his country has destroyed,
The sweets that spring from righteousness has never once enjoyed.

But he that lets the fruit he plucks first ripen on the tree,
Preserves its seed and knows full well how sweet the fruit may be.

So hė too by his righteous rule that has preserved the land,
How sweet the fruits of justice are can fully understand.

The warrior king that o'er the land unrighteous sway shall wield
Will suffer loss in plant and herb, whate'er the ground shall yield.

So should he spoil his citizens so apt by trade to gain,
A failing source of revenue will his exchequer drain.

And should he vex his soldiers bold, so skilled to rule the fight,
His army will fall off from him and shear him of his might.

So should he wrong or sage or saint, he meets his due reward,
And through his sin, howe'er high born, from heaven will be debarred.

And should a wife by wicked king, though innocent, be slain,
He suffers in his children and in hell is racked with pain.

Be just to town and country folk and treat thy soldiers well,
Be kind to wife and children and let saints in safety dwell.

A monarch such as this, O Sire, if free from passion found,
Like Indra, lord of Asuras, strikes terror all around.

[245] The Great Being having thus taught the Truth to the king summoned the four young princes and admonished them, explaining to them the king's action, and he said, "Ask the king's pardon," and having persuaded the king to forgive them, he said, "Sire, henceforth do not accept the statement of slanderers without weighing their words, and be not guilty of any similar deed of violence, and as for you young princes, act not treacherously towards the king," and he thus admonished them all. Then the king said to him, "Holy Sir, it was owing to these men that I sinned against you and the queen, and through accepting their statement I wrought this evil deed. [246] I will put all five of them to death." "Sire, you must not do this." "Then I will order their feet and hands to be cut off." "This too you must not do." The king assented, saying, "It is well," and he stript them of all their property and disgracing them in various ways, by fastening their hair into five locks[2], by putting them into

[1] These lines are to be found in *Jātaka*, vol. III. p. 74 (English) and vol. V. p. 113.

[2] Compare *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*, XII. 168, Tawney's translation, vol. I. p. 80, where as a mark of disgrace a woman's head is so shaved that five locks are left. *Jātaka* VI. 135 shows that the *cūḷā* was sometimes a mark of slavery. In *Jātaka* V. p. 249 a little boy of poor parents is described as wearing his hair in this fashion.

fetters and chains and by sprinkling cow-dung over them, he drove them out of his kingdom. And the Bodhisatta after staying there a few days and admonishing the king, bidding him be vigilant, set off for the Himalayas and developed supernatural power arising out of mystic meditation, and so long as he lived, cultivating the Perfect States, he became a denizen of the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and saying, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also, the Tathāgata was wise and crushed all disputants," he thus identified the Birth: "At that time the five heretics[1] were Purāṇa Kassapa, Makkhali Gosāla, Pakudha Kaccāna, Ajita Kesakambalī, Nigaṇṭha Nāthaputta, the tawny dog was Ānanda, and the wandering mendicant Mahābodhi was I myself.

[1] For these heretics see Hardy's *Manual*, p. 300, and *Vinaya Texts*, II. 111. Some of their names are found elsewhere with different forms, Pūraṇa, Kakudha Kaccāyana and Nātaputta.

BOOK XIX. SAṬṬHINIPĀTA.

No. 529.

SONAKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[247] "*A thousand crowns,*" *etc.* This is a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Renunciation. On this occasion the Bodhisatta sitting in the Hall of Truth in the midst of the Brethren, as they were singing the praises of the Perfection of Renunciation, said, "Brethren, not now only, but of old also the Tathāgata verily left the world and made the Great Renunciation," and so saying he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time, the Magadha king reigned in Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born to his chief queen and on his naming-day they called him prince Arindama. On the very day of his birth a son was also born to the royal chaplain, and to him they gave the name of young Sonaka. The two lads grew up together and when they were of age they were exceedingly handsome, in appearance not to be distinguished one from another, and they went to Takkasilā and, after being trained in all sciences, they left that place with the intention of learning the practical uses of arts and local observances, and gradually in the course of their wanderings found their way to Benares. There they took up their abode in the royal park and next day entered the city. That very day certain men being minded to make an offering of food to brahmins provided some rice-porridge and arranged seats, and on seeing these youths approach they brought them into the house and made them sit upon the seats they had prepared. On the seat allotted to the Bodhisatta a white cloth was spread, on that assigned to Sonaka a red woollen rug. On seeing this omen Sonaka at once understood that this day his dear friend Arindama [248] would become king in Benares, and that he would offer him the post of commander-in-chief. After they had finished their meal they returned together to the park. Now it was the seventh day since the king of Benares had died and the royal house was without an heir. So the councillors and the rest after washing themselves, head and all,

[1] Compare the story of *Darīmukha*, No. 378, vol. III. p. 156 (English translation).

assembled together and saying, "Thou art to go to the house of the man that is worthy to be king," they started the festal car[1]. On leaving the city it gradually approached the park and stopping at the park gate it stood there, ready for any one to mount upon it. The Bodhisatta lay, with his outer robe wrapped about his head, on the royal slab of stone, while the lad Sonaka sat near him. On hearing the sound of musical instruments Sonaka thought, "Here comes the festal car for Arindama. To-day he will be made king and he will offer me the post of commander. But verily I have no desire for rule: when he is gone away, I will leave the world and become an ascetic," and he stood on one side in concealment. The chaplain on entering the park saw the Great Being lying there and ordered his trumpets to be sounded. The Great Being woke up and after turning over and lying for a while he rose up and sat cross-legged on the stone seat. Then the chaplain spreading out his arms in a suppliant attitude cried, "The kingdom, Sire, comes to you." "Why, is there no heir to the throne?" "Even so, Sire." "Then it is well," he said. So they sprinkled him to be king then and there. And mounting him on the car they brought him with a vast escort into the city. After a solemn procession round the city he ascended to his palace and in the greatness of his glory he forgot all about young Sonaka. But when the king was gone, Sonaka returned and sat on the stone seat, and so it was that a withered leaf of a sāl tree fell from its stalk in front of him, and on seeing it he cried, "Even as this leaf, so will my body fall into decay," and acquiring supernatural insight by reflecting on the impermanence of all things he attained to the state of a paccekabuddha, and at this very instant his characteristic as a layman vanished, and the marks of an ascetic became visible, and saying, "There is no more re-birth for me," in the utterance of this aspiration he set out for the cave of Nandamūla. And the Great Being after the lapse of forty years remembered Sonaka and said, "Where in the world can Sonaka be?" And time after time calling him to mind [249] he found no one to tell him saying, "I have heard of him or I have seen him." And sitting cross-legged on a royal throne upon a magnificent dais, surrounded by a company of minstrels and mime dancers, in the enjoyment of his glory, he said, "Whosoever shall hear from some one that Sonaka dwells in such and such a place and shall repeat it to me, to him I promise a hundred pieces of money, but whosoever shall see him with his own eyes and shall tell me, to him I promise a thousand pieces of money," and giving expression to this inspired utterance, in the form of a song, he repeated the first stanza:

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear,
A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

[1] *phussaratha*, *Jātaka* III. 238, IV. 39, and especially *Mahājanaka*, VI. No. 539.

Then a nautch girl, catching it up, as it were, from his very mouth, sang the words, and then another and another took it up till the whole harem, thinking it was a favourite air of the king's, all sang it. And gradually both towns-people and country-folk sang the same song and the king too constantly sang it. At the end of fifty years the king had many sons and daughters, and the eldest son was called prince Dīghāvu. At this time the paccekabuddha Sonaka thought, "King Arindama is anxious to see me. I will go and explain to him the misery of evil desires and the blessing of Renunciation, and will show him the way to become an ascetic. And by his supernatural power he conveyed himself thither and took a seat in the park. At that moment a boy seven years old, wearing his hair in five knots, was sent there by his mother, and as he was gathering sticks in the park garden he sang over and over again this song. Sonaka called the boy to him and asked him saying, "Why, my lad, do you always sing the same song and never sing anything else? Do you not know any other song?" "I know others, holy Sir, but this is the king's favourite song, and so I constantly sing it." "Has any one been found to sing a refrain to this song?" "No, Sir." "I will teach you one and then you can go and sing the refrain before the king." "Yes, Sir." So he taught him the refrain 'A thousand crowns' and the rest of it, and when the boy had mastered it, [250] he sent him off, saying, "Go, my lad, and sing this refrain before the king and he will grant you great power. What have you to do with gathering sticks? Be off with you as quick as you can." "It is well," said the boy, and having mastered the refrain and saluted Sonaka he said, "Holy Sir, until I bring the king, do you remain here." With these words he went off as fast as he could to his mother and said to her, "Dear mother, give me a bath and dress me in my best clothes: to-day will I free you from your poverty." And when he had taken a bath and was smartly dressed, he went to the door of the palace and said, "Porter, go and tell the king and say, 'A certain lad has come and even now stands at the door, prepared to sing a song with you.'" So the porter made haste and told the king. The king summoned him to his presence and said, "Friend, would you sing a song with me?" "Yes, Sire." "Then sing it." "My lord, I will not sing it here, but have a drum beaten through the city and bid the people assemble together. I will sing before the people." The king ordered this to be done, and, taking his seat in the middle of a couch under a magnificent pavilion and assigning a suitable seat to the boy, he said, "Now then sing your song." "Sire," he said, "you sing first and then I will sing a refrain to it." Then the king sang first, repeating this stanza:

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear,
A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

Then the Master, to make it clear that the boy with his hair dressed in five knots sang a refrain to the song begun by the king, in his Perfect Wisdom repeated two lines:

Then up and spake that little boy—five tangled locks he wore—
'The thousand give to me who saw, who heard a hundred more:
I'll tell thee news of Sonaka, thy playfellow of yore.'

The verses that follow are to be taken in their obvious connexion.

[251] Pray in what country, realm, or town hast thou a-wandering been,
And where was Sonaka, my friend, I prithee tell me, seen?

Within this realm, in thine own park is many a big sāl tree
With leaves dark green and stems so straight, a pleasant sight to see;

Their branches densely interlaced, cloud-like, to heaven they rise,
And at their foot lo! Sonaka in meditation lies,
Filled with the Arhat's holy calm, when human passion dies.

The king then started in full force and levelling the road
He made his way straight to the place of Sonaka's abode.

There wandering midst an ample grove within his pleasure ground,
All passionless, in saintly bliss, his friend at rest he found.

Without saluting him he sat on one side and, by reason of his being himself given up to evil passion, he fancied he was some poor wretch and addressed him in this stanza:

His parents dead, with shaven head, clad in monk's robe I see
A wretched Brother in a trance, stretched here beneath this tree.

On hearing this said Sonaka, 'He is no wretched wight
Who in his every action, Sire, has aye attained to right.

[252] Nay rather wretched those who right neglect and practise ill,
For evil doer evil doom is destined to fulfil.'

Thus did he rebuke the Bodhisatta, and he pretending not to know he was being rebuked, talking in a friendly way with him, declared his name and family and spoke this stanza:

As king of Kāsi I am known, Arindama my name,
Since coming here, Sir, hast thou met with aught deserving blame?

Then the paccekabuddha said, "Not merely while dwelling here but nowhere else have I met with any discomfort," and he began to tell in verse the blessings of the monk:

'Mongst blessings of poor homeless monk I ever count it one,
In jar or maund or granary he stores has hoarded none,
But only craves what others leave and lives content thereon.

The next of all his blessings this is one deserving praise,
He free from blame enjoys his food and no one him gainsays.

Third blessing of the monk I hold is this, that all his days
He eats his food in happiness and no one him gainsays.

The fourth of all his blessings is that wheresoe'er he goes,
He wanders free throughout the realm and no Attachment knows.

Fifth blessing this that should the town, wherever he may be,
Perish in flames, he suffers not, for nought to burn has he.

[253] The sixth of all the blessings he may reckon to his lot,
That if the realm should be despoiled, he suffers not a jot.

The seventh of the blessings that to poverty he owes,
Though robbers should his path beset, and many dangerous foes,
With bowl and robe the holy man ever in safety goes.

Last blessing this that wheresoe'er our wanderer may fare,
Homeless and poor, he journeys on without regret or care.

[254] Thus did the paccekabuddha Sonaka tell of the eight blessings of the monk, and even beyond this he could have told of a hundred, nay a thousand immeasurable blessings, but the king being given up to sensual desires cut short his speech, saying, "I have no need of monkish blessings," and to make it clear how devoted he was to evil passions he said:

Thy many blessings thou mayst praise but what am I to do
Who worldly pleasures, Sonaka, so greedily pursue?

Dear are all human joys to me and heavenly joys as well,
But how to gain both worlds at once, to me, I prithee, tell.

Then the paccekabuddha answered him:

[255] Who greedily on pleasure bent their worldly lusts would sate,
Work wickedness awhile, to be re-born in woeful state.

But they who leave desire behind through life all fearless go,
And reaching concentration[1] pure are ne'er re-born to woe.

Here tell I thee a parable; Arindama, give heed,
Some that are wise through parable my meaning best may read.

See! borne along on Ganges' flooded tide a carcase vast,
A foolish crow thought to himself as it was floating past,

'Oh what a carriage I have found and goodly store of food,
Here will I stay both night and day, enjoying blissful mood.'

So eats he flesh of elephant and drinks from Ganges' stream,
And budging not sees grove and shrine pass by him in a dream.

Thus heedless and on carrion vile so all intent was he,
The Ganges swept him headlong to the perils of the sea.

But when with food exhausted he, poor bird, essayed a flight,
Nor east nor west nor south nor north was any land in sight.

Far out at sea, so weak was he, long ere he reached the shore,
Midst countless perils of the deep he fell to rise no more.

For crocodiles and monster fish, where our poor flutterer lay,
Came ravening all around and quick devoured their quivering prey.

So thou and all that greedily pleasures of sense pursue
Are deemed as wise as was this crow, till ye all lusts eschew.

My parable proclaims the Truth. To it, O king, give heed,
Thy fame for good or ill will grow according to thy deed.

[257] Thus by means of this parable did he admonish the king and, in order to fix it firmly in his mind, he repeated this stanza:

In pity once, nay even twice, utter the warning word,
But keep not on repeating it, like slave before his lord.

[1] *ekodibhāva*, concentration of mind, see R. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* 1885, p. 32 and *Academy*, March 27, 1886.

Thus in his wisdom infinite did Sonaka the seer
Instruct the king, and then in space straightway did disappear.

This stanza was inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

And the Bodhisatta stood gazing on him as he passed through the air, so long as he remained within the range of his vision, but when he had passed out of sight, he was greatly agitated and thought, "This brahmin, low-born[1] fellow that he is, after scattering the dust from his feet upon my head, though I am sprung from an unbroken line of nobles, [258] has disappeared in the sky: I must to-day renounce the world and become a religious. So in his desire to join the religious and give up his kingdom he repeated a couple of stanzas:

Where are my charioteers, despatched a worthy king to find?
I would not longer reign; henceforth my crown I have resigned.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

On hearing him thus abdicate his throne his councillors said:

Thou hast a son, Dīghāvu named, a goodly prince is he,
By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he our king shall be.

Then, beginning with the stanza spoken by the king, the verses in due order are to be understood in their obvious connexion:

Then quickly bring Dīghāvu here, a goodly prince is he,
By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he your king shall be.

When they had brought Dīghāvu there, their nursing king to be,
His sire addressed his darling boy—an only son was he.

Full sixty thousand villages I once did claim as mine,
Take them, my son, to thee henceforth my kingdom I resign.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand elephants with splendour all bedight,
With girths of gold, caparisoned with trappings golden-bright,

Each ridden by his own mahout, with spikèd hook in hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

[259] Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand horses here, bedecked in bright array
—Sindh horses, all of noble breed and fleet of foot are they—

Each ridden by a henchman bold, with sword and bow in hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand cars all yoked, with banners flying free,
With tiger skin and panther hide, a gorgeous sight to see,

[1] On a brahmin being called *hīna-jacco* see *Buddhist India* by R. Davids, p. 60.

Each driven by mailéd charioteers, all armed with bow in hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand kine so red, with bulls on every hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Here twice eight thousand maidens fair in goodly vesture stand,
With many a jewelled bracelet decked and rings upon each hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

[1]They say to me, 'Thy mother dear, alas! poor boy, is dead,'
I cannot live without thee too. All joy from life is fled.

As close behind old elephant a young one oft is found
Moving through mountain-pass or wood, o'er rough or level ground,

So bowl in hand I'll follow thee, wherever thou mayst lead,
Nor shalt thou find me burdensome or difficult to feed.

[2]As oft some ship of merchants seeking gain at any cost
Is swallowed by a whirlpool[3] and both ship and crew are lost,

So lest I find a stumbling-block in this accurséd boy,
Instal him in my palace there all pleasures to enjoy—

[260] With maids whose hands caressing him with gleaming gold are bright,
Like Sakka midst his nymphs divine, he'll ever take delight.

Then brought they prince Dīghāvu to the palace, home of joy,
And seeing him these maidens fair addressed the royal boy.

'Who art thou? Angel, minstrel-god, or Sakka known to fame,
Dispensing alms in every town? We fain would learn thy name.'

No angel I nor minstrel-god nor Sakka known to fame,
But heir to king of Kāsi, prince Dīghāvu is my name.
So cherish me and happy be: each one as wife I claim.

Then thus unto Dīghāvu, their liege lord, these maidens said;
'Where has the king a refuge gained, and whither is he fled?'

The king escaped from miry ways is safe upon dry ground,
From thorns and jungle free at last the high road he has found.

But I am set upon a path that leads to woeful state,
Through thorns and jungle on I press to reach an awful fate.

Welcome to us, as lion is to cubs in mountain lair,
Bear sway henceforth, our sovereign lord, the true and rightful heir.

[261] And having so spoken they all sounded their musical instruments and all manner of song and dance took place, and so great was his glory that the prince intoxicated by it forgot all about his father, but exercising his rule with justice he fared according to his deeds. But the Bodhisatta

[1] This and the two following stanzas are spoken by the young prince.

[2] This and the two following stanzas are spoken by king Arindama.

[3] The commentary explains *vohāra* as a 'monster fish' or 'whirlpool.'

developed the supernatural faculty resulting from Meditation and passed away to the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but also of old the Tathāgata verily made the Great Renunciation," and he identified the Birth, saying, "At that time the paccekabuddha obtained Nirvāna, the son was the young Rāhula, and king Arindama was I myself."

No. 530.

SAṀKICCA-JĀTAKA.

"*At sight of Brahmadatta*," *etc.* This story the Master, while dwelling in the mango grove of Jīvaka[1], told concerning the murder of his own father by Ajātasattu. For owing to Devadatta [262] and at his instigation he had his father put to death. But when sickness arose in the schismatic congregation following upon the division in the Order, Devadatta resolved to go and ask pardon of the Tathāgata, and, as he was journeying in a litter to Sāvatthi he was swallowed up by the earth at the gate of Jetavana. On hearing this Ajātasattu thought, "Because Devadatta was an enemy of the supreme Buddha, he has disappeared into the earth and is destined to the Avīci hell. It was owing to him that I murdered my holy father, that king of Righteousness. I too shall surely be swallowed up by the earth." And he was so terrified that he found no enjoyment in his royal splendour, and thinking he would rest awhile, he had no sooner fallen asleep than he seemed to be dropped into a world of iron nine leagues thick, and beaten as it were with iron spikes and devoured by dogs continually snapping at him, and with a terrible cry he rose up. So one day at full moon[2] during the cāturmāsya festival, when surrounded by a great retinue of courtiers he reflected on his own glory, he bethought him that his father's glory was far greater than this, and that owing to Devadatta he had slain so excellent a king of Righteousness, and while he thought on this a fever sprang up in his limbs and his whole body was bathed in sweat. And considering who could drive away this fear from him he concluded that except Dasabala there was no one, and thinking, "I have sinned greatly against the Tathāgata: who verily will take me into his presence?" and concluding there was no one but Jīvaka, he considered some way of getting him to go with him, and uttering a joyous cry, "O sir, what a lovely clear night it is," he said, "what if to-day we were to pay our respects to some priest or brahmin?" And when the virtues of Purāṇa[3] and other teachers had been sung by their respective disciples, without attending to what they said he cross-questioned Jīvaka, and on his telling of the virtues of the Tathāgata and crying, "Let his Majesty pay his respects to the Blessed One," he ordered elephant cars to be got ready and went to the mango grove of Jīvaka. And approaching the Tathāgata with an obeisance and being kindly greeted by him, he inquired of the reward of asceticism in this present life, and after listening to a sweet discourse on this topic from the Tathāgata, at the end of the sermon he announced his discipleship, and having been reconciled to the Tathāgata he went his ways. Thenceforth distributing alms and keeping the moral law he associated with the Tathāgata, and listening

[1] Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 244—257, and pp. 333—337.

[2] *Komudī*, the full moon day in the month *Kattika*.

[3] Instead of *purāṇa* reading *Purāṇa*, i.e. Purāṇa Kassapa. Cf. *Dīgha Nikāya*, II. 2, where the name appears as Pūraṇa.

to his sweet discourse on the Law and consorting with a virtuous friend, his fears abated and his feeling of horror disappeared, and he recovered his peace of mind and happily cultivated the four Ways of Deportment. Then one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Ajātasattu after slaying his father was terror-stricken and finding no enjoyment in his regal splendour he experienced pain in every posture. Then he went to the Tathāgata and by associating with a virtuous friend he lost his fears and enjoyed the happiness of lordship." The Master came and asked, saying, "What topic, Brethren, are you now engaged in discussing in conclave?" [263] and on their telling him what it was, he said, "Not now only, but of old too, this man, after murdering his father, through me recovered his peace of mind," and he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in Benares Brahmadatta begat a son, prince Brahmadatta. At the same time the Bodhisatta was conceived in the house of the family priest. And at his birth they named him young Saṁkicca. The two lads grew up together in the palace and were great friends. And when they came of age, after acquiring all learning at Takkasilā, they returned home. Then the king appointed his son to be viceroy and the Bodhisatta still lived with him. Now one day the viceroy, when his father was gone to disport himself in the pleasure garden, beheld his great glory and conceived a longing for it, thinking, "My father is more like a brother; if I shall wait for his death, I shall be an old man before I succeed to the crown. What good will it do me to get the kingdom then? I will kill my father and make myself king," and he told the Bodhisatta what he thought of doing. The Bodhisatta rejected the idea, saying, "Friend, the murder of a father is a serious matter. That way lies the road to hell. You must not do this deed. Pray do not kill him." But he spoke of it again and again and was opposed by his friend for the third time. Then he consulted with his attendants and they fell in with the idea and devised a plot to kill the king. But the Bodhisatta hearing of it thought, "I will not consort with people like these," and without taking leave of his father and mother he escaped by a house-door[1] and hid himself in the Himalaya country. There he embraced the ascetic life and entered upon the supernatural powers arising from ecstatic meditation, living on roots and wild berries. But the prince, when his friend was gone away, put his father to death and enjoyed great glory. Hearing it said that young Saṁkicca had adopted the ascetio life, many youths of good family gave up the world and were ordained by him to the ascetic life. And he dwelt there surrounded by a great company of ascetics, all of whom had already reached the Attainments. The king, after killing his father, for a very short time enjoyed the pleasure of kingship,

[1] Whenever any one wishes to leave the house without being observed, he goes out by the *aggadvāram*, perhaps a side or back-door, as opposed to the main entrance. Cf. *Jātaka*, vol. i. 114, vol. v. 132, Pali text.

and then was terror-stricken and lost his peace of mind and was like to one who had found his punishment[1] in hell. Then calling to mind the Bodhisatta he thought, "My friend tried to stop me, saying the murder of one's father was a grievous thing, but failing to persuade me he ran away to keep himself free from guilt. If he had been here, he would not have let me slay my father and he would free me from this terror. Where in the world can he be living? If I knew where he was dwelling, I would send for him. Who can tell me his place of abode?" Thenceforth both in the harem and in the court he was ever singing the praises of the Bodhisatta. A long time afterwards, when he had lived fifty years in the Himalayas, the Bodhisatta thought, "The king remembers me. I must go to him and teach him the Law and remove his fears." So attended by five hundred ascetics he passed through the air and alighted in the garden called Dāyapassa, and surrounded by his band of ascetics he seated himself on the stone slab. The keeper of the garden on seeing him asked, saying, "Holy sir, who is the leader of this company of ascetics?" And hearing it was the sage Saṁkicca and himself recognising him he said, "Sir, stay here until I bring the king. He is anxious to see you." And making an obeisance he went with haste to the palace and told the king of his friend's arrival. The king came to see bim and after offering all due civility he put a question to him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

At sight of Brahmadatta thus enthroned in royal state,
He said, 'O king, the friend for whom thou art compassionate,

Saṁkicca, lo! is here—of saints the chief in fame is he—
Set out in haste and tarry not this holy sage to see.'

So quickly mounting on the car prepared at his behest,
The king begirt with courtier friends set forth upon his quest.

The emblems five of royal pomp straight doffed the Kāsi lord,
Umbrella, turban, yak-tail fan, with shoes and eke his sword.

Then stepping from his car the king, stripped of his bright array,
To Dāyapassa park, where sat Saṁkicca, took his way.

The king drew nigh and greeting him with words of courtly phrase,
Recalled the converse they had held together in old days.

And as he sat beside him, when occasion fit arose,
A question as to sinful deeds he hastened to propose.

'Saṁkicca, lord of saintly band, great sage, whom here I see
Sitting in Dāyapassa park, I fain would question thee.

[265] How fare transgressors after death? Born to what state are they?
I too have erred from righteousness. Thy answer quick, I pray.'

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

[1] Reading *kammakāraṇā*. Cf. Morris on this word in the *Pali Text Society Journal*, 1884, p. 76.

Saṁkicca thus addressed the king who ruled o'er Kāsi land,
Sitting in Dāyapassa glades: 'Mark, sire, and understand:

Shouldst thou point out the road to one gone hopelessly astray,
And he should follow thy advice, no thorns beset his way.

But he that walks in evil ways, shouldst thou direct aright,
And he should follow thy advice, escapes from woeful plight.'

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[266] Thus did he admonish the king, and moreover taught him the Faith, saying,

Right is like the high road,
Wrong is but a bye-road.

Right to heaven aye wins its way,
Wrong to hell leads men astray.

Men that transgress the law, O sire, and live unrighteously,
What fate they suffer after death in hell, now hear from me.

Sañjīva, Kāḷasutta and Roruva, great and small,
Saṅghāta, Great Avīci, are names that may well appal,
With Tapana and Patāpana, eight major hells in all.

Escape from hence is hopeless, and of Ussadas they tell,
[1]Twice eight times more in number, a kind of minor hell—

Dread flames here torture sinful men, all cruel deeds abound,
Horror, amazement, anguish, woe and terror reign around.

Four square with fourfold doors is each, in due proportion spaced,
With dome of iron 'twas o'erarched, by iron wall embraced,

Its base of iron wrought is such no raging flame may melt,
Though e'en a hundred leagues around its mighty power is felt.

All that have outrage done to saints or injured holy men
Fall headlong into hell's abyss, no more to rise again.

In evil plight their mangled frames, piece-meal like fish on toast,
For their misdeeds through countless years in hell are doomed to roast.

Their limbs consumed with burning heat, to torture dread a prey,
Though eager to escape from hell they never find a way.

Seeking an outlet to and fro to east or west they fly,
Or baffled hurry north or south, a hopeless quest to ply,
For gods are there to bar the way, whichever door they try.

[267] Poor souls, for many thousand years they dwell in hell's domain,
With arms outstretched they sore lament their overwhelming pain.

Like deadly poison-snake whose wrath 'twere fatal to arouse,
Shun to attack the saints that live bound by ascetic vows.

Ajjuna[2], lord of Kekakās, great archer, who annoyed
Gotama, was despite his bulk and thousand arms destroyed.

So Daṇḍaki[2] defiling Kisavaccha, sinless one,
Like palm tree from the roots cut down, was utterly undone.

[1] The number of *ussada* hells is given by the scholiast as 128. Cf. *L'Enfer Indien* par M. L. Feer, *Journal Asiatique*, 1892 (VIII. sér. 20), pp. 185 sqq. *Pañca-gati-dīpana*, *Pali Text Soc. Journ.* 1884. Senart's *Mahāvastu*, I. 4. 12—27. 1 (summary at p. XXII). *Śikshāsamuccaya*, ed. Bendall, pp. 69—73.

[2] Vol. V. No. 522, *Sarabhaṅga Jātaka*, p. 72, English version.

Mejjha[1] for famed Mātaṅga's sake fell from its place of pride,
The land became a wilderness and king and people died.

Assailing black Dīpāyana[2] the men of Vishṇu race
With Andhakas[3] sought Yama's realm, each slain by other's mace.

Cursed by a sage, Cecca[4] who once could tread the air, they say,
Was lost and swallowed by the earth on his appointed day.

The self-willed fool can never gain the approval of the wise,
But guileless souls, equipped with truth, are slow to utter lies.

Whoso would lie in wait to catch some wise and holy man,
Hurled down to hell will quickly learn to rue his wicked plan.

But who with treacherous cruelty shall aged saints assail,
Shall like a dying palm tree stump, childless and heirless, fail.

Whoso some mighty sage, a priest of life austere, shall slay,
In Kāḷasutta hell shall suffer torture many a day.

And if a wicked Maga king his realm should overthrow,
He shall when dead in Tapana like sufferings undergo.

A hundred thousand years, as gods count years, he's doomed to dwell,
Clad in a robe of living flame, midst agonies of hell.

[268] Bright jets of fire on every side shoot from his tortured frame,
His very limbs, hair, nails and all, serve but to feed the flame.

And as his body burns apace, racked through and through with pain,
Like a goad-stricken elephant, poor wretch, he roars amain.

Whoso from greed or hatred shall, vile creature, slay his sire,
In Kāḷasutta hell long time shall agonize in fire.

In iron cauldron boiled till he shall peel,
The parricide is pierced with shafts of steel,
Then blinded and on filth condemned to feed
He's plunged in brine, to expiate his deed.

Then goblins 'twixt his jaws, lest they should close,
Hot iron ball or ploughshare interpose,
These fixed with cords his mouth so firmly prop,
They into it a stream of filth can drop.

Vultures, both black and brown, and ravens too,
And birds with iron beaks, a motley crew,
Rending his tongue to many a fragment small,
Devour the quivering morsel, blood and all.

The goblins flitting to and fro
Assail the wretch with many a blow,
On his charred breast or broken limb
With cruel glee they buffet him.
The joy is theirs, but woes abide
With all that in such hell reside
For earthly crime of parricide.

The son that slays his mother straight to Yama's realm is sent,
In retribution for his deed to reap due punishment.

[1] Vol. IV. No. 497, *Mātaṅga Jātaka*, p. 244, English version.
[2] Vol. IV. No. 454, *Ghata Jātaka*, p. 53—7, English version.
[3] Vol. V. No. 512, *Kumbha Jātaka*, p. 10, English version.
[4] Vol. III. No. 422, *Cetiya Jātaka*, p. 275, English version.

There powerful demons seize upon the guilty matricide,
And plough with iron shares his back in furrows deep and wide.

[269] The blood like molten copper from his wounds that flows they take,
And give it to the guilty wretch, his burning thirst to slake.

He stands plunged in a crimson lake as 'twere of clotted blood,
Breathing foul stench of carrion vile or evil smelling mud.

Enormous worms with iron mouths, piercing their victim's skin,
Devour his flesh right greedily and suck the blood within.

In hell one hundred fathoms deep behold the victim sinks,
While for a hundred leagues around dead carcase like he stinks.

By reason of the stench, O king, such is his sorry plight,
Though once possessed of vision keen he suffers loss of sight.

Past out from Khuradhāra hell, grim prison house hard to flee,
Abortion-mongers 'scape not thy dread stream, Vetaraṇī[1].

Silk-cotton trees with thorns foot long of iron wrought, 'tis said,
On either bank, Vetaraṇī, o'erhang thy gloomy bed.

All clothed in flame, one mass of fire, they stand against the sky,
And all ablaze with brilliant light tower a full league on high.

Here fixed upon sharp thorns red-hot in hell appear to view
Unfaithful husbands, guilty wives, the whole adulterous crew.

Beaten with stripes headlong they fall, revolving in their flight,
And there with mangled limbs they lie awake the livelong night.

At dawn they hide themselves in Iron Cauldron[2], known to fame,
Big as a mountain 'tis and full of water like to flame.

So clad in folly like a robe these sinners night and day,
For their ill deeds wrought long ago, fit retribution pay.

Whoso as wife bought with his gold her husband shall despise,
Or shall regard his kith and kin with ever scornful eyes,
Her tongue, wrenched out with hook and line, shall suffer agonies.

[270] She sees her tongue drawn out all full of worms, nor may complain,
Silent perforce, in Tapana enduring awful pain.

Slayers of sheep and swine and cows, and followers of the chase,
Fishermen, robbers, cruel all, glozing as fair things base,

Assailed with swords and iron clubs, headlong, these men of blood,
Pursued with spears and arrows fall into a briny flood.

The forger, harried night and day with club of iron forged,
Feeds only on the filthy mess by some poor rogue disgorged.

Crows, ravens, vultures, jackals too, all armed with iron jaw,
Entomb the struggling wretch alive in their insatiate maw.

Who shall with beast[3] hunt beast to death, or bird with bird shall slay,
O'erwhelmed with sin shall sink to hell, to rue the accursèd day.

[276] Thus did the king describe all these hells, and now making an opening in the earth he showed the king the angel-worlds and said:

[1] A river in Hell.

[2] *Jātaka*, III. p. 29 (English version).

[3] This would refer to hunting the deer with dogs or the chetah, or to the sport of hawking.

Through virtue stored on earth of old the good to heaven attain,
Here Brahmas, Devas, Indra, lo! ripe fruit of Virtue gain.

This then I say, bear righteous sway throughout thy realm, my king,
For justice done is merit won, nor e'er regret will bring.

[277] On hearing the religious discourse of the Great Being, the king thenceforth was comforted. And the Bodhisatta, after staying some time there, returned to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his story and said, "Not now only, but of old also was he consoled by me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time Ajātasattu was the king, the followers of Buddha formed the company of the ascetic, and I myself was the sage Saṁkicca."

BOOK XX. SATTATINIPĀTA.

No. 531.

KUSA-JĀTAKA[1].

[278] "*This realm,*" *etc.* This was a tale the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told about a backsliding Brother. The story runs that he was of noble birth and lived at Sāvatthi, and on his heartily embracing the Faith he adopted the ascetic life. Now one day as he was going his rounds for alms in Sāvatthi, he met a fair lady and fell in love with her at first sight. Overcome by his passion he lived an unhappy life, and letting his nails and hair grow long and wearing soiled robes, he pined away and became quite sallow, with all his veins standing out on his body. And just as in the angel-world, such as are destined to fall from their heavenly existence manifest five well-known signs, that is to say, their garlands wither, their robes soil, their bodies grow ill-favoured, perspiration pours from their armpits, and they no longer find pleasure in their angel-home, so too in the case of worldly Brethren, who fall from the Faith, the same five signs are to be seen: the flowers of faith wither, the robes of righteousness soil, through discontent and the effects of an evil name their persons grow ill-favoured, the sweat of corruption streams from them and they no longer delight in a life of solitude at the foot of forest trees—all these signs were to be found in him. So they brought him into the presence of the Master, saying, "Holy Sir, this fellow is discontented." The Master asked if it were true, and on his confessing that it was, he said, "Brother, be not the slave of sin. This is a wicked woman; overcome your passion for her, take pleasure in the Faith. Verily through falling in love with a woman, sages of old, mighty though they were, lost their power and came to misery and destruction." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the Malla kingdom, in the royal city of Kusāvatī[2], king Okkāka ruled his kingdom righteously. Amongst his sixteen thousand wives [279] the chief was Sīlavatī, his qneen consort. Now she had neither son nor daughter, and the men of the city and all his subjects assembled at the door of the palace, complaining that the realm would utterly perish. The king opened his window and said, "Under my rule no man worketh iniquity. Wherefore do ye reproach

[1] The story of Kusa may be linked with the European variants of the tale of "Beauty and the Beast." See *Tibetan Tales*, Introduction, p. xxxvii. and 21—28, and *Kusa Jātakaya*, a Buddhistic legend, rendered from the Sinhalese into English verss by Thomas Steele.

[2] A former name for Kusinārā.

me?" "True, Sire," they answered, "no one worketh iniquity, but no son is born to you, to perpetuate the race: a stranger will seize upon the kingdom and destroy it. Therefore pray for a son who can rule your kingdom righteously." "In my desire for a son, what am I to do?" "First of all send out into the streets for a whole week a band[1] of dancing women of low degree—giving the act a religious sanction—and if one of them shall give birth to a son, well and good. Otherwise send out a company of fairly good standing, and finally a band of the highest rank. Surely amongst so many one woman will be found of sufficient merit to bear a son." The king did as they bade him, and every seventh day he inquired of all such as had returned, after taking their fill of pleasure, whether any of them had conceived. And when they all answered, "No, Sire," the king was now in despair and cried, "No son will be born to me." The men of the city again reproached him as before. The king said, "Why do ye reproach me? At your bidding companies of women were exposed in the streets, and no one of them has conceived. What now am I to do?" "Sire," they answered, "these women must be immoral and void of merit. They have not sufficient merit to conceive a son. But because they do not conceive, you are not to relax your efforts. The queen consort, Sīlavatī, is a virtuous woman. Send her out into the streets. A son will be born to her." The king readily assented, and proclaimed by beat of drum that on the seventh day from that time the people were to assemble and the king would expose Sīlavatī—giving the act a religious character. And on the seventh day he had the queen magnificently arrayed and carried down from the palace and exposed in the streets. By the power of her virtue the abode of Sakka manifested signs of heat. Sakka, considering what this might mean, found that the queen was anxious for a son and thought, [280] "I must grant her a son," and, while wondering whether there was anyone in the angel-world worthy to be her son, he beheld the Bodbisatta. At this time, it is said, having passed through his existence in the heaven of the Thirty-three, he was longing to be born in a higher world. Sakka, coming to the door of his dwelling-place, summoned him forth, saying, "Sir, you are to go to the world of men, and to be conceived as the child of Okkāka's chief consort," and then he gained the consent of

[1] *Nāṭakam* seems to be used in this passage of a band of dancing girls, like the use of κῶμος of a "band of revellers." The epithets *culla, majjhima, jeṭṭha,* cannot well apply to the age of the women; more probably to their degrees of rank, or perhaps merit, as in the case of *culla-majjhima-mahā-sīlaṁ.* The women are no doubt in some way attached to the king's court or members of his harem: otherwise he could scarcely look upon a son born to any of them as his heir. As to the licentious observances connected with the desire to remove the sterility of women, the reader may consult Coleman's *Mythology of the Hindus*, p. 378, and Dubois and Beauchamp's *Hindu Manners and Customs*, Pt III. Ch. iv. p. 600.

another divine being and said, "And you too shall be her son," and that no man might make a breach in her virtue, Sakka went disguised as an aged brahmin to the door of the palace. The people, after washing and adorning themselves, each being minded to possess the queen, assembled at the royal entrance, but at the sight of Sakka they laughed, asking him why he had come. Sakka said, "Why blame me? If I am old in person, my passions are unabated, and I am come with the hope of carrying off Sīlavatī with me, should I get her." And with these words, by his divine power he got in front of them all, and by reason of the virtue that was in him no man could stand before him, and as the queen stepped forth from the palace, arrayed in all her glory, he took her by the hand and made off with her. Then such as stood there abused him, saying, "Fie on him, an old brahmin is gone off with a queen of peerless beauty: he knows not what is becoming to him." The queen too thought, "An old man is carrying me off." And she was vexed and angry[1], nay disgusted. The king standing at the open window, looking to see who might carry off the queen, on seeing who it was, was highly displeased. Sakka, escaping with her by the city gate, miraculously caused a house to appear close at hand, with its door open and a bundle of sticks laid out ready. "Is this your abode?" she asked. "Yes, lady, hitherto I have been alone: now there are two of us. I will go my rounds and bring home some husked rice. Do you meanwhile lie down on this heap of sticks. And so saying, he gently [281] stroked her with his hand, and causing her to thrill with the divine touch, he then and there laid her down, and at his touch she lost consciousness. Then by his supernatural power he transported her to the heaven of the Thirty-three and set her down on a heavenly couch in a magnificent palace. On the seventh day waking up, she beheld this splendour and knew that this was no brahmin, but must be Sakka himself. At this moment Sakka was seated at the foot of a coral-tree, surrounded by heavenly dancers. Rising from her couch, she approached and saluted the god and stood respectfully on one side. Then Sakka said, "I give thee a boon: choose what it shall be." "Then grant me, sire, a son." "Not merely one, lady. I will grant you two. One of them shall be wise but ugly, the other shall be handsome but a fool. Which of them will you have first?" "The wise one," she answered. "Good," said he, and he presented her with a piece of kusa grass, a heavenly robe and sandal-wood, the flower of the coral-tree and a Kokanada[2] lute. Then he transported her into the king's bedchamber and laid her down

[1] *harāyati*, cf. *Mahāvagga*, I. 63 and 64, *Jātaka*, II. 143, IV. 171. Vedic *hṛiṇāyati*, *hṛiṇīte*.

[2] Perhaps so called from the colour of the red lotus (*kokanada*), or from the country of that name. In *Jātaka*, III. 157 it occurs as the name of a palace.

on the same couch with the king, and just touched her person with his thumb, and at that moment the Bodhisatta was conceived in her womb. And Sakka straightway returned to his own abode. The wise queen knew that she had conceived. Then the king, on waking and seeing her, asked by whom she had been brought there. "By Sakka, sire." "Why! with my own eyes I saw an aged brahmiu carry you off. Why do you try to deceive me?" "Believe me, sire, Sakka took me with him to the angel-world." "Lady, I do not believe you." Then she showed him the kusa grass which Sakka had given her, saying, "Now believe me." The king thought, "Kusa grass is to be got anywhere," and still disbelieved her. Then she showed him her heavenly robes. On seeing these the king believed her and said, "Dear lady, granted that Sakka carried you off, but are you with child?" "Yes, sire, I bave conceived." The king was delighted and performed the ceremony due to a pregnant woman. In ten months' time she gave birth to a son. Giving him no other name, [282] they called him merely after the grass, Kusa. About the time that prince Knsa could run alone, a second heavenly being was conceived. To him they gave the name of Jayampati. The boys were brought up with great state. The Bodhisatta was so wise that, without learning aught from his teacher, he by his own ability attained to proficiency in all liberal arts. So when he was sixteen years old, the king being anxious to make over the kingdom to him, addressing the queen, said, "Lady, in making over the kingdom to your son, we would institute dramatic festivities, and in our lifetime we would see him established on the throne. If there is any king's daughter in all India you would like, on his bringing her here we will make her his queen consort. Sound him as to what king's daughter he affects." She readily agreed and sent a handmaid to report the matter to the prince and to ascertain his views. She went and told the prince the state of affairs. On hearing her the Great Being thought, "I am not well-favoured. A lovely princess, even if she is brought here as my bride, on seeing me, will say, 'What have I to do with this ugly fellow?' and will run away, and we shall be put to shame. What have I to do with household life? I will foster my parents as long as they live, and at their death I will renounce the world and become an ascetic." So he said, "What need have I of a kingdom or festivities? When my parents die, I will adopt the ascetic life." The maid returned and told the queen what he had said. The king was greatly distressed and after a few days again sent a message, but he still refused to listen to it. After thrice rejecting the proposal, on the fourth occasion he thought, "It is not fitting to be in complete opposition to one's parents: I will devise something." So he summoned the chief smith, and, giving him a quantity of gold, bade him go and make a female image. When he was gone, he took more gold

and himself fashioned it into the figure of a woman. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. This figure was beautiful beyond the power of tongue to tell. Then the Great Being had it robed in linen and placed in the royal chamber. On seeing the image brought by the chief goldsmith, he found fault with it and said, "Go and fetch the figure placed in our royal chamber." [283] The man went into the room, and on seeing it thought, "This surely must be some heavenly nymph, come to take her pleasure with the prince," and he left the room without having the courage to stretch forth his hand towards it, and he said, "Sire, standing in your royal chamber is a noble daughter of the gods: I dare not approach her." "Friend," he said, "go and fetch the golden image," and being charged a second time he brought it. The prince ordered the image that the smith had wrought to be thrown into the golden chamber, and that which he himself had made he had adorned and placed in a car and sent it to his mother, saying, "When I find a woman like this, I will take her to wife." His mother summoned her councillors and addressed them, saying, "Friends, our son is possessed of great merit and is the gift of Sakka; he must find a princess worthy of him. Do you then have this figure placed in a covered carriage and traverse the length and breadth of India, and whatsoever king's daughter you see like this image, present it to that king and say, 'King Okkāka will contract a marriage[1] with your daughter.' Then arrange a day for your return and come home." They said, "It is well," and took the image and set out with a vast retinue. And in their journeyings, to whatever royal city they come, there at eventide wheresoever the people gather together, after decking out this image with robes, flowers and other adornments, they mount it upon a golden car and leave it on the road leading to the ghât, and themselves step back and stand on one side to listen to what all such as pass by had to say. The people on seeing it, not dreaming that it was a golden image, said, "This, though really only a woman, is very beautiful, like some divine nymph. Why in the world is she stationed here, and whence does she come? We have no one to compare with her in our city," and after thus praising her beauty, they went their ways. The councillors said, "If there were any girl like it here, they would say, 'This is like so and so, the king's daughter, or like so and so, the minister's daughter'; verily there is no such maiden here." And they go off with it to some other city. So in their wanderings they reach the city of Sāgala in the kingdom of Madda. Now the king of Madda had seven daughters, of extraordinary beauty, like to nymphs of heaven. The eldest of them was called Pabhāvatī. [284] From her person stream

[1] *āvāha* is a son's marriage as opposed to a daughter's (*vivāha*) in the 9th rock edict of Piyadasi. So *Jātaka*, I. 452, 2; IV. 316, 8, and VI. 71, 32.

forth rays of light, as it were of the newly-risen sun. When it is dark in her closet, measuring four cubits, there is no need of any lamp. The whole chamber is one blaze of light. Now she had a humpbacked nurse, who, when she had supplied Pabhāvatī with food, intending to wash her head, at eventide going forth to fetch water with eight slave-girls carrying each a waterpot, on the way to the ghât caught sight of this image and, thinking it to be Pabhāvatī, exclaimed, "The ill-behaved girl, pretending she would have her head washed, sent us to fetch water, and, stealing a march upon us, is standing there in the road," and being in a rage she cried, "Fie, you are a disgrace to the family: there you stand, getting here before us. Should the king hear of it, he will be the death of us," and with these words she struck the image on the cheek, and a space as big as the palm of her hand was broken. Then discovering it was a golden image she burst out laughing, and going to the slave-girls said, "See what I have done. Thinking it was my foster daughter, I struck it. What is this image worth in comparison with my child? I have only hurt my hand for my pains." Then the king's emissaries took hold of her and said, "What is this story you tell us, saying that your daughter is fairer than this image?" "I mean Pabhāvatī, the Madda king's daughter. This image is not worth a sixteenth fraction of her." Glad at heart, they sought the entrance to the palace, and had themselves announced[1] to the king, sending in word that king Okkāka's emissaries were standing at his door. The king arose from his seat and, standing up, ordered them to be admitted. On entering they saluted the king and said, "Sire, our king inquires after your health," and meeting with a hospitable reception, when asked why they had come, they replied, "Our king has a son, the bold prince Kusa: the king is anxious to make over his kingdom to him, and has sent us to ask you to give him your daughter Pabhāvatī in marriage and to accept as a present this golden figure," and with these words they offered him the image. He gladly agreed, thinking an alliance with so noble a king would be an auspicious one. [285] Then the envoys said, "Sire, we cannot tarry here: we will go and tell our king that we have secured the hand of the princess, and then he will come and fetch her." The king agreed to this, and having hospitably entertained them let them go. On their return they made their report to the king and queen. The king with a great retinue set out from Kusāvatī and in course of time reached the city of Sāgala. The Madda king came out to meet him, brought him into the city and paid him great honour. Queen Sīlavatī, being a wise woman, thought, "What will be the issue of all this?" At the end of one or two days she said to the king, "We

[1] Skt *pratihārayati*, to have one's-self announced. Cf. *Jāt.* VI. 266, 13 and 295, 1, 2, and *Jātaka-Mālā*, xx. 12, *Śreshṭhijātaka*.

are anxious to see our daughter-in-law." He readily assented and sent for his daughter. Pabhāvatī, magnificently dressed and surrounded by a band of her attendants, came and saluted her mother-in-law. On seeing her the queen at once thought, "This maiden is very lovely and my son is ill-favoured. Should she see him, she will not stay a single day but will run away. I must devise some scheme." Addressing the Madda king she said, "My daughter-in-law is quite worthy of my son: howbeit we have an hereditary observance in our family. If she will abide by this custom, we will take her to be his bride." "What is this observance of yours?" "In our family a wife is not allowed to see her husband by daylight until she has conceived. If she will act up to this, we will take her." The king asked his daughter, "My dear, will you be able to act thus?" "Yes, dear father," she replied. Then king Okkāka bestowed much gear on the Madda king and departed with her. And the Madda king despatched his daughter with a vast retinue. Okkāka, on reaching Kusāvatī, gave orders for the city to be decorated, all prisoners to be released, and after sprinkling his son as king and creating Pabhāvatī his chief consort, he proclaimed by beat of drum the rule of king Kusa. And all the kings throughout India who had daughters sent them to the court of king Kusa, [286] and all who had sons, desiring[1] friendship with him, sent their sons to be his pages. The Bodhisatta had a large company of dancers and ruled with great state. But he is not allowed to see Pabhāvatī by day, nor may she see him, but at night they have free access one to another. At that time there is an extraordinary[2] effulgence from the person of Pabhāvatī, but the Bodhisatta leaves the royal chamber while it is still dark. After a few days he told his mother he longed to see Pabhāvatī by day. She refused his request, saying, "Let not this be thy good pleasure, but wait until she has conceived." Again and again he besought her. So she said, "Well, go to the elephant-stall and stand there disguised as an elephant-keeper. I will bring her there, so that you may have your fill of gazing at her, but see that you do not make yourself known to her." He agreed to this and went to the elephant-stall. The queen-mother proclaimed an elephant-festival and said to Pabhāvatī, "Come, we will go and see your lord's elephants." Taking her there, she pointed out this and that elephant by name. Then, as Pabhāvatī was walking behind his mother, the king struck her in the back with a lump of elephant-dung. She was enraged and said, "I will get the king to cut your hand off," and by her words she vexed the queen-mother, who appeased her by rubbing her back. A second time the king was anxious to see her, and, disguised as a groom in the horse-stable,

[1] Reading *ākaṁkhantā*.
[2] *abbohārika*, Skt *avyāvahārika*. Cf. *Jāt.* III. 309.

just as before, he struck her with a piece of horse-dirt, and then too when she was angry her mother-in-law appeased her. Again, one day Pabhāvatī told her mother-in-law she longed to see the Great Being, and when her request was refused by her mother, who said, "Nay, let not this be your pleasure," she besought her again and again, so at last she said, "Well, to-morrow my son will be making a solemn procession through the city. You can open your window and see him." And after so saying, on the next day she had the city decked out, and ordered prince Jayampati, clad in a royal robe and mounted on an elephant, to make a triumphal procession through the city. Standing at the window with Pabhāvatī, she said, "Behold the glory of your lord." She said, [287] "I have got a husband not unworthy of me," and she was highly elated. But that very day the Great Being, disguised as an elephant-keeper, was seated behind Jayampati, and gazing at Pabhāvatī as much as he would, in the joy of his heart he disported himself by gesticulating[1] with his hands. When the elephant had passed them, the queen-mother asked her if she had seen her husband. "Yes, lady, but seated behind him was an elephant-keeper, a very ill-conducted fellow, who gesticulated at me with his hands. Why do they let such an ugly, ill-omened creature sit behind the king?" "It is desirable, my dear, to have a guard sit behind the king." "This elephant-keeper," she thought, "is a bold fellow, and has no proper respect for the king. Can it be that he is king Kusa? No doubt be is hideous, and that is why they do not let me see him." So she whispered to her humpbacked nurse, "Go, my dear, at once and make out whether it was the king who sat in front or behind." "How am I to find this out?" "If he be the king, he will be the first to alight from the elephant: you are to know by this token." She went and stood at a distance and saw the Great Being alight first, and afterwards prince Jayampati. The Great Being looking about him, first on one side and then on the other, seeing the humpbacked old woman, knew at once why she must have come, and, sending for her, straitly charged her not to reveal his secret, and let her go. She came and told her mistress, "The one that sat in front was the first to alight," and Pabhāvatī believed her. Once more the king longed to see her and begged his mother to arrange it. She could not refuse him and said, "Well then, disguise yourself and go to the garden." He went and hid himself up to his neck in the lotus-pool, standing in the water with his head shaded by a lotus-leaf and his face covered by its flower. And his mother brought Pabhāvatī in the evening to the garden, and saying, "Look at these trees, or look at these birds or deer," thus tempted her on till she came to the bank

[1] *hattha-vikāra* occurs in *Mahāvagga* IV. 1. 4, but the exact meaning there is not clear.

of the lotus-pond. When she saw the pond covered with five kinds of lotus, [288] she longed to bathe and went down to the water's edge with her maidens. While disporting herself she saw that lotus and stretched forth her hand, eager to pluck it. Then the king, putting aside the lotus leaf, took her by the hand, saying, "I am king Kusa." On seeing his face she cried, "A goblin is catching hold of me," and then and there swooned away. So the king let go her hand. On recovering consciousness she thought, "King Kusa, they say, caught me by the hand, and he it was that hit me in the elephant-stall with a piece of elephant-dirt, and in the horse-stable with a piece of horse-dirt, and he it was that sat behind on the elephant and made game of me. What have I to do with such an ugly, hideous husband? If I live, I will have another husband." So she summoned the councillors who had escorted her hither and said, "Make ready my chariot. This very day I will be off." They told this to the king and he thought, "If she cannot get away, her heart will break: let her go. By my own power I will bring her back again." So he allowed her to depart, and she returned straight to her father's city. And the Great Being passed from the park into the city and climbed up to his splendid palace. Verily it was in consequence of an aspiration in a previous existence that she disapproved of the Bodhisatta, and it was owing to a former act of his that he was so ugly. Of old, they say, in a suburb of Benares, in the upper and lower street, one family had two sons and another had one daughter. Of the two sons the Bodhisatta was the younger, and the maiden was wedded to the elder son, but the younger, being unmarried[1], continued to live with his brother. Now one day in this house they baked some very dainty cakes, and the Bodhisatta was away in the forest; so putting aside a cake for him they distributed and ate the rest. At that moment a paccekabuddha came to the door for alms. The Bodhisatta's sister-in-law thought she would bake another cake for young master and took and gave his cake to the paccekabuddha, and at that very instant he returned from the forest. So she said, "My lord, do not be angry, but I have given your portion to the paccekabuddha." [289] He said, "After eating your own portion you give mine away, and you will make me another cake forsooth!" And he was angry and went and took the cake from the beggar's bowl. She went to her mother's house and took some fresh-melted ghee, in colour like the champac flower, and filled the bowl with it, and it sent forth a blaze of light. On seeing this she put up a prayer: "Holy sir, wherever I am born, may my body give forth a light and may I be very lovely, and nevermore may I have to dwell in the same place with this lewd fellow." Thus as the result of this prayer of old she would have none of him. And the

[1] Reading *adārābharaṇe*. Another reading gives "being quite a boy."

Bodhisatta, in dropping the cake again into the bowl, put up a prayer: "Holy sir, though she should live a hundred leagues away, may I have the power to carry her off as my bride." In that he was angry and took the cake, as the result of this act of old he was born so ugly.

Kusa was so overwhelmed with sorrow when Pabhāvatī left him that the other women, though ministering to him with all kinds of service, had not the heart to look him in the face, and all his palace, bereft of Pabhāvatī, seemed as it were desolate. Then he thought, "By this time she will have reached the city Sāgala," and at break of day he sought his mother and said, "Dear mother, I will go and fetch Pabhāvatī. You are to rule my kingdom," and he uttered the first stanza:

> This realm with joy and bliss untold,
> Trappings of state and wealth of gold,
> This realm, I say, rule thou for me:
> I go to seek Pabhāvatī.

His mother, on hearing what he had to say, replied, "Well, my son, you must exercise great vigilance: women, verily, are impure-minded creatures," and she filled a golden bowl with all manner of dainty food, and saying, [290] "This is for you to eat on the journey," she took leave of him. Taking the bowl and having thrice reverentially saluted his mother, he cried, "If I live, I will see you again," and so withdrew to the royal chamber. Then he girded himself with the five sorts of weapons and putting a thousand pieces of money in a bag he took his bowl of food and a Kokanada lute and leaving the city set out on his journey. Being very strong and vigorous by noon-time he had travelled fifty leagues and, after eating his food, in the remaining half-day he made up another fifty leagues, and so in the course of a single day he accomplished a journey of a hundred leagues. In the evening he bathed and then entered the city of Sāgala. No sooner did he set foot in the place than Pabhāvatī by the power of his virtue could no longer rest quietly on her couch but got out of bed and lay upon the ground. The Bodhisatta was thoroughly exhausted with his journey and being seen by a certain woman, as he was wandering about the street, was invited by her to rest in her house, and after first bathing his feet she offered him a bed. While he was asleep, she prepared him some food and then waking him up gave it him to eat. He was so pleased with her that he presented her with the thousand pieces of money and the golden bowl. Leaving there his five sorts of weapons, he said, "There is some place I must go to," and taking his lute he repaired to an elephant-stall and cried to the elephant-keepers, "Let me stay here and I will make music for you." They allowed him to do so and he went apart and lay down. When his fatigue had passed off, he rose up and unstrapping his lute he played and sang, thinking that all who dwelt in the city should hear the sound of it. Pabhāvatī, as

she lay on the ground, heard it and thought, "This sound can come from no lute but his," and felt sure that king Kusa had come on her account. The king of Madda too on hearing it thought, "He plays very sweetly. To-morrow I will send for him and make him my minstrel." The Bodhisatta thinking, "It is impossible for me to get sight of Pabhāvatī, if I stay here: this is the wrong place for me," sallied forth quite early and after taking his morning meal in an eating-house he left his lute and went to the king's potter and became his apprentice. One day after he had filled the house with potter's clay [291] he asked if he should make some vessels and when the potter answered, "Yes, do so," he placed a lump of clay on the wheel and turned[1] it. When once it was turned, it went on swiftly till mid-day. After moulding all manner of vessels, great and small, he began making one specially for Pabhāvatī with various figures on it. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. He resolved that only Pabhāvatī was to see these figures. When he had dried and baked his vessels, the house was full of them. The potter went to the palace with various specimens. The king on seeing them asked who had made them. "I did, sire." "I am sure you did not make them. Who did?" "My apprentice, sire." "Not your apprentice, your master rather. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth let him make vessels for my daughters." And he gave him a thousand pieces of money, saying, "Give him this, and present all these small vessels to my daughters." He took the vessels to them and said, "These are made for your amusement." They all were present to receive them. Then the potter gave Pabhāvatī the vessel which the Great Being had made specially for her. Taking it she at once recognised her own likeness and that of the humpbacked nurse and knew it could be the handiwork of no one but king Kusa, and being angry she said, "I do not want it: give it to those that wish for it." Then her sisters perceiving that she was in a rage laughed and said, "You suppose it is the work of king Kusa. It was the potter, not he, that made it. Take it." She did not tell them that he had come there and had made it. The potter gave the thousand pieces of money to the Bodhisatta and said, "My son, the king is pleased with you. Henceforth you are to make vessels for his daughters and I am to take them to them." He thought, "Although I go on living here, it is impossible for me to see Pabhāvatī," and he gave back the money to him and went to a basket maker who served the king, and becoming his apprentice he made a palm-leaf fan for Pabhāvatī, and on it he depicted a white umbrella (as an emblem of royalty) [292] and taking as his subject[2] a banquet-hall, amongst a variety of other forms he represented a standing figure of Pabhāvatī. The basket maker took this and other ware, the workmanship

[1] *āvijjhi.* Compare *Jāt.* I. 313, 8, *āvijjhitvā*, whirling.
[2] Reading *vatthum.*

of Kusa, to the palace. The king on seeing them asked who had made them and just as before presented a thousand pieces of money to the man, saying, "Give these specimens of wicker work to my daughters." And he gave the fan that was specially made for her to Pabhāvatī, and in this case also no one recognised the figures, but Pabhāvatī on seeing them knew it was the king's handiwork and said, "Let those that wish for it take it," and being in a rage she threw it on the ground. So the others all laughed at her. The basket maker brought the money and gave it to the Bodhisatta. Thinking this was no place for him to stay in, he returned the money to the basket maker and went to the king's gardener and became his apprentice, and while making all sorts of garlands he made a special wreath for Pabhāvatī, picked out with various figures. The gardener took them to the palace. When the king saw them, he asked who had fashioned these garlands. "I did, sire." "I am sure you did not make them. Who did?" "My apprentice, sire." "He is not your apprentice, rather is he your master. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth he is to weave garlands of flowers for my daughters, and give him this thousand pieces of money"; and giving him the money he said, "Take these flowers to my daughters." And the gardener offered to Pabhāvatī the wreath that the Bodhisatta had made specially for her. Here too on seeing amongst the various figures a likeness of herself and the king she recognized Kusa's handiwork and in her rage threw the wreath on the ground. All her sisters, just as before, laughed at her. The gardener too took the thousand pieces of money and gave them to the Bodhisatta, telling him what had happened. He thought, "Neither is this the place for me," and returning the money to the gardener he went and engaged himself as an apprentice to the king's cook. Now one day the cook in taking various kinds of victuals to the king gave the Bodhisatta a bone of meat to cook for himself. He prepared it in such a way that the smell of it pervaded the whole city [293]. The king smelt it and asked if he were cooking some more meat in the kitchen. "No, sire, but I did give my apprentice a bone of meat to cook. It must be this that you smell." The king had it brought to him and placed a morsel on the tip of his tongue and it woke up and thrilled the seven thousand nerves of taste. The king was so enslaved by his appetite for dainties that he gave him a thousand pieces of money and said, "Henceforth you are to have food for me and my daughters cooked by your apprentice, and to bring mine to me yourself, but your apprentice is to bring theirs to my daughters." The cook went and told him. On hearing it he thought, "Now is my desire fulfilled: now shall I be able to see Pabhāvatī." Being pleased he returned the thousand pieces of money to the cook and next day he prepared and sent dishes of food to the king and himself climbed up to the palace where dwelt Pabhāvatī, taking the food for the king's

daughters on a carrying-pole. Pabhāvatī saw him climbing up with his load and thought, "He is doing the work of slaves and hirelings, work quite unsuitable for him. But if I hold my peace, he will think I approve of him and going nowhere else he will remain here, gazing at me. I will straightway abuse and revile him and drive him away, not allowing him to remain a moment here." So she left the door half open and, holding one hand on the panel, with the other pressed up the bolt, and she repeated the second stanza:

> Kusa, for thee by day and night
> To bear this burden is not right.
> Haste back, pray, to Kusāvatī;
> Thy ugly form I'm loth to see.

[294] He thought, "I have got speech of Pabhāvatī," and pleased at heart he repeated three stanzas:

> Bound by thy beauty's spell, Pabhāvatī,
> My native land has little charm for me;
> Madda's fair realm is ever my delight,
> My crown resigned, to live in thy dear sight.
>
> O soft-eyed maiden, fair Pabhāvatī,
> What is this madness that o'ermasters me?
> Knowing full well the land that gave me birth,
> I wander half distraught o'er all the earth.
>
> Clad in bright-coloured bark and girt with golden zone,
> Thy love, fair maid, I crave, and not an earthly throne.

When he had thus spoken, she thought, "I revile him, hoping to rouse a feeling of resentment in him, but he as it were tries to conciliate me by his words. Supposing he were to say, 'I am king Kusa,' and take me by the hand, who is there to prevent it? And somebody might hear what we had to say." So she closed the door and bolted it inside[1]. And he took up his carrying-pole and brought the other princesses their food. Pabhāvatī sent her humpbacked slave to bring her the food that king Kusa had cooked. She brought it and said, "Now eat." Pabhāvatī said, "I will not eat what he has cooked. Do you eat it and go and get your own supply of food and cook it and bring it here, but do not tell any one that king Kusa has come." The humpback henceforth brought and ate the portion of the princess and gave her own portion to Pabhāvatī. [295] King Kusa from that time being unable to see her thought, "I wonder whether Pabhāvatī has any affection for me or not. I will put her to the test." So after he had supplied the princesses with their food, he took his load of victuals and going out struck the floor with his feet by the door of Pabhāvatī's closet and clashing the dishes together and groaning aloud he fell all of a heap[2]

[1] Literally, "fixing the pin (*sūci*) in the bolt, she remained inside." Cf. *Cullavagga*, VI. 2. 1.

[2] *avakujja*. Cf. *Jāt.* I. 13, 28.

and swooned away. At the sound of his groans she opened her door and seeing him crushed beneath the load he was carrying she thought, "Here is a king, the chief ruler in all India, and for my sake he suffers pain night and day, and now, being so delicately nurtured, he has fallen under the burden of the victuals he carries. I wonder if he is still alive": and stepping from her chamber she stretched forth her neck and looked at his mouth, to watch his breathing. He filled his mouth with spittle and let it drop on her person. She retired into her closet, reviling him, and standing with the door half open she repeated this stanza:

> Ill luck[1] is his that ever craves, to find his wishes spurned,
> As thou, O king, dost fondly woo with love still unreturned.

But because he was madly in love with her, however much he was abused and reviled by her, he showed no resentment but repeated this stanza:

> Whoso shall gain what he holds dear, may loved or unloved be,
> Success alone is what we praise, to lose is misery.

While he was still speaking, without at all relenting, she spoke in a firm voice, as if minded to drive him away, and repeated this stanza:

> As well to dig through bed of rock with brittle wood[2] as spade,
> Or catch the wind within a net, as woo unwilling maid.

On hearing this the king repeated three stanzas:

> Hard hearted as a stone art thou, so soft tc outward view,
> No word of welcome though I've come from far thy love to sue.

[296] When thou dost frown regarding me, proud dame, with sullen look,
> Then I in royal Madda's halls am nothing but a cook.

> But if, O queen, in pity thou shouldst deign to smile on me,
> No longer cook, once more am I lord of Kusāvatī.

On hearing his words she thought, "He is very pertinacious in all that he says. I must devise some lie to drive him hence," and she spoke this stanza:

> If fortune tellers spoke true words, 'twas this in sooth they said,
> 'Mayst thou in pieces seven be hewn, ere thou king Kusa wed.'

On hearing this the king contradicting her said, "Lady, I too consulted fortune tellers in my own kingdom and they predicted that there was no other husband for you save the lion-voiced lord, king Kusa, and through omens furnished by my own knowledge I say the same," and he repeated another stanza:

> If I and other prophets here have uttered a true word,
> Save me king Kusa, thou shalt hail none other as thy lord.

[1] Reading *abbuddhi* for Sanskrit *avṛiddhi*. Compare *abbuta* for *avṛita*, 'undisciplined.' The commentary gives *abhūti* which in Vedic and Epic Sanskrit means 'calamity.'

[2] *kaṇikāra*, *pterospermum acerifolium*.

On hearing his words she said, "One cannot shame him. What is it to me whether he runs away or not?" and shutting the door she refused to show herself. And he took up his load and went down. From that day he could not set eyes on her and he got heartily sick of his cook's work. [297] After breakfast he cut firewood, washed dishes and fetched water on his carrying-pole, and then lying down he rested on a heap[1] of grain. Rising early he cooked rice grnel and the like, then took and served the food and suffered all this mortification by reason of his passionate love for Pabhāvatī. One day he saw the humpback passing by the kitchen door and hailed her. For fear of Pabhāvatī she did not venture to come near him, but passed on pretending to be in a great hurry. So he hastily ran up to her crying, "Crook-back." She turned and stopped, saying, "Who is here? I cannot listen to what you have to say." Then he said, "Both you and your mistress are very obstinate. Though living near you ever so long, we cannot so much as get a report of her health." She said, "Will you give me a present?" He replied, "Supposing I do so, will you be able to soften Pabhāvatī and bring me into her presence?" On her agreeing to do so, he said, "If you can do this, I will put right your humpback, and give you an ornament for your neck," and tempting her, he spoke five stanzas:

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed[2] Pabhāvatī
Should only deign to look on me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should only deign to speak to me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should only deign to smile on me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should laugh with joy at sight of me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should lay a loving haud on me.

[298] On hearing his words she said, "Get you gone, my lord: in a very few days I will put her in your power. You shall see how energetic I can be." So saying she decided on her course of action, and going to Pabhāvatī she made as if she would clean her room and not leaving a bit

[1] *ammaṇa*, a measure of about four bushels, *Mil.* IV. 1, 19.

[2] Literally 'With thighs like an elephant's trunk.'

of dirt big enough to hit one with, and removing even her shoes, she swept out the whole chamber. Then she arranged a high seat for herself in the doorway (keeping well outside the threshold) and, spreading a coverlet on a low stool for Pabhāvatī, she said, "Come, my dear, and I will search in your head for vermin," and making her sit there and place her head upon her lap, after scratching her a little and saying, "Ho! what a lot of lice we have here," she took some from her own head and put them on the head of the princess, and speaking in terms of endearment of the Great Being she sang his praises in this stanza:

This royal dame no pleasure feels Kusa once more to see,
Though, wanting nought, he serves as cook for simple hireling's fee.

Pabhāvatī was enraged with the humpback. So the old woman took her by the neck and pushed her inside the room, and being herself outside she closed the door and stood clinging to the cord which pulled the door to[1]. Pabhāvatī, being unable to get at her, stood by the door, abusing her, and spoke another stanza:

[299] This humpbacked slave without a doubt,
For speaking such a word,
Deserves to have her tongue cut out
With keenest sharpened sword.

So the humpback stood holding on to the rope that hung down and said, "You worthless, ill-behaved creature, what good will your fair looks do anyone? Can we live by feeding on your beauty?" and so saying she proclaimed the virtues of the Bodhisatta, shouting them aloud with the harsh voice of a humpback, in thirteen stanzas:

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great glory his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great wealth is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his eight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great power is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Wide rule is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his eight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great king is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Lion-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Clear-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Deep voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Sweet-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

[1] For the mechanism of the Indian door cf. *Cullavagga*, VI. 2. 1; *āviñchanarajju* is read there instead of *āviñjanarajju* as here.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Honey-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
A hundred arts are his, so do what's pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
A warrior king is he, so do what's pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
King Kusa 'tis, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

[300] Hearing what she said, Pabhāvatī threatened the humpback, saying, "Crook-back, you roar too loud. If I catch hold of you, I will let you know you have a mistress." She replied, "In my consideration for you, I did not let your father know of king Kusa's arrival. Well, to-day I will tell the king," and speaking in a loud voice she cowed her. And fearing anyone should hear this, Pabhāvatī pacified the hunchback. And the Bodhisatta not being able to get a sight of her, after seven months being sick of his hard bed and sorry food, thought, "What need have I of her? After living here seven months I cannot so much as get a sight of her. She is very harsh and cruel. I will go and see my father and mother." At this moment Sakka considering the matter found out how discontented Kusa was, and he thought, "After seven months he is unable even to see Pabhāvatī. I will find some way of letting him see her." So he sent messengers to seven kings as if they came from king Madda, to say, "Pabhāvatī has thrown over king Kusa and has returned home. You are to come and take her to wife." And he sent the same message to each of the seven separately. They all arrived in the city with a great following, not knowing one another's reasons for coming. They asked one the other, "Why have you come here?" And on discovering how matters stood, they were angry and said, "Will he give his daughter in marriage to seven of us? See how ill he behaves. He mocks us, saying, 'Take her to wife.' Let him either give Pabhāvatī in marriage to all seven or let him fight us." And they sent a message to him to this effect and invested the city. On hearing the message, king Madda was alarmed and took counsel with his ministers, saying, "What are we to do?" Then his ministers made answer, [301] "Sire, these seven kings have come for Pabhāvatī. If you refuse to give her, they will break down the wall and enter the city, and after destroying us they will seize your kingdom. While the wall still stands unbroken, let us send Pabhāvatī to them"; and they repeated this stanza:

Like to proud elephants they stand in coats of mail arrayed,
Ere yet they trample down our walls, send off in haste the maid.

The king on hearing this said, "If I should send Pabhāvatī to any one of them, the rest will join battle with me. It is out of the question to give her to any one of them. After casting off the chief king in all India,

let her receive the reward due to her return home. I will slay her and cutting her body into seven pieces send one to each of the seven kings," and so saying he repeated another stanza:

> In pieces seven Pabhāvatī to hack, it is my will,
> One piece for each of these seven kings, who came her sire to kill.

This saying of his was noised abroad throughout the palace. Her attendants came and told Pabhāvatī, "The king, they say, will cut you in seven pieces and send them to the seven kings." She was terrified to death and rising from her seat she went, accompanied by her sisters, to her mother's state chamber.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

> Comely though swart of hue uprose the queen and moved before
> Her train of handmaids, clad in silk attire and weeping sore.

She came into her mother's presence and saluting her broke into these lamentations:

[302] This face with powder beautified, here mirrored in a glass
To ivory handle deftly fixed, so winsome now alas!
With innocence and purity in every line expressed,
By warrior princes spurned in some lone forest soon will rest.

These locks of hair so black of hue, bound up in stately coil,
Soft to the touch and fragrant with the finest sandal oil,
In charnel ground though covered up the vultures soon will find
And with their talons rend and tear and scatter to the wind.

These arms whose finger tips are dyed, like copper, crimson red,
In richest sandal oil oft bathed and with soft down o'erspread,
Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,
A wolf will seize and carry off where'er he's fain to hide.

My teats are like the dates that on the palms with ripeness swell,
Fragrant with scent of sandalwood that men of Kāsi fell:
Hanging thereon a jackal soon at them, methinks, will tug,
Just as a little baby boy his mother's breast may hug.

These hips of mine, well-knit and broad, cast in an ample mould,
Encircled with a cincture gay, wrought of the purest gold,
Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,
A wolf will seize and carry off where'er he's fain to hide.

Dogs, wolves, jackals and whatsoe'er are known as beasts of prey,
If once they eat Pabhāvatī, can suffer no decay.

Should warrior kings that come from far thy daughter's body flay,
Begging my bones, burn them with fire in some sequestered way.

Then make a garden near and plant a kaṇikāra tree,
And when at winter's close it blooms, mother, recalling me,
Point to the flower and say, 'Just such was dear Pabhāvatī.'

[303] Thus did she, alarmed with fear of death, idly lament before her mother. And the Madda king issued an order that the executioner should come with his axe and block[1]. His coming was noised abroad throughout the palace. The queen-mother, on hearing of his arrival, arose from her throne and overwhelmed with sorrow came into the presence of the king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Seeing the sword and block set out within the fatal ring,
All goddess-like the royal dame rose up and sought the king.

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[304] Then the queen spoke this stanza:

With this sword will the Madda king his graceful daughter slay,
And piecemeal send her mangled limbs to rival chiefs a prey.

The king tried to pacify her and said, "Lady, what is this you say? Your daughter rejected the chief king of all India on the plea of his ugliness, and, accepting death as her fate, returned home before the prints of her feet were well wiped out on the road by which she had gone there. Now therefore let her reap the consequences of the jealousy excited by her beauty." The queen, after hearing what he had to say, went to her daughter and lamenting spoke thus:

Thou didst not hearken to my voice, when counselling thy good,
To-day thou sink'st to Yama's realm, thy body stained with blood.

Such fate doth every man incur, or even a worse end,
Who deaf to good advice neglects the warnings of a friend.

If thou to-day a gallant prince for thy good lord shouldst wed,
Bedight with zone of gold and gems, in land of Kusa bred,
Thou wouldst not, served with hosts of friends, to Yama's realms have sped.

When drums are beat and elephants' loud trumpetings resound,
In royal halls, where in this world can greater bliss be found?

When horses neigh[2] and minstrels play to kings some plaintive air,
With bliss like this in royal halls, what is there to compare?

When too courts with the peacock's and the heron's cries resound,
And cuckoo's call, where else, I pray, can bliss like this be found?

[305] After thus talking with her in all these stanzas she thought, "If only king Kusa were here to-day, he would put to flight these seven kings and after freeing my daughter from her misery he would carry her away with him," and she repeated this stanza:

Where's he that crushes hostile realms and vanquishes his foes?
Kusa, the noble and the wise, would free us from our woes.

[1] *Dhammagaṇṭhikā* or *dhammagaṇḍikā* occurs in *Jātaka*, vol. I. 150, II. 124, III. 41, IV. 176. Cf. *Cullavagga*, English translation by R. Davids and H. Oldenberg, *Vinaya Texts*, pt. iii, pp. 144 and 213. In Bengali *gaṇḍi* is a 'circle round a criminal,' and this meaning suits the context in some of the passages quoted above.

[2] Reading *hiṁsati*, apparently equivalent to *hesati*.

Then Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother's tongue is not equal to proclaiming the praises of Kusa. I will let her know that he has been living here, occupied with the work of a cook," and she repeated this stanza:

> The conqueror who crushes all his foes, lo! here is he;
> Kusa, so noble and so wise, all foes will slay for me.

Then her mother thinking, "She is terrified with the fear of death and rambles in her talk," spoke this stanza:

> Art thou gone mad, or like a fool dost speak at random thus?
> If Kusa has returned, why, pray, didst thou not tell it us?

[306] Hearing this Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother does not believe me. She does not know he has returned and been living here seven months. I will prove it to her"; and taking her mother by the hand she opened the window and stretching forth her hand and pointing to him she repeated this stanza:

> Good mother, look at yonder cook, with loins girt up right well,
> He stoops to wash his pots and pans, where royal maidens dwell.

Then Kusa, they say, thought, "To-day my heart's desire will be fulfilled. Of a truth Pabhāvatī is terrified with the fear of death and will tell of my coming here. I will wash my dishes and put them away"; and he fetched water and began to wash his dishes. Then her mother upbraiding her spoke this stanza:

> Art thou base-born or wouldst thou deign, a maid of royal race,
> To take a slave for thy true love, to Madda's deep disgrace?

Then Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother, methinks, does not know that it is for my sake he has been living here after this manner," and she spoke another stanza:

> No low caste I, nor would I shame my royal name, I swear,
> Good luck to thee, no slave is he but king Okkāka's heir.

And now in praise of his fame she said:

> He twenty thousand brahmins ever feeds, no slave, I swear,
> It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

[307]

> He twenty thousand elephants aye yokes, no slave, I swear,
> It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

> He twenty thousand horses ever yokes, no slave, I swear,
> It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

> He twenty thousand chariots ever yokes, no slave, I swear,
> It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

> He twenty thousand royal bulls aye yokes, no slave, I swear,
> It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

> He twenty thousand royal kine aye milks, no slave, I swear,
> It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

Thus was the glory of the Great Being praised by her in six stanzas. Then her mother thought, "She speaks very confidently. It must be so," and believing her she went and told the king the whole story. He came in great haste to Pabhāvatī and asked, "Is it true, what they say, that king Kusa has come?" "Yes, dear father. It is seven months to-day that he has been acting as cook to your daughters." Not believing her he questioned the hunchback and on hearing the facts of the case from her he reproached his daughter and spoke this stanza:

Like elephant as frog disguised,
  When this almighty prince came here,
'Twas wrong of thee and ill-advised
  To hide it from thy parents dear.

Thus did he reproach his daughter and then went in haste to Kusa and after the usual greetings and formal salutatiou, acknowledging his offence, he repeated this stanza:

In that we failed to recoguise
Your majesty in this disguise,
If, Sire, to thee offence we gave,
We would forgiveness humbly crave.

On hearing this the Great Being thought, "If I should speak harshly to him, his heart would straightway break. I will speak words of comfort to him"; and standing amongst his dishes he spoke this stanza:

For me to play the scullion's part was very wrong I own,
Be comforted, it was no fault of thine I was unknown.

The king, after being thus addressed in kindly words, climbed up to the palace and summoned Pabhāvatī, to send her to ask the king's pardon, [308] and he spoke this stanza:

Go, silly girl, thy pardon from the great king Kusa crave,
His wrath appeased he may be pleased perhaps thy life to save.

On hearing the words of her father, she went to him, accompanied by her sisters and her handmaids. Standing just as he was in his workman's dress, he saw her coming towards him and thought, "To-day I will break down Pabhāvatī's pride and lay her low at my feet in the mud," and, pouring on the ground all the water he had brought there, he trampled on a space as big as a threshing-floor, making it one mass of mud. She drew nigh and fell at his feet and grovelling in the mud asked his forgiveness.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza:

The goddess-like Pabhāvatī obeyed her father's word:
With lowly head she clasped the feet of Kusa, mighty lord.

Then she spoke these stanzas:

My days and nights[1] apart from thee, O king, have passed away:
Behold I stoop to kiss thy feet. From anger cease, I pray.

[1] For *ratyā* perhaps we should read *ratyo* as equivalent to *rattiyo* in the commentary. Cf. Müller's *Pali Gram.* p. 72.

I promise thee, if thou to me a gracious ear shouldst lend,
Never again in aught I do will I my lord offend.

But if thou shouldst my prayer refuse, my father then will slay
And send his daughter, limb by limb, to warrior kings a prey.

On hearing this the king thought, "If I were to tell her, 'This is for you to see to,' her heart would be broken. I will speak words of comfort to her," and he said:

I'll do thy bidding, lady fair, as far as lies in me;
No anger feel I in my heart. Fear not, Pabhāvatī.

[309] Hearken, O royal maid, to me, I too make promise true;
Never again will I offend in aught that I may do.

Full many a sorrow I would bear, fair maid, for love of thee,
And slay a host of Madda chiefs to wed Pabhāvatī.

Kusa, swelling with princely pride at seeing as it were a handmaid of Sakka, king of heaven, in attendance upon him, thought, "While I am still alive, shall others come and carry off my bride?" and rousing himself, lion-like, in the palace yard, he said, "Let all who dwell in this city hear of my coming," and dancing about, shouting and clapping his hands, he cried, "Now will I take them alive, go bid them put horses to my chariots," and he repeated the following stanza:

Go, quickly yoke my well-trained steeds to many a painted car,
And watch me boldly sally forth, to scatter foes afar.

He now bade good-bye to Pabhāvatī, saying, "The capture of thy enemies is my charge. Go thou and bathe and adorn thyself and climb up to thy palace." And the king of Madda sent his counoillors to act as a guard of honour to him. And they drew a screen round about him at the door of the kitchen and provided barbers for him. And when his beard had been trimmed and his head shampooed and he was arrayed in all his splendour and surrounded by his escort, he said, "I will ascend to the palace," and looking about him thence in every direction he clapped his hands, and wheresoever he looked the earth trembled, and he cried out, "Now mark how great is my power."

The Master, to make the matter clear, uttered the following stanza:

The ladies of king Madda's court beheld him standing there,
Like rampant lion, as he smites with both his arms the air.

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[310] Then the Madda king sent him an elephant that had been trained to stand impassive under attack[1], richly caparisoned. Kusa mounted on the back of the elephant with a white umbrella held over him and ordered Pabhāvatī to be conducted there, and seating her behind him he left the city by the east gate, escorted by a complete host of the four arms[2], and as

[1] For *ānañjakāraṇam* cf. *Jāt.* I. 415. 15, II. 325. 10, IV. 308. 3.

[2] Elephants, cavalry, chariots and infantry.

soon as he saw the forces of the enemy, he cried, "I am king Kusa: let all who value their lives lie down on their bellies," and he roared thrice with the roar of a lion and utterly crushed his foes.

The Master, explaining the matter, said:

Mounted on back of elephant, the queen behind her lord,
Kusa descending to the fray with voice of lion roared.

All beasts, when Kusa's lion-voice thus roaring loud they hear,
And warrior kings flee from the field, smitten with panic fear.

Life-guardsmen, soldiers, horse and foot, with many a charioteer,
At Kusa's voice break up[1] and flee, all paralysed with fear.

Sakka right glad at heart looked on in forefront of the fight,
And to king Kusa gave a gem, Verocana 'twas hight.

The battle won, king Kusa took the magic gem and then
Mounted on back of elephant sought Madda's town again.

The kings he takes alive and bound in chains with them he goes,
And to his royal father cries, 'Behold, my lord, thy foes.

Lo at thy mercy now they lie, in battle smitten sore,
At thy good pleasure slay them all or set them free once more.'

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[311] The king said:

These foes are rather thine than mine. They all belong to thee,
Thou only art our sovereign lord, to slay or to set free.

Being thus spoken to, the Great Being thought, "What can I do with these men when once dead? Let not their coming here be without good result. Pabhāvatī has seven younger sisters, daughters of king Madda. I will bestow them in marriage on these seven princes," and he repeated this stanza:

These daughters seven, like heavenly nymphs, are very fair to see,
Give them, one each, to these seven kings, thy sons-in-law to be.

Then the king said:

O'er us and them thou art supreme, thy purpose to fulfil,
Give them—thou art our sovereign lord—according to thy will.

So he had them all beautifully attired and gave them in marriage, one to each king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke five stanzas:

So Kusa of the lion-voice king Madda's daughters gave,
One maid to each of princes seven, fair maids to warriors brave.

Delighted with the boon received from lordly Kusa's hand,
These princes seven returned again each one to his own land.

Taking his magic jewel bright, back to Kusāvatī,
King Kusa, mighty hero, brought the fair Pabhāvatī.

[1] *khundanti*, an unique occurrence of the Pali equivalent of the Skt root *kshud*, allowed by the Skt grammarians to be optionally of the nasalized (7th) conjugation. Müller's *Pali Gram.* p. 103. This note is due to Professor Bendall.

Riding together in one car, home came the royal pair,
Neither outshone the other, for they both alike were fair.

Mother came forth to meet her son. Husband henceforth and wife
In realms of peace and plenty dwelt and led a happy life.

[312] The Master, ending his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the royal household, the younger brother was Ananda, the humpback was Khujjuttarā, Pabhāvatī was the mother of Rāhula, the retinue were Buddha's followers, king Kusa was I myself."

No. 532.

SONA-NANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Angel or minstrel-god,*" *etc.* This was a story told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, about a Brother who supported his mother. The circumstance which led up to it was the same as that related in the Sāma[1] Birth. But on this occasion the Master said, "Brethren, do not take offence at this Brother. Sages of old, though they were offered rule over all India, refused to accept it and supported their parents": and so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time the city of Benares was known as Brahmavaddhana. At that time a king named Manoja[2] reigned there, and a certain Brahmin magnate, possessed of eighty crores, had no heir, and his Brahmin wife at the bidding of her lord prayed for a son. Then the Bodhisatta passing from the Brahma world was conceived in her womb, and at his birth they called him young Sona. By the time that he could run alone, another Being left the Brahma world and he too was conceived by her, and when he was born they called him young Nanda. As soon as they had been taught the Vedas and had attained proficiency in the liberal arts, the Brahmin, observing how handsome the boys were, addressing his wife said, "Lady, we will unite our son, the youthful Sona, in the bonds of wedlock." She readily assented and reported the matter to her son. [313] He said, "I have quite enough of the household life as it is. So long as you live, I will watch over you, and on your death I will withdraw to the Himalayas and become an ascetic." She repeated this to the Brahmin, and when they had spoken to him again and again but had failed to persuade him, they addressed themselves to the young Nanda, saying, "Dear son, do you set up an establishment." He answered, "I will not pick up what my brother has rejected, as if it were a lump of phlegm[3]. I too on your death will together with my brother join the ascetics." The parents thought, "If they, though they are quite young, thus give up the lusts of the flesh, how much more should all of us adopt the ascetic life," and they said, "Dear son,

[1] Vol. vi. No. 540. [2] *Manoja Jātaka,* vol. iii. No. 397.
[3] Reading *khelaṁ.*

why talk of becoming ascetics when we are dead? We will all take the vows." And telling their purpose to the king they disposed of all their wealth in the way of charity, making freedmen of their slaves and distributing what was right and proper amongst their kinsfolk, and then all four of them setting forth from the city of Brahmavaddhana, they built them a hermitage in the Himalaya region in a pleasant grove, near a lake covered by the five kinds of lotus, and there they dwelt as ascetics. The two brothers watched over their parents. And early in the morning they bring them pieces of stick to brush their teeth and water to rinse their mouth. They sweep out the hut, cell and all, supply them with water to drink, bring them sweet berries from the wood to eat, provide them with hot or cold water for the bath, dress their matted locks, shampooing their feet and rendering them all similar services. As time thus passed on, the sage Nanda thought, "I shall have to provide all kinds of fruit as food for my father and mother," so whatever ordinary fruit he had gathered on the spot either yesterday or even the day before that[1], he would bring in the early morning and give to his parents to eat. They ate it and after rinsing their mouth they observed a fast. But the wise Sona went a long distance and gathered sweet and ripe fruit and offered it to them. Then they said, "Dear son, we ate early this morning what your younger brother brought us and we are now fasting. We have no need of this fruit now." So his fruit was not eaten but was all wasted, and the next day and so on it was just the same. [314] And thus through his possession of the five Supernatural Faculties he travelled a great distance to fetch fruit, but they refused to eat it. Then the Great Being thought, "My father and mother are very delicate, and Nanda brings all sorts of unripe or half-ripe fruit for them to eat, and this being so, they will not live long. I will stop him from doing this." So addressing him he said, "Nanda, henceforth when you bring them fruit, you are to wait[2] till I come, and we will both of us at the same time supply them with food." Though he was thus spoken to, desiring merit for himself only, Nanda paid no heed to his brother's words. The Great Being thought, "Nanda acts improperly in disobeying me: I will send him away[3]." Then thinking he would watch over his parents by himself, he said, "Nanda, you are past teaching and pay no heed to the words of the wise. I am the elder. My father and mother are my charge: I alone will watch over them. You cannot stay on here: get you

[1] The text is probably corrupt; perhaps *parāha* is concealed in *para(m)aho*. Cf. *pare*, *Jāt.* II. 279. 2, III. 423. 18, 'the day before yesterday,' but in *Jāt.* IV. 481. 25 it seems to mean 'the day after to-morrow,' *peren-die*. Cognate words bearing this double meaning are found both in Hindí and Bengáli.

[2] *patimāneti*, to wait for. Cf. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* 1884, *Jāt.* I. 258. 17, II. 288. 14, IV. 203. 27, *Mil.* I. 14 (S. B. E.).

[3] *paṇāmeti* to dismiss. Cf. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* for 1884, *Mil.* I. 258, *Cullavagga*, XII. 2. 3, *Jāt.* II. 28. 15.

gone elsewhere," and he snapped his fingers at him. After being thus dismissed, Nanda could no longer remain in his brother's presence, and bidding him farewell he drew nigh to his parents and told them what had happened. Then retiring into his hut of leaves, he fixed his gaze on the mystic circle and that very day he developed the five Supernatural Faculties and the eight Attainments, and he thought, "I can fetch precious sand from the foot of Mount Sineru and sprinkling it in the cell of my brother's hut I can ask his forgiveness, and should he not even so be mollified, I will fetch water from lake Anotatta and ask him to forgive me, and should he not even thus be mollified, supposing my brother should not pardon me for the sake of angelic beings, I would bring the four Great Kings and Sakka and ask his forgiveness, and should he still not be mollified, I would bring the chief king in all India, Manoja, and the rest of the kings and beg him to pardon me. And this being so, the fame of my brother's virtue would be spread throughout India and would be blazed abroad as the sun and moon." Meanwhile by his magic power he alighted in the city of Brahmavaddhana at the door of the king's palace, [315] and sent a message to the king, saying, "A certain ascetic wishes to see you." The king said, "What has an ascetic to do with seeing me? He must have come for some food." He sent him rice, but he would have none of it. Then he sent husked rice and garments and roots, but he would have none of them. At last he sent a messenger to ask why he had come, and in answer to the messenger he said, "I am come to serve the king." The king, on hearing this, sent back word, "I have plenty of servitors, bid him do his duty as an ascetic." On hearing this he said, "By my own power I will get the sovereignty over all India, and bestow it on your king." The king when he heard this thought, "Ascetics, verily, are wise: they certainly know some clever tricks." Then he summoned him to his presence, assigned him a seat and saluting him asked, "Holy sir, will you, as they tell us, gain the rule over all India and grant it to me?" "Yes, sire." "How will you manage it?" "Sire, without shedding the blood of any one, no, not even so much as a tiny fly would drink, and without wasting your treasure, by my own magic power will I gain the sovereignty and make it over to you. Only, without a moment's delay, you must sally forth this very day." The king believed his words and set out, escorted by an army corps. If it was hot for the army, the sage Nanda by his magic created a shade and made it cool. If it rained, he did not allow the rain to fall upon the army. He kept off a hot wind. He did away with stumps and thorns in the road and every kind of danger. He made the road as level as the circle used in the Kasiṇa rite, and spreading a skin he sat cross-legged upon it in the air, and so moved in front of the army. Thus first of all he came with his army to the Kosala kingdom, and, pitching his camp near the city, he sent a message to the king

of Kosala, bidding him either give battle or yield himself to his power. The king was enraged and said, "What then, am I not a king? I will fight you"; and he sallied forth at the head of his forces, [316] and the two armies engaged in battle. The sage Nanda, spreading out wide the antelope skin on which he sat between the two armies, caught up with it all the arrows shot by the combatants on both sides, and in neither army was there a single soldier wounded by a shaft, and, when all the arrows in their possession were spent, both armies stood helpless. And sage Nanda went to the Kosala king and reassured him, saying, "Great king, be not dismayed. There is no danger threatening you: the kingdom shall still be yours. Only submit to king Manoja." He believed what Nanda said and agreed to do so. Then conducting him into the presence of Manoja, Nanda said, "The king of Kosala submits to you, sire: let the kingdom still remain his." Manoja readily assented and receiving his submission, he marched with the two armies to the kingdom of Aṅga and took Aṅga, and then he took Magadha in the kingdom of that name, and by these means he made himself master of the kings of all India, and accompanied by them he marched straight back to the city of Brahmavaddhana. Now he was seven years, seven months, and seven days in taking the kingdoms of all these kings, and from each royal city he caused to be brought all manner of food, both hard and soft, and taking the kings, one hundred and one in number, for seven days he held a great carouse with them. The sage Nanda thought, "I will not show myself to the king until he has enjoyed the pleasures of sovereignty for seven days." And going his rounds for alms in the country of the Northern Kurus, he abode for the space of seven days in the Himalayas, at the entrance of the Golden Cave. And Manoja on the seventh day, after contemplating his great majesty and might, bethought him, "This glory was not given me by my father and mother nor by any one else. It originated through the ascetic Nanda and surely it is now seven days since I set eyes on him. Where in the world can be the friend that bestowed on me this glory?" and he called to mind sage Nanda. And he, knowing that he was remembered, came and stood before him in the air. The king thought, "I do not know whether this ascetic is a man or a deity. [317] If he be a man, I will give him the sovereignty over all India, but if he be a divinity, I will pay him the honour due to a god," and to prove him he spoke the first stanza:

> Angel or minstrel-god art thou, or do we haply see
> Sakka, to cities bountiful, or mortal-born may be,
> With magic powers endued? Thy name we fain would learn from thee.

On hearing his words Nanda in declaring his nature repeated a second stanza:

> No angel I, no minstrel-god, nor Sakka dost thou see:
> A mortal I with magic powers. The truth I tell to thee.

The king, on hearing this, thought, "He says he is a human being; even so he has been useful to me. I will satisfy him with the great honour I pay him," and he said:

Great service thou hast wrought for us, beyond all words to tell,
Midst floods of rain no single drop upon us ever fell.

Cool shade thou didst create for us, when parching winds arose,
From deadly shaft[1] thou didst us shield, amidst our countless foes.

Next many a happy realm thou mad'st own me as sovereign lord,
Over a hundred kings became obedient to our word.

What from our treasures thou shalt choose, we cheerfully resign,
Cars yoked to steeds or elephants, or nymphs attired so fine,
Or if a lovely palace be thy choice, it shall be thine.

In Aṅga realms or Magadha if thou art fain to live,
Wouldst rule Avanti, Assaka—this too we gladly give.

Yea e'en the half of all our realm we cheerfully resign,
Say but the word, what thou wouldst have, at once it shall be thine.

[318] Hearing this, sage Nanda, explaining his wishes, said:

No kingdom do I crave, nor any town or land,
Nor do I seek to win great riches at thy hand.

"But if thou hast any affection for me," he said, "do my bidding in this one thing."

Beneath thy sovereign sway my aged parents dwell,
Enjoying holy calm in some lone woodland cell.

With these old sages I'm allowed no merit to acquire,
If thou and thine would plead my cause, Sona would cease his ire.

Then the king said to him:

Gladly in this will I perform, O brahmin, thy behest,
But who are they that I should take to further thy request?

[319] The sage Nanda said:

More than a hundred householders, rich brahmins too I name,
And all these mighty warrior chiefs of noble birth and fame,
With king Manoja, are enough to satisfy my claim.

Then the king said:

Go, harness steeds and elephants and yoke them to the car,
Go, fling my banners to the wind, from carriage-pole and bar,
I go to seek where Kosiya[2], the hermit, dwells afar.

Equipped then with his fourfold host the king marched out to seek
Where he did dwell in charming cell, a hermit mild and meek.

These verses were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

Now on the day on which the king reached the hermitage, the sage Sona reflected: "It is now more than seven years, seven months [320]

[1] Reading *sarattāṇaṃ*.

[2] The family name of Sona and his father.

and seven days since my young brother went forth from us. Where can he possibly be now?" and looking with the divine eye he saw him and said to himself, "He is coming with a hundred and one kings and an escort of twenty-four legions to beg my pardon. These kings and their retinues have witnessed many marvellous things done by my young brother, and being ignorant of my supernatural power they say of me, 'This false ascetic over-estimates his power and measures himself with our lord.' By such boasting[1] they will become destined to hell. I will give them a specimen of my magic-working powers," and placing a carrying-pole in the air, not touching his shoulder by an interval of four inches, he thus travelled in space, passing close by the king, to fetch water from lake Anotatta. But the sage Nanda, when he saw him coming, had not the courage to show himself, but, disappearing on the spot where he was sitting, he escaped and hid himself in the Himalayas. Howbeit king Manoja, when he saw Sona approaching in the comely guise of an ascetio, spoke this stanza:

Who goes to fetch him water through the air at such a pace,
With wooden pole not touching him by quite four inches space?

The Great Being, being thus addressed, spoke a couple of stanzas:

I'm Sona; from ascetic rule I never go astray:
My parents I unweariedly support by night and day.

Berries and roots as food for them I gather in the wood,
Ever recalling to my mind how they once wrought me good.

Hearing this, the king wishing to make friends with him, spoke another stanza:

[321] We fain would reach the hermitage where Kosiya doth dwell,
Show us the road, good Sona, which will lead us to his cell.

Then the Great Being by his supernatural power created a footpath leading to the hermitage and spoke this stanza:

This is the path: mark well, O king, yon clump of sombre green;
There midst a grove of ebon trees the hermitage is seen.

Thus did the mighty sage instruct these warrior kings, and then
Once more he travelled through the air and hurried home again.

Next having swept the hermitage he sought his sire's retreat,
And waking up the aged saint he offered him a seat.

'Come forth,' he cried, 'O holy sage, be seated here, I pray,
For high-born kings of mighty fame will pass along this way.'

The old man having heard his son his presence thus implore,
Came forth in haste from out his hut and sat him by the door.

These verses were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

And the sage Nanda came to the king at the very moment when the Bodhisatta reached the hermitage, bringing with him water from Anotatta,

[1] *vambheti*, see Morris, *P. T. S. J.* for 1884, p. 95.

and Nanda pitched their camp not far from the hermitage. Then the king bathed and arrayed himself in all his splendour, and, escorted by one hundred and one kings, he came with the sage Nanda in great state and glory and entered the hermitage, to beg the Bodhisatta to forgive his brother. Then the father of the Bodhisatta, on seeing the king approach them, inquired of the Bodhisatta and he explained the matter to him.

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[322] The Master, in making this clear, said:

On seeing him all in a blaze of glory standing near,
Surrounded by a band of kings, thus spoke the aged seer:

Who marches here with tabour, conch, and beat of sounding drums,
Music to cheer the heart of kings? Who here in triumph comes?

Who in this blaze of glory comes, with turban-cloth of gold,
As lightning bright, and quiver-armed, a hero young and bold?

Who comes all bright and glorious, with face of golden sheen,
Like embers of acacia wood, aglow in furnace seen?

Who comes with his umbrella held aloft in such a way,
That it with ribs so clearly marked wards off the sun's fierce ray?

Who is it, with a yak-tail fan stretched forth to guard his side,
Is seen, like some wise sage, on back of elephant to ride?

Who comes in pomp and majesty of parachutes all white,
And mail-clad steeds of noble strain, encircling left and right?

Who hither comes, surrounded by a hundred kings or more,
An escort of right noble kings, behind him and before?

With elephants, with chariots and with horse and foot brigade,
Who comes with all the pomp of war, in fourfold[1] host arrayed?

Who comes with all the legions vast that follow in his train,
Unbroken, limitless as are the billows of the main?

It is Maṇoja, king of kings, with Nanda here has come,
As though 'twere Indra, lord of heaven, to this our hermit home.

His is the mighty host that comes, obedient in his train,
Unbroken, limitless as are the billows of the main.

[323] The Master said:

In robe of finest silk arrayed, with sandal oil bedewed,
These kings approach the saintly men in suppliant attitude.

Then king Manoja with a salutation took his seat apart, and, exchanging friendly greetings, spoke a couple of stanzas:

O holy men, we trust that you are prosperous and well,
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell.

Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed?

[1] Elephants, cavalry, chariots and infantry.

Then these stanzas were spoken by them as question and answer:

We thank thee, king, and answer thus: We prosper and are well,
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where we dwell.

From flies and gnats and creeping things we suffer not annoy,
And from wild beasts of prey we here immunity enjoy.

Areca nuts for such as live as hermits here abound,
No harmful sickness that I know has ever here been found.

Welcome[1], O king, a happy chance directed thee this way,
Mighty thou art and glorious: what errand brings thee, pray?

[324] The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsumārī sweet,
And fruits like honey, take the best we have, O king, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will.

Accepted is thy offering by me and all, but pray
Give ear to what wise Nanda here, our friend, has got to say.

For all of us in Nanda's train as suppliants come to thee,
To beg a gracious hearing for poor Nanda's humble plea.

The sage Nanda, thus addressed, rose from his seat and saluted his father and mother and brother, and, conversing with his followers, said:

Let country folk, a hundred odd, and brahmins of great fame,
And all these noble warrior chiefs, illustrious in name,
With king Manoja, our great lord, all sanction this my claim.

Ye Yakkhas in this hermitage that are assembled here,
And woodland spirits, old and young[2], to what I say give ear.

My homage paid to these, I next this holy sage address,
In me a brother thou didst erst as thy right hand possess.

To serve my aged parents is the boon from thee I ask:
Cease, mighty saint, to hinder me in this my holy task.

[325] Kind service to our parents has long time been paid by thee;
The good approve such deeds—why not yield it in turn to me?
And to the merit I thus win the way to heaven is free.

Others there are that know in this the path of duty lies,
It is the way to heaven, as thou, O sage, dost recognise.

And yet a holy man bars me from merit such as this,
When I by service fain would bring my parents perfect bliss.

[326] Thus addressed by Nanda, the Great Being said, "You have heard what he had to say: now hear me," and he spoke these stanzas:

All ye that swell my brother's train, my words now hear in turn;
Whoso shall ancient precedent of his forefathers spurn,
Sinning against his elders, he, reborn in hell, shall burn.

But they who skilled in holy lore the Way of Truth may know,
Keeping the moral law, shall ne'er to World of Suffering go.

Brother and sister, parents, all by kindred tie allied,
A charge upon the eldest son will evermore abide.

[1] These lines occur in No. 503, *Sattigumba Jātaka*, vol. IV. p. 270, English version.

[2] *bhūtabhavyāni*, fully developed and embryo deities: for *bhavya*, a class of gods, cf. *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, III. 12.

As eldest son this heavy charge I gladly undertake,
And as a pilot guards his ship, the Right I'll ne'er forsake.

On hearing this all the kings were highly delighted and said, "To-day we learn that all the rest of a family are a charge laid upon the eldest," and they forsook the sage Nanda and became devoted to the Great Being and, singing his praises, recited two stanzas:

We have found knowledge like a flame that shines at dead of night,
E'en so has holy Kosiya revealed to us the Right.

Just as the sun-god by his rays illumines all the sea,
Showing the form of living things, as good or bad they be,
So holy Kosiya reveals the Right to me and thee.

[327] Thus was it that although these kings had so long a time believed in the sage Nanda, from witnessing his wonderful works, yet did the Great Being by the power of knowledge destroy their faith in him, and, causing them to accept his words, thus make them all his most obedient servants. Then the sage Nanda thinking, "My brother is a wise and clever fellow and mighty in the scriptures. He has got the better of these kings and won them over to his side. Except him I have no other refuge. To him only will I make my supplication; and he spoke this stanza:

Since thou my suppliant attitude heed'st not, nor outstretched hand,
Thy humble bond-slave will I be, to wait at thy command.

The Great Being naturally entertained no angry or hostile feeling towards Nanda, but he had acted as he did by way of rebuking him, in order to bring down his high stomach, when he spoke so exceeding proudly. But now on hearing what he had to say he was mightily pleased, and conceived a favour towards him, and saying, "Now I forgive you and will allow you to watch over your father and mother," and making known his virtues he said:

Nanda, thou know'st the true faith well, as saints have taught it thee,
''Tis only noble to be good'—thou greatly pleasest me.

My worthy parents I salute: list ye to what I say,
The charge of you as burden was ne'er felt in any way.

My parents I have tended long, their happiness to earn,
Now Nanda comes and humbly begs to serve you in his turn.

[328] Whiche'er of you two saintly ones would Nanda's service own,
Speak but the word and he shall come to wait on thee alone.

Then his mother, rising from her seat, said, "Dear Sona, your young brother has been long absent from his home. Now that he has at length returned, I do not venture to ask him myself, for we are altogether dependent upon you, but with your sanction I might now be allowed to take this holy youth to my arms and kiss him on the forehead," and, to make her meaning clear, she spoke this stanza:

Sona, dear son, on whom we lean, if thou allowest this,
Embracing him once more I will the holy Nanda kiss.

Then the Great Being said to her, "Well, dear mother, I give you permission: go and embrace your son Nanda and smell and kiss his head, and soothe the sorrow in your heart. So she went to the sage Nanda and embracing him before all the assembly she smelled and kissed his head, putting an end to the sorrow in her heart, and conversing with the Great Being she spoke this verse:

Just as the tender bo-tree shoot is shaken by the blast,
So throbs my heart with joy at sight of Nanda come at last.

Nanda, methinks, as in a dream returned I seem to see,
Half mad and jubilant I cry, 'Nanda comes back to me.'

But if on waking I should find my Nanda gone away,
To greater sorrow than before my soul would be a prey.

[329] Back to his parents dear to-day Nanda at last has come,
Dear to my lord and me alike, with us he makes his home.

Though Nanda to his sire is dear, let him stay where he will,
—Thou to thy father's wants attend—Nanda shall mine fulfil.

The Great Being assented to his mother's words, saying, "So be it," and he admonished his brother, saying, "Nanda, you have received the portion of the eldest son; verily a mother is a great benefactress. Be careful in watching over her," and celebrating a mother's virtues he spoke two stanzas:

Kind, pitiful, our refuge she that fed us at her breast,
A mother is the way to heaven, and thee she loveth best.

She nursed and fostered us with care; graced with good gifts is she,
A mother is the way to heaven, and best she loveth thee.

Thus did the Great Being in two stanzas tell of a mother's virtues, and when his mother had once more taken her seat, he said, "You, Nanda, have got a mother who has suffered things hard to be borne. Both of us have been painfully reared by our mother. Now you are carefully to watch over her and not to give her sour berries to eat," and to make it clear in the midst of the assembled people that deeds of great difficulty fell to a mother's lot, he said:

[330] Craving a child in prayer she kneels each holy shrine before,
The changing seasons closely scans and studies astral lore.

Pregnant in course of time she feels her tender longings grow,
And soon the unconscious babe begins a loving friend to know.

Her treasure for a year or less she guards with utmost care,
Then brings it forth and from that day a mother's name will bear.

With milky breast and lullaby she soothes the fretting child,
Wrapped in his comforter's warm arms his woes are soon beguiled.

Watching o'er him, poor innocent, lest wind or heat annoy,
His fostering nurse she may be called, to cherish thus her boy.

What gear his sire and mother have she hoards for him, 'May be,'
She thinks, 'some day, my dearest child, it all may come to thee.'

'Do this or that, my darling boy,' the worried mother cries,
And when he's grown to man's estate, she still laments and sighs.
He goes in reckless mood to see a neighbour's wife at night,
She fumes and frets, 'Why will he not return while it is light?'

If one thus reared with anxious pains his mother should neglect,
Playing her false, what doom, I pray, but hell can he expect?

If one thus reared with anxious pains his father should neglect,
Playing him false, what doom, I pray, but hell can he expect?

Those that love wealth o'ermuch, 'tis said, their wealth will soon have lost,
One that neglects a mother soon will rue it to his cost.

Those that love wealth o'ermuch, 'tis said, their wealth will soon have lost,
One that neglects a father soon will rue it to his cost.

Joy, careless ease, laughter and sport, are the sure heritage
Of him that studiously shall tend a mother in old age.

Joy, careless ease, laughter and sport, are the sure heritage
Of him that studiously shall tend a father in old age.

Gifts[1], loving speech, kind offices, together with the grace
Of calm indifference of mind shown in due time and place—

These virtues to the world are as linch-pin to chariot wheel,
These lacking, still a mother's name to children would appeal.

[331] A mother like the sire should be with reverent honour crowned,
Sages approve the man in whom these virtues may be found.

Thus parents, worthy of all praise, a high position own,
By ancient sages Brahma called. So great was their renown.

Kind parents from their children should receive all reverence due,
He that is wise will honour them with service good and true.

He should provide them food and drink, bedding and raiment meet,
Should bathe them and anoint with oil and duly wash their feet.

For filial services like these sages his praises sound
Here in this world, and after death in heaven his joys abound.

[332] Thus, as though he should set Mount Sineru rolling, did the Great Being bring his lesson to an end. On hearing him all these kings with their hosts became believers. So then establishing them in the five moral laws and exhorting them to be diligent in almsgiving and the like virtues, he dismissed them, and they all, after ruling their kingdoms righteously, at the end of their days went to swell the host of heaven. The sages, Sona and Nanda, as long as they lived, ministered to their parents and became destined to the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealing the Truths identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths the Brother who cherished his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the parents were members of the Great King's Court, the sage Nanda was Ānanda, king Manoja was Sāriputta, the hundred and one kings were eighty chief elders and certain others, the twenty-four complete armies were Buddha's disciples, but the sage Sona was I myself."

[1] Childers gives the four Saṅgahavatthus, appertaining to kings, as largesse, affability, beneficent rule, and impartiality.

BOOK XXI. ASĪTINIPĀTA.

No. 533.

CULLAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

[333] "*All other birds, etc.*" This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, as to how the venerable Ānanda renounced his life. For when archers were suborned to slay the Tathāgata, and the first one that was sent by Devadatta[2] on this errand returned and said, "Holy sir, I cannot deprive the Blessed One of life: he is possessed of great supernatural powers," Devadatta replied, "Well, sir, you need not slay the ascetic Gotama. I myself will deprive him of life." And as the Tathāgata was walking in the shadow cast westward[3] by the Vulture's Peak, Devadatta climbed to the top of the mountain and hurled a mighty stone as if shot from a catapult, thinking, "With this stone will I slay the ascetic Gotama," but two mountain peaks meeting together intercepted the stone, and a splinter from it flew up and struck the Blessed One on the foot and drew blood, and severe pains set in. Jīvaka, cutting open the Tathāgata's foot with a knife, let out the bad blood and removed the proud flesh, and anointing the wound with a medicament healed it. The Master moved about just as he was wont aforetime, surrounded by his attendants, with all the great charm of a Buddha. So on seeing him Devadatta thought, "Verily no mortal beholding the excellent beauty of Gotama's person dare approach him, but the king's elephant Nāḷāgiri is a fierce and [334] savage animal and knows nothing of the virtues of the Buddha, the Law, and the Assembly. He will bring about the destruction of the ascetic." So he went and told the matter to the king. The king readily fell in with the suggestion, and, summoning his elephant-keeper, thus addressed him; "Sir, to-morrow you are to make Nāḷāgiri mad with drink, and at break of day to let him loose in the street where the ascetic Gotama walks." And Devadatta asked the keeper how much arrack the elephant was wont to drink on ordinary days, and when he answered, "Eight pots," he said, "To-morrow give him sixteen pots to drink, and send him in the direction of the street frequented by the ascetic Gotama." "Very good," said the keeper. The king had a drum beaten throughout the city and proclaimed, "To-morrow Nāḷāgiri will be maddened with strong drink and let loose in the city. The men of the city are to do all that they have to do in the early morning and after that no one is to venture out into the street." And Devadatta came down

[1] Compare with this *Haṁsa-Jātaka*, vol. IV. No. 502, and *Jātaka-Mālā*, XXII. The Story of the Holy Swans.

[2] For the story of Devadatta, cf. *Cullavagga*, VII.

[3] In the corresponding passage in *Cullavagga*, VII. 3. 8, *pacchāyāyam* (Skt *pra-cchāya*) is read instead of *pacchāchāyāya*.

from the palace and went to the elephant-stall and, addressing the keepers, said, "We are able, I tell you, from a high position to degrade a man to a lowly one and to raise a man from a low position to a high one. If you are eager for honour, early to-morrow morning give Nāḷāgiri sixteen pots of fiery liquor, and at the time when the ascetic Gotama comes that way, wound the elephant with spiked goads, and when in his fury he has broken down his stall, drive him in the direction of the street where Gotama is wont to walk, and so bring about the destruction of the ascetic." They readily agreed to do so. This rumour was noised abroad throughout the whole city. The lay disciples attached to the Buddha, the Law, and the Priesthood, on hearing it, drew nigh to the Master and said, "Holy sir, Devadatta has been closeted with the king and to-morrow he will have Nāḷāgiri let loose in the street where you walk. Do not go into the city to-morrow for alms but remain here. We will provide food in the monastery for the priests, with Buddha at their head." The Master without directly saying, "I will not enter the city to-morrow for alms," answered and said, "To-morrow I will work a miracle and tame Nāḷāgiri and crush the heretics. And without going my round for alms in Rājagaha I will leave the city, attended by a company of the Brethren, and go straight to the Bamboo Grove, and the people of Rājagaha shall repair thither with many a bowl of food and to-morrow there shall be a meal provided in the refectory of the monastery." In this way did the Master grant their request. And on learning that the Tathāgata had acceded to their wishes, they set out from the city, carrying bowls of food, and saying, "We will distribute our gifts in the monastery itself." And the Master in the first watch taught the Law, in the middle watch he solved hard questions, in the first part of the last watch he lay down lion-like on his right side, and the second part [335] he spent in the Attainment of Fruition, in the third part, entering into a trance of deep pity for the sufferings of humanity, he contemplated all his kinsfolk that were ripe for conversion[1] and seeing that as the result of his conquest of Nāḷāgiri eighty-four thousand beings would be brought to a clear understanding of the Law, at daybreak, after attending to his bodily necessities, he addressed Ānanda and said, "Ānanda, to-day bid all the Brethren that are in the eighteen monasteries that are round about Rājagaha to accompany me into that city." The elder did so, and all the Brethren assembled at the Bamboo Grove. The Master attended by a great company of Brethren entered Rājagaha and the elephant-keepers proceeded according to their instructions and there was a great gathering of people. The believers thought, "To-day there will be a mighty battle between the lord elephant Buddha and this elephant of the brute world. We shall witness the defeat of Nāḷāgiri by the incomparable skill of the Buddha," and they climbed up and stood upon the upper storeys and roofs and house-tops. But the unbelieving heretics thought, "Nāḷāgiri is a fierce, savage creature, and knows nothing of the merits of Buddhas and the like. To-day he will crush the glorious form of the ascetic Gotama and bring about his death. To-day we shall look upon the back of our enemy." And they took their stand on upper storeys and other high places. And the elephant, on seeing the Blessed One approach him, terrified the people by demolishing the houses and raising his trunk he crushed the waggons into powder, and, with his ears and tail erect with excitement, he ran like some towering mountain in the direction of the Blessed One. On seeing him the Brethren thus addressed the Blessed One, "This Nāḷāgiri, holy sir, a fierce and savage creature, and a slayer of men, is coming along this road[2]. Of a truth he knows nothing of the merit of Buddhas and the like. Let the Blessed One, the Auspicious One, withdraw." "Fear not, Brethren," he said, "I am able to overcome Nāḷāgiri." Then the venerable Sāriputta prayed the Master, saying, "Holy sir, when any service has to be rendered to a father, it is a burden laid on his eldest son. I will vanquish this creature." Then the Master said, "Sāriputta, the power of a Buddha is one thing, that of his disciples is another," and he rejected his offer,

[1] With *bodhaneyya* one may perhaps compare the *οἱ σωζόμενοι* of the N.T.

[2] *racchā*, Skt *rathyā*, a carriage road or street. *Jāt.* I. 346. 18.

saying, "You are to remain here." This too was the prayer of the eighty chief elders for the most part, but he refused them all. Then the venerable Ānanda by reason of his strong affection for the Master was unable to acquiesce in this and cried, "Let this elephant kill me first," and he stood before the Master, ready to sacrifice his life for the Tathāgata. So the Master said to him, "Go away, Ānanda, do not stand in front of me." The elder said, "Holy sir, this elephant [336] is fierce and savage, a slayer of men, like the flame at the beginning of a cycle. Let him first slay me and afterwards let him approach you." And though he was spoken to for the third time, the elder remained in the same spot and did not retire. Then the Blessed One by the exercise of his supernatural power made him fall back and placed him in the midst of the Brethren. At this moment a certain woman, catching sight of Nāḷāgiri, was terrified with the fear of death, and as she fled she dropped the child, which she was carrying on her hip, between the Tathāgata and the elephant and made her escape. The elephant, pursuing the woman, came up with the child, who uttered a loud cry. The Master thrilling with the charity that is expressly commanded[1], and, uttering the honeyed accents of a voice like that of Brahma, called to Nāḷāgiri, saying, "Ho! Nāḷāgiri, those that maddened you with sixteen pots of arrack did not do this that you might attack someone else, but acted thus thinking you would attack me. Do not tire out your strength by rushing about aimlessly but come hither." On hearing the voice of the Master he opened his eyes and beheld the glorious form of the Blessed One, and he became greatly agitated and by the power of Buddha the intoxicating effects of the strong drink passed off. Dropping his trunk and shaking his ears he came and fell down at the feet of the Tathāgata. Then the Master addressing him said, Nāḷāgiri, you are a brute elephant, I am the Buddha elephant. Henceforth be not fierce and savage, nor a slayer of men, but cultivate thoughts of charity." So saying he stretched forth his right hand and coaxed the elephant's forehead and taught the Law to him in these words:

[2]This elephant shouldst thou presume to assail,
An awful doom thou wouldst erelong bewail.
To strike this elephant would destine thee
To state of suffering in worlds to be.

From mad and foolish recklessness abstain,
The reckless fool to heaven will ne'er attain.
If in the next world thou wouldst win heaven's bliss,
See that thou doest what is right in this.

The whole body of the elephant constantly thrilled with joy, and had he not been a mere quadruped, he would have entered on the fruition of the First Path. The people, on beholding this miracle, shouted and snapped their fingers. In their joy they cast upon him all manner of ornaments and covered therewith all the body of the elephant. [337] Thenceforth Nāḷāgiri was known as Dhanapālaka (keeper of treasure).—Now on the occasion of this encounter with Dhanapālaka eighty-four thousand beings drank the nectar of immortality.—And the Master established Dhanapālaka in the five moral laws. With his trunk taking up dust from the feet of the Blessed One the elephant sprinkled it on his head, and retiring with bent body he stood bowing to the Dasabala as long as he was in sight, and then he turned and entered the elephant-stall. Thenceforth he was quite tame and harmed no man. The Master, now that his desire was fulfilled, decided that the treasure should remain the property of those by whom it had been thrown upon the elephant and thinking, "To-day I have wrought a great miracle. It is not seemly that I should go my rounds for alms in this city," and after crushing the heretics, surrounded by a band of the Brethren, he sallied forth from the city like a victorious warrior chief and made

[1] *odissakamettā*. Cf. *Jāt.* II. 61. 9, II. 146. 13.

[2] These verses occur in *Cullavagga*, VII. 3. 12.

straight for the Bamboo Grove. The citizens, taking with them a quantity of boiled rice, drink, and some solid food, went to the monastery and set on foot almsgiving on a grand scale. That day at eventide, as they sat filling the Hall of Truth, the Brethren started a topic, saying, "The venerable Ānanda achieved a marvellous thing in being ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of the Tathāgata. On seeing Nāḷāgiri, though he was thrice forbidden by the Master to remain, he refused to go away. O sirs, of a truth the elder was the doer of a marvellous deed." The Master, thinking, "The conversation turns on the merits of Ānanda, I must be present at it," went forth from his Perfumed Chamber and came and asked them, saying, "On what subject are ye discoursing, Brethren, as ye sit here?" And when they answered, "On such and such a topic," he said, "Not now only, but formerly too, Ānanda, even when he was born in an animal form, renounced his life for my sake," and so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Mahiṁsaka in the city of Sakuḷa a king named Sakuḷa ruled his kingdom righteously. At that time not far from the city a certain fowler in a village of fowlers got his living by snaring birds and selling them in the city. Near that city was a lotus-lake called Mānusiya, twelve leagues in circumference, covered with five varieties of lotus. Thither repaired a flock of all manner of birds and the fowler set his snares there freely. At this time the king of the Dhataraṭṭha geese, with a following of ninety-six thousand geese, dwelt in Golden Cave on mount Cittakūṭa and his commander-in-chief was named Sumukha. Now one day a flock [338] composed of some golden geese came to the lake Mānusiya, and, after browsing to their heart's content in this abundant feeding ground, they flew up to the beautiful Cittakūṭa and thus addressed the Dhataraṭṭha king: "Sire, there is a lotus-lake called Mānusiya, a rich feeding ground lying midst the haunts of men. Thither we will go to feed." He answered, "The haunts of men are dangerous: let not this approve itself to you." And though he declined to go, yet being importuned he said, "If it be your good pleasure, we will go," and with his following he repaired to that lake. Alighting from the air he set his foot in a noose at the very moment he touched the ground. So the noose seized his foot as it were with an iron vice and caught and held him fast. Then thinking to sever the snare he tugged at it, and first the skin was broken, next the flesh was torn, and lastly the tendon, till the snare touched the bone and the blood flowed and severe pains set in. He thought, "If I should utter a cry of capture, my kinsfolk would be alarmed and without feeding would fly away famished and through weakness they would fall into the water." So he bore with the pain and when his kinsfolk had eaten their fill and were disporting themselves after the manner of geese, he uttered the loud cry of a captured bird. On hearing it these geese were frightened with the fear of death and flew off in the direction of Cittakūṭa. As soon as they were gone, Sumukha, the captain of the geese, thought, "Can it be that this means something terrible has happened to the Great King?

I will find ont what it is," and flying at full speed, and not seeing the Great Being amongst those in the van of the retreating army of geese, he sought him in the main body of the birds and there too failing to find him he said, "Without all doubt something terrible has occurred," [339] and he turned back and found the Great Being caught in a snare, stained with blood and suffering great pain, lying on the muddy ground. And he alighted aud sat on the ground and trying to comfort the Great Being he said, "Fear not, sire: I will release you from the snare at the sacrifice of my own life."

Then to test him the Great Being spoke the first stanza:

All other birds, heedless of me, have fled in haste away;
What friendship can a captive know? Be off, make no delay.

Here moreover followed these stanzas [1]:

Whether I go or stay with thee, I still some day must die:
I've courted thee in weal, in woe from thee I may not fly.

I either theu must die with thee, or live a life forloru,
Far better 'twere to die at once than live thy loss to mourn.

It is not right to leave thee, sire, in such a sorry state;
Nay, I am well content to share whate'er may be thy fate.

What fate for one caught in a snare except the cruel spit?
How in thy senses and still free couldst thou to this submit?

What good for thee or me, O bird, herein dost thou descry,
Or for the kin surviving us, if both of us should die?

Wrapt, golden-wingèd one, in night will be thy deed of worth;
What moral would such sacrifice, if brought to light, show forth?

That blessings follow Right, O king of birds, dost thou not see?
Right duly honoured shows to men what their true good may be.

[340] Seeing the Right and all the Good that still from Right may spring,
For love of thee I cheerfully my life away would fling.

If mindful of the Right one ne'er forsakes a suffering friend,
Not e'en to save one's life, such act as Right the wise commend.

Thy duty nobly done, the while I recognise thy love,
Depart at once, if thou wouldst do the thing I most approve.

Perhaps in time the ties that bound my kin beneath my sway,
With fuller knowledge and control may pass to thee some day.

As thus these noble birds exchanged high thoughts, to them, behold,
Like Death to some bedridden wretch appeared this fowler bold.

The friends in him discerning well the enemy they fear,
Long silent sat and motionless, as he to them drew near.

Seeing the geese rise here and there and vanish into space,
Their foe, where sat these noble birds, in haste approached the place.

And as he ran with utmost speed and reached the fated spot,
The fowler, trembling at the thought, cried, 'Are they caught or not?'

The one he saw caught in the snare, the other bird he found
Watching his captive friend, himself unfettered and unbound.

[1] In the form of a dialogue between the captive goose-king and his faithful friend Sumukha. Afterwards the fowler intervenes.

Perplexed and doubting in his mind he viewed the noble pair,
—Full grown were they, two comely birds—and thus he spake them fair.

Granted that one caught in a snare may never fly away[1],
Why, mighty bird, dost thou, still free, resolve with him to stay?

What is this fowl to thee, that when the rest are fled and gone,
Though free, beside the captive bird thou sittest here alone?

[2]O foe of birds, my friend and king, dear as my life is he;
Forsake him—no, I never will, until Death calls for me.

[341] How was it that this bird ne'er spied the fowler's secret snare?
Of mighty chiefs the function is of danger to be ware.

[3]When ruin comes upon a man and Death's hour draweth nigh,
Though you may close upon it come, nor trap nor snare you spy.

Snares of all kinds, O holy ones, are ofttimes set in vain:
In fatal hour at last one's caught in hidden snare and slain.

[342] Thus did he by discoursing with him soften the fowler's heart, and begging for the life of the Great Being he spoke this stanza:

[343] Is this the happy issue[4], say, of friendly talk with thee,
And wilt thou, prithee, spare our lives and let us both go free?

The fowler, charmed by Sumukha's sweet discourse, spoke this stanza:

No prisoner of mine art thou; begone, quick, hence away;
I would not shed thy blood; unscathed, live on for many a day.

Then Sumukha repeated four stanzas:

I should not care to live myself, if this my friend were dead,
Content with one, let him go free, and eat my flesh instead.

We two are much the same in age, in length and breadth of limb;
No loss for thee, if thou shouldst take me in exchange for him.

Regard it in this light and glut thy appetite on me;
First bind me in the snare, then let this king of birds go free.

Thus thou wouldst gain thy wish and I my heart's desire secure,
And peace would be 'twixt geese and thee, long as life should endure.

Thus by the preaching of the Law was this fowler's heart softened, even as cotton dipped in oil, and in yielding up the Great Being to him, as a slave to his owner, he said:

Be witness all your sages, friends, servants, and kith and kin,
Through thee alone this king of birds his liberty did win.

To few 'tis given to own a friend like thee prepared to share
A common fate, as when thy king was caught in deadly snare.

So I release thy friend the king, to follow thee afar,
Quick, hence away, amidst thy kin to shine fair as a star.

[1] *kurute disam*, to fly away. Text *desam*, scholiast *disam*, as required by the metre.

[2] This couplet occurs in IV. p. 265, English version.

[3] This couplet occurs three times before. See note on vol. IV. p. 265, English version.

[4] *sukhudraya*, *Jāt.* IV. 451. 17, V. 389. 3, *dukkhudraya* IV. 398. 9, *kaṭukudraya* V. 241. 14.

[344] And so saying, the fowler with kindness in his heart drew nigh to the Great Being, and cutting his bonds took him up in his arms and lifting him out of the water laid him on the bank of the lake upon the fresh grass, and with great tenderness gently loosing the snare that bound his foot threw it to a distance. Then conceiving a strong affection for the Great Being, with a heart full of love he took some water and washed away the blood from his wound, and once and again wiped it. Through the power of his charity the wound in the Bodhisatta's foot grew together, tendon uniting with tendon, flesh with flesh, skin with skin. Fresh skin formed and fresh down grew over it. The Bodhisatta was just as if his foot had never been trapped and sat rejoicing in his ordinary form. Then Sumukha, beholding how happy the Great Being was all owing to his action, in his gladness sang the praises of the fowler.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The goose glad at the king's release, in honour of his lord,
Thus charmed his benefactor's ear with this most pleasant word:

'Fowler, with all thy kith and kin, right happy mayst thou be,
As I am happy to behold the king of birds set free.'

After thus singing the fowler's praises, Sumukha said to the Bodhisatta, "Sire, this man has wrought us a great service: had he not hearkened to our words, he might have won great wealth, either by making us tame birds to be kept for pleasure and offering us to some great lords, or by killing and selling us for food. But utterly regardless of his own livelihood he hearkened to our words. [345] Let us conduct him into the king's presence and make him happy for life." The Great Being agreed to this. Then Sumukha, after conversing with the Great Being in their own language, addressed the fowler in human speech and asked him, saying, "Friend, why did you set snares?" and on his replying, "For gain," "This being the case," said Sumukha, "take us with you into the city and present us to your king, and I will persuade him to bestow on you great riches," and he spoke these stanzas:

Come, I will teach thee how thou mayst win for thyself great gain,
Seeing the honour of this goose brooks not the slightest stain.

Quick, take us to the royal court, in body sound and whole,
Standing, unbound, at either end of this thy carrying-pole.

And say, 'O sire, lo! here to thee two ruddy geese we bring,
The one is captain of the host, the other is their king.'

This lord of men beholding then this royal goose will be
So glad and overjoyed, he will great wealth bestow on thee.

When he had so spoken, the fowler replied, "Let it not be your pleasure to see the king. Verily kings are fickle-minded: they would either keep you captive for their amusement or would put you to death." Sumukha said, "Fear not, my friend. By my preaching of the Law I have softened the heart of a fierce creature like you and have brought you to my feet, a fowler whose hand is red with blood. Kings, verily, are full of goodness and wisdom, and are such as can discern between good and evil words. So make haste and bring us into the presence of your king." The fowler said, "Well, be not angry with me. As it is your good pleasure, [346] I will take you to him." So he mounted the pair of birds on his pole and went to the court and introduced them to the king, and on being questioned by him the fowler declared all the facts of the case.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

On hearing this he wrought the thing they craved in heart and soul,
And quickly took the geese to court, in body sound and whole,
Standing, unbound, one at each end of his long carrying-pole.

'Lo! here,' he said, 'two ruddy geese, O sire, to thee we bring,
One is the captain of the host, the other is their king.'

How did these wingèd mighty ones, fowler, become thy prey,
How didst thou creep close up to them, nor frighten them away?

O lord of men, in every pool behold a gin or net,
In every [1]haunt of birds, methinks, a deadly snare was set.

'Twas in some hidden trap like this I caught the king of geese,
His friend, still free, sat by his side and sought his lord's release.

This bird essayed a task beyond what vulgar souls achieve,
Resolved his every nerve to strain, his master to relieve.

There sat he, worthy to survive, content his life to give,
If but his lord, whose praise he sang, might be allowed to live.

Hearing his words I all at once attained to state of grace,
Gladly set free the captive bird and bade them leave the place.

The goose, rejoiced at his release, in honour of his lord,
Thus charmed his benefactor's ear with this most pleasant word:

'Fowler, with all thy kith and kin, right happy mayst thou be,
As I am happy to behold the king of birds set free.

Come, I will teach thee how thou mayst win for thyself great gain,
Seeing the honour of this goose brooks not the slightest stain.

Quick, take us to the royal court, in body sound and whole,
Standing, unbound, at either end of this thy carrying-pole.

And say, "O sire, lo! here to thee two ruddy geese we bring,
The one is captain of the host, the other is their king."

This lord of men, beholding then this royal goose will be
So glad and overjoyed, he will great wealth bestow on thee.'

[1] Reading *yam yad āyatanam*.

[347] Thus at his bidding hither led by me the pair have come,
Although for me they both were free to seek their mountain home.

Such was the fate of this poor bird, though very righteous he,
So much that he with pity moved a fowler fierce like me.

This goose, O lord of men, to thee an offering bring I here,
Amidst the haunts of fowling men one scarce could find his peer.

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[348] Thus did he standing there proclaim the virtues of Sumukha. Then the king Sakuḷa offered to the goose-king a costly throne and to Sumukha a precious golden chair, and when they had taken their seats he served them with parched corn, honey, molasses, and the like, in golden vessels, and, when they had finished their meal, with outstretched hands he prayed the Great Being to preach the Law and took his seat upon a golden chair. And at his request the goose-king held pleasant converse with him.

The Master, to make everything clear, said:

Seeing the king now seated on a lovely golden chair,
The goose in tones to charm the ear thus did bespeak him fair.

Dost thou, my lord, enjoy good health and is all well with thee?
I trust thy realm is flourishing and ruled in equity.

O king of geese, my health is good and all is well with me;
My realm is very flourishing and ruled in equity.

Hast thou true men to counsel thee, free from all stain or blame,
Ready to die, if need there be, for thy good cause and name?

I have true men to counsel me, free from all stain or blame,
Ready to die, if need there be, for my good cause and name.

Hast thou a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord?

I have a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord.

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[349] When the Bodhisatta had ended his words of friendly greeting, the king again conversing with him said:

When some mischance delivered thee to thy most deadly foe,
Didst thou then at his hands, O bird, great suffering undergo?

Did he run up and with his stick belabour thee, I pray?
Of such vile creatures, as I hear, this ever is the way.

I never was in danger, as I gratefully recall,
Nor did he deal with us as foes in any way at all.

The fowler, trembling and amazed, to question us was fain,
And Sumukha, wisest of birds, made answer back again.

Hearing his words he all at once attained to state of grace,
Gladly released me from the snare, and bade us leave the place.

To come and visit thee, O king, was Sumukha's desire,
Thinking our friend the fowler thus great riches might acquire.

You are right welcome, sirs, be sure, I'm glad to see you here,
And let your fowler friend receive his fill of earthly gear.

[350] And so saying the king fixed his gaze upon a certain councillor and when he asked, "What is your pleasure, sire," he said, "See that this fowler has his hair and beard trimmed and that after being washed and anointed he is sumptuously arrayed and then bring him here." And when this was done and the fowler was brought back, the king presented him with a village producing annually a hundred thousand pieces of money, and moreover a house standing in a position abutting on two streets, and a splendid chariot, and much store of yellow gold.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The king with riches manifold the fowler amply blest,
And then in tones that charmed the ear the ruddy goose addressed.

Then the Great Being instructed the king in the Law, and hearing his exposition he was glad at heart, and, being minded to pay some mark of respect to the preacher of the Law, he presented him with the white umbrella and made over his kingdom to him and he spoke these stanzas:

Whate'er I lawfully possess, whate'er I duly claim,
Shall pass beneath your sway, if ye your heart's desire will name.

Whether for alms or to enjoy and use it for your own,
To you I yield my gear and all, to you resign my throne.

Then the Great Being returned the white umbrella which the king had given to him. And the king thought, "I have heard the Law preached by the goose-king, but this Sumukha has been highly praised by the fowler, as speaking words sweet as honey, [351] I shall have to hear him also preach the Law." So holding converse with him he spake yet another stanza:

If wise and learned Sumukha would speak of his free will
A word or two, my happiness would then be greater still.

Then Sumukha said:

I could not in your presence, with propriety, my lord,
As though I were some Nāga prince, utter a single word.

For this the chief of ruddy geese, and thou, O mighty king,
On many grounds may rightly claim the homage that I bring.

I a mere underling, my lord, may scarcely intervene,
When high debate is being held your Majesties between.

The king, hearing what he said, was glad at heart and said, "The fowler praised you, and surely there cannot be any other like you, so sweet a preacher of the Law," and he repeated these stanzas:

The fowler rightly praised this bird as wise beyond its kind:
Such prudence is not found in one undisciplined[1] in mind.

Of noble creatures I have seen, with highest nature blest,
Surely this matchless bird amongst them all is far the best[2].

Your noble form and sweet discourse cast o'er me such a spell,
My only wish is that you both long time with me may dwell.

[352] Then the Great Being in praise of the king said:

Thou hast dealt with us as a man deals with his dearest friend:
Such was the kindness, Sir, thou didst to us poor birds extend.

Yet a great void the circle of our kin has to deplore,
And many a bird is sorely grieved to see our face no more.

To drive away their sorrow thou, O king, hast set us free,
So humbly taking leave we fly our friends once more to see.

I'm very glad acquaintance with your Highness to have made,
Henceforth, I trust, my friends may have less cause to be afraid.

When he had thus spoken the king suffered them to depart. And the Great Being declared to the king the misery attending the five kinds of vice and the blessing that followed virtue, and exhorted him, saying, "Keep the moral law and rule your kingdom righteously, and win the hearts of your people with the four modes of conciliation[3]," and forthwith he set out for Cittakūṭa.

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[353] The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Thus to the lord of mortals spake the Dhataraṭṭha king,
Then sought these geese their kith and kin with utmost speed of wing.

Seeing their chiefs all safe and sound returned from haunts of men,
The wingèd flock with noisy cries welcomed them back again.

Thus circling round their lord in whom they trust, these ruddy geese
Paid all due honour to their king, rejoiced at his release.

While thus escorting their king these geese asked him, saying, "How, sire, did you escape?" The Great Being told them of his escape by the help of Sumukha, and of the action of the Sakuḷa king and the fowler. On hearing this the flock of geese in their joy sang their praises, saying, "Long live Sumukha, captain of our host, and the Sakuḷa king and the fowler. May they be happy and free from sorrow."

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[1] *akatatta*, Skt *akṛitātman*, cf. VI. 296. 1.

[2] *uttamasattava*, 'best of beings,' *sattava* = *satta*, i.e. *sattva*.

[3] *saṅgahavatthu*, see p. 174.

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated a final stanza:

Thus all whose hearts are full of love succeed in what they do,
E'en as these geese back to their friends once more in safety flew.

[354] The Master here ended his story, saying, "Brethren, not now only, but of old also, Ānanda for my sake renounced his life," and he identified the Birth: "At that time Channa was the fowler, Sāriputta the king, Ānanda Sumukha, the followers of Buddha the ninety thousand geese, and I myself was the goose-king."

No. 534.

MAHĀHAṀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*There go the birds,*" *etc.* This story the Master, while residing in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the elder Ānanda's renunciation of life. The introductory story is exactly like one already given, but on this occasion the Master in telling a story of the past related the following tale.

Once upon a time at Benares a king named Saṁyama had a chief consort named Khemā. At that time the Bodhisatta with a following of ninety thousand geese dwelt on mount Cittakūṭa. Now one day at day-break queen Khemā saw a vision. Some gold-coloured geese came and perching upon the royal throne with a sweet voice preached the Law. While the queen was listening and applauding and had not yet had her fill of the exposition of the Law, it became broad daylight, and the geese finished their discourse and departed by the open window. The queen, rising in haste, cried, "Catch them, catch the geese, before they escape," and in the act of stretching forth her hand she awoke. Hearing her words her handmaids said, "Where are the geese?" and softly laughed. At this moment the queen knew that it was a dream, and thought, "I do not see the thing that is not: surely there must be golden geese in this world, but if I should say to the king, 'I am anxious to hear the preaching of the Law by golden geese,' he will say, 'We have never yet seen any golden geese; there is no such thing as preaching by geese,' and he will take no pains in the matter: but if I say, 'It is a pregnant longing on my part,' he will search for them in every possible way and so will the desire of my

[1] For other versions of this story see note on *Cullahaṁsa-Jātaka*, p. 175 of this volume.

heart be fulfilled." So pretending to be sick [355] she gave instructions to her servants and lay down. The king, when he had taken his seat upon his throne, not seeing her at the usual time of her appearance, inquired where queen Khemā was, and, hearing she was sick, he went to her and sitting on one side of the bed he chafed her back and inquired if she were ill. "My lord," she said, "I am not ill but the longings of a pregnant woman have come upon me." "Say, lady, what you would have, and I will soon fetch it you." "Sire, I long to listen to the preaching of the Law by a golden goose, while it sits upon the royal throne, with a white umbrella spread over it, and to pay homage to it with scented wreaths and such like marks of honour, and to express my approval of it. If I should attain to this, it is well: otherwise there is no life in me." Then the king comforted her and said, "If there is such a thing in the world of men, you shall have it: do not vex yourself." And going forth from the queen's chamber he took counsel with his ministers, saying, "Mark you, queen Khemā says, 'If I can hear a golden goose preach the Law, I shall live, but otherwise I shall die'; pray, are there any golden geese?" "Sire," they answered, "we have never either seen or heard of them." "Who would know about it?" "The brahmins, sire." The king summoned the brahmins and asked them, saying, "Are there such things as golden geese who teach the Law[1]?" "Yes, sire, it has come down by tradition to us that fish, crabs, tortoises, deer, peacocks, geese, all these are found of a golden colour. Amongst them, they say, the family of Dhataraṭṭha geese are wise and learned. Including men there are seven creatures that are gold-coloured." The king was greatly pleased and asked, "Where dwell these scholarly ruddy geese?" "We do not know, sire." "Then who will know?" And when they answered, "The tribe of fowlers," he gathered together all the fowlers in his dominion and asked them, saying, "My friends, where dwell gold-coloured geese of the Dhataraṭṭha family?" Then a certain fowler said, "People tell us, sire, by tradition from one generation to another, that they dwell in the Himalayas, on mount Cittakūṭa." "Do you know how to catch them?" "I do not know, sire." He summoned his wise brahmins [356] and after telling them that there were golden geese on Cittakūṭa, he asked if they knew any way to catch them. They said, "Sire, what need for us to go and catch them? By a stratagem we will bring them down close to the city and catch them." "What is this stratagem?" "On the north of the city, sire, you are to have a lake dug, three leagues in extent, a safe and peaceful spot, and filling it with water, plant all manner of grain and cover the lake with the five kinds of lotus. Then hand it over to the care of a skilful fowler and suffer no one to approach it, and by means of men stationed at the four corners have it proclaimed as a sanctuary lake,

[1] One reading gives *Ācariyā*, "My masters, are there any golden geese?"

and on hearing this all manner of birds will alight there. And these geese, hearing one from another how safe this lake is, will visit it and then you can have them caught, trapping them with hair nooses." The king, on hearing this, had a lake such as they described formed in the place they mentioned, and summoning a skilled fowler he presented him with a thousand pieces of money and said, "Henceforth give up your occupation: I will support your wife and family. Carefully guarding this peaceful lake and driving everyone away from it, have it proclaimed at the four corners as a sanctuary, and say that all the birds that come and go are mine, and when the golden geese arrive you shall receive great honour." With these words of encouragement the king put him in charge of the sanctuary lake. From that day the fowler acted just as the king bade him and watched over the place, and as one that kept the lake in peace he came to be known as the fowler Khema (Peace). Thenceforth all manner of birds alighted there, and from its being proclaimed from one to another that the lake was peaceful and secure, different kinds of geese arrived. First of all came the grass-geese, then owing to their report came the yellow geese, followed in like manner by the scarlet geese, the white geese and the pāka geese. On their arrival Khemaka thus reported to the king: "Five kinds of geese, sire, have come, and they are continually feeding in the lake. Now that the pāka geese have arrived, in a few days the golden geese will be coming: [357] cease to be anxious, sire." The king on hearing this made proclamation in the city by beat of drum that no one was to go there, and whosoever should do so should suffer mutilation of hands and feet and spoliation of his household goods; and from that time no one went there. Now the pāka geese dwell not far from Cittakūṭa in Golden Cave. They are very powerful birds and as with the Dhataraṭṭha family of geese the colour of their body is distinctive, but the daughter of the king of the pāka geese is gold-coloured. So her father, thinking she was a fitting match for the Dhataraṭṭha king, sent her to be his wife. She was dear and precious in her lord's eyes, and owing to this the two families of geese became very friendly. Now one day the geese that were in attendance on the Bodhisatta inquired of the pāka geese, "Where are you getting your food just now?" "We are feeding near Benares, on a safe piece of water; but where are you roaming?" "To such and such a place," they answered. "Why do you not come to our sanctuary? It is a charming lake, teeming with all manner of birds, covered over with five kinds of lotus, and abounding with various grains and fruits, and buzzing with swarms of many different bees. At its four corners is a man to proclaim perpetual immunity from danger. No one is allowed to come near: much less to injure another." After this manner did they sing the praises of the peaceful lake. On hearing what the pāka geese said, they told Sumukha, saying, "They tell us, near

Benares is a peaceful lake of such and such a kind: thither the pāka geese go and feed. Do you tell the Dhataraṭṭha king, and, if he allows us, we too will go and feed there." Sumukha told the king, who thought, "Men, verily, are full of wiles and skilled in expedients: there must be some reason for this. All this long time past there was no such lake: it must have been made now to catch us." And he said to Sumukha, "Let not this going there meet with your approval. This lake was not constructed by them in good faith; it was made to catch us. Men surely are cruelly minded and versed in expedients: keep still in your own feeding grounds." [358] The golden geese a second time told Sumukha they were anxious to visit the Lake of Peace and he reported their wishes to the king. The Great Being thought, "My kinsfolk must not be vexed by reason of me: we will go there." So accompanied by ninety thousand geese he went and browsed there, disporting himself after the manner of geese and then returned to Cittakūṭa. Khemaka, after they had fed and taken their departure, went and reported their arrival to the king of Benares. The king was highly pleased and said, "Friend Khemaka, try and catch one or two geese and I will confer great honour on you." With these words he paid his expenses and sent him away. Returning there the fowler seated himself in a skeleton pot and watched the movements of the geese. Bodhisattas verily are free from all greed. Therefore the Great Being, starting from the spot where he alighted, went on eating the paddy in due order. All the others wandered about, eating here and there. So the fowler thought, "This goose is free from greed: this is the one I must catch." The next day before the geese had alighted on the lake, he went to the place hard by and concealing himself in the framework of his pot he remained there sitting in it and looking through a chink in the frame. At that moment the Great Being escorted by ninety thousand geese came down on the same spot where he had alighted the day before, and sitting down at the limit of yesterday's feeding ground he went on browsing. The fowler, looking through a chink in his cage and marking the extraordinary beauty of the bird, thought, "This goose is as big as a waggon, gold-coloured and with its neck encircled with three stripes of red. Three lines running down the throat pass along the middle of the belly, while other three stripes run down and mark off the back, and its body shines like a mass of gold poised on a string made of the thread of red wool. This must be their king, and this is the one I will seize." And the goose-king, after feeding over a wide field, disported himself in the water and then surrounded by his flock returned to Cittakūṭa. For six days he fed after this manner. On the seventh day Khemaka twisted a big stout cord of black horse-hair and fixed a noose upon a stick, and, knowing for certain the goose-king would alight to-morrow on the same spot, [359] he set the stick on which the snare was mounted in the water.

The next day the goose-king coming down stuck its foot, as it alighted, into the snare, which grasping the bird's foot as it were with a band of iron held it fast in its grip. The bird, thinking to sever the snare, dragged at it and struck it with all its force. First its gold-coloured skin was bruised, next its flesh of the colour of red wool was cut, then the sinew was severed and last of all its foot[1] would have been broken, but thinking a maimed body was unbefitting a king, it ceased to struggle. As severe pains set in, it thought, "If I should utter a cry of capture, my kinsfolk would be alarmed and without feeding properly they would fly away, and being half-starved they would drop into the water." So putting up with the pain it remained in the power of the snare, pretending to be feeding on the paddy, but when the flock had eaten their fill, and were now disporting themselves after the manner of geese, it uttered a loud cry of capture. The geese on hearing it flew away, just as previously described. Sumukha, too, considering the matter, just as related before, searched about and not finding the Great Being in the three main divisions of the geese, thought, "Verily this must be something terrible that has come upon the king," and he turned back, saying, "Fear not, sire, I will release you at the sacrifice of my own life," and sitting down on the mud he comforted the Great Being. The Great Being thought, "The ninety thousand geese have forsaken me and fled and this one alone has returned. I wonder, when the fowler comes up, whether or not Sumukha too will forsake me and flee." And by way of testing him, stained with blood as he was, and resting against the stick fastened to the snare, he repeated three stanzas:

There go the birds, the ruddy geese, all overcome with fear,
O golden-yellow Sumukha, depart! What wouldst thou here?

My kith and kin deserted me, away they all have flown;
Without a thought they fly away. Why art thou left alone?

Fly, noble bird, with prisoners what fellowship can be?
Sumukha, fly! nor lose the chance[2], while thou mayst yet be free.

[360] On hearing this, Sumukha thought, "This goose-king is ignorant of my real nature; he fancies I am a friend that speaks words of flattery. I will show him how loving I am," and he repeated four stanzas:

No, I'll not leave thee, royal goose, when trouble draweth nigh,
But stay I will, and by thy side will either live or die.

I will not leave thee, royal bird, when trouble draweth nigh,
Nor join in such ignoble act with others, no, not I.

I'm one in heart and soul with thee, playmate and friend of old,
Of all thy host, O noble king, famed as the leader bold.

[1] Taking the v. l. *pādo chijjeyya*. The plural *pādā* in the text must be wrong, as the royal goose had only one foot snared.

[2] *mā anīghāya hāpesi*, cf. *Jāt.* IV. 424. 21. *hāpeti* is here constructed with a dative instead of the more usual accusative.

Returning to thy kith and kin what could I have to say,
If I shall leave thee to thy fate and heedless fly away?
Nay, I would rather die than live, so base a part to play.

When Sumukha had thus in four stanzas uttered as it were a lion's note, the Great Being, making known his merits, said:

Thy nature 'tis, O Sumukha, abiding in the Right,
Ne'er to forsake thy lord and friend or safety seek in flight.

[361] Looking on thee no thought of fear arises in my mind,
E'en in this sorry plight some way to save me thou wilt find.

While they were thus conversing, the fowler standing on the edge of the lake saw the geese flying off in three divisions and wondering what this could possibly mean he looked at the spot where he had set the snare and beheld the Bodhisatta leaning on the stick to which the noose was fastened. Overjoyed he girt up his loins and taking a club he hastily drew nigh and stood before the birds, like the fire at the beginning of a cycle, with head towering above them and his heel planted in the mud.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

As thus these noble birds exchanged high thoughts, to them, behold!
All in hot haste, with staff in hand drew nigh this fowler bold.

Seeing him trusty Sumukha stood up before the king,
His anxious lord in his distress stoutly encouraging[1].

Fear not, O noble bird, for fears become not one like thee,
An effort I will duly make with justice as my plea,
And soon by my heroic act once more thou shalt be free.

Thus did Sumukha comfort the Great Being, and going up to the fowler and speaking with a sweet human voice he asked, "What is thy name, friend?" [362] Then he answered, "O king of the gold-coloured geese, I am called Khemaka." Sumukha said, "Do not imagine, friend, a mere ordinary[2] goose has been caught in the horse-hair noose you set. The chief of ninety thousand geese, the Dhataraṭṭha king, is caught in your snare. Wise is he and virtuous and he is ranged on the side of conciliation[3]. He ought not to be put to death. I will do whatever he was to have done for you. I too am gold-coloured and for his sake will lay down my life. If you are anxious to take his feathers, take mine; or, if you would have anything else of his, skin, flesh, sinew or bone, take it from my body. Again, supposing you wish to make a tame bird of him, make a tame bird of me, selling me while still alive, or if you would make money, make it

[1] *aparibrūhayi*. For the form of the word cf. Whitney's *Skt Grammar* § 1087, for the meaning cf. *Jāt.* III. 31. 14 and 191. 5.

[2] For this use of *yo vā so vā* cf. *Jāt.* IV. 38. 9, V. 313. 23, VI. 31. 25.

[3] *saṅgāhaka*, *Jāt.* III. 262. 21, IV. 110. 20, is explained as 'conciliating by means of the four kingly virtues called the saṅgahavatthus.'

by selling me: do not slay him, endowed as he is with wisdom and such like virtues. If you shall kill him, you will never escape from hell and similar states of suffering." After thus terrifying the fowler with the fear of hell and making him give ear to his sweet discourse, Sumukha once more drew near and took his stand by the Bodhisatta, comforting him. The fowler, hearing his words, thought, "Being a mere bird, as he is, he can do what for men is impossible. For they cannot remain constant in friendship. Oh! what a wise, eloquent, and holy creature is this!" His whole body thrilling with joy and ecstasy, and his hair standing erect with wonder, he dropped his stick and raising his joined hands to his forehead, like one worshipping the sun, he stood proclaiming the virtues of Sumukha.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The fowler hearing what the bird so eloquently said,
With hair erect and folded hands his homage duly paid.

Ne'er was it heard or seen before that, using human speech,
To man in his own tongue a goose sublimest truth should preach.

[1]What is this bird to thee, that when the rest are fled and gone,
Though free, beside the captive bird thou here art left alone?

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[363] Sumukha, on being asked this question by the evil-minded fowler, thought, "He is relenting: to soften his heart still more I will now show him my quality," and he said:

He is my king, O foe to birds, his captain chief am I;
I cannot leave him to his fate, while I to safety fly.

Let not this lord of mighty hosts here perish all alone;
Near him my happiness I find: him as my lord I own.

On hearing this sweet discourse of his treating of duty, the fowler, overjoyed and with hair erect in wonder, thought, "If I should kill this royal goose endowed with virtue and the like good qualities, I shall never escape from the four states of suffering: let the king of Benares do what he will with me; I shall make over this captive as a free gift to Sumukha and let him go," and he spake this stanza:

Noble art thou, to honour one through whom thou still dost live;
Fly where ye list: to thy good lord his freedom now I give.

[364] So saying, the fowler with kindly purpose drew nigh to the Great Being and bending the stick he laid the bird on the mud, and pulling up the stick he set it free from the noose. Then he drew forth the bird from the lake and laying him on some young kuśa grass he gently loosed the snare that bound his foot. Conceiving a strong affection for the

[1] This line occurs in the previous story, p. 180.

Great Being, with kindly thought he took some water and washed off the blood, repeatedly wiping it. Then by the power of his charity nerve was united to nerve, flesh to flesh, and skin to skin, and the foot became just as before, not to be distinguished from the other one, and the Bodhisatta sat rejoicing in his original state. Sumukha, seeing how happy the king was all owing to his action, was highly delighted and thought, "This man has rendered us a great service, but we have done nothing for him. If he caught us for the king's ministers of state and took us to them, he would receive a large sum of money, and if he caught us for himself, he could sell us and still make great gain: I will question him somewhat." So in his desire to render him a service he put this question and said:

> If thou for thine own purposes didst set for us this snare,
> Our freedom we accept from thee without a thought or care.
>
> But otherwise, O fowler bold, in letting us go free,
> Without the king's permission, sure, 'twere nought but robbery.

The fowler on hearing this said, "I did not catch you for myself, I was employed by Saṁyama, king of Benares," and he then told them the whole story, beginning from the time of the queen's seeing a vision down to the time when the king heard of the arrival of the geese, and said, "Friend Khemaka, try and catch one or two geese, and I will confer great honour on you," and despatched him with a provision for his journey.

On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This fowler, taking no account of his own livelihood, [365] in setting us free has wrought a difficult thing. But if we shall return hence to Cittakūṭa, neither the supernatural wisdom of the Dhataraṭṭha king nor my act of friendship will be revealed, the fowler will not receive great honour, the king will not be established in the five moral laws, nor will the queen's desire be fulfilled." And he answered, "Friend, it being so, you cannot let us go: present us to the king and he shall deal with us according to his pleasure."

To make this clear, he spoke this stanza:

> Thou art the servant of the king; his wishes then fulfil;
> King Saṁyama[1] shall deal with us according to his will.

On hearing this the fowler said, "O sirs, let it not be your pleasure to see the king. Kings verily are dangerous beings. They will either make tame geese of you or put you to death." Then Sumukha said, "Friend fowler, do not trouble yourself about us. By my preaching of the Law I made a cruel fellow like you soft-hearted. Why should I not do the same in the case of the king? Kings are wise and understand goodly words: quick and take us to the king. And in taking us do not carry us as captives, but put us in a cage of flowers and take us thus. For the

[1] Reading *Saṁyama no.*

Dhatarattha king make a big cage shaded with white lotus, and for me a small cage covered with red lotus, and put him in front and me behind, somewhat lower, and take us with all speed and present us to the king." The fowler, hearing the words of Sumukha, thought, "Sumukha, in seeing the king, must be desirous of conferring great honour on me," and being highly delighted he fashioned cages of soft osiers and covering them with lotuses set out with the birds in the way already desoribed.

To make the matter clear, the Master said:

The fowler grasping them with both his hands, as he was told,
Placed in their cage these ruddy geese with skin of yellow gold.

[366] The goose-king now and Sumukha with plumage bright to see,
Safe in their cage the fowler took and off with them marched he.

As soon as the fowler had set off with them the Dhatarattha goose called to mind his wife, the daughter of the pāka goose-king, and addressing Sumukha under the influence of his passion he thus lamented.

To make the matter clear, the Master said:

The king on being carried off to Sumukha thus spake;
'My fair and gracious[1] spouse, methinks, now grieving for my sake,
If she should hear that I am dead, her life, I fear, might take.

Like heron mourning for its mate by lonely ocean's shore,
Suhemā—bright as gold her skin—her lord will still deplore[2].'

On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This goose, though ready to admonish others, all for a female's sake, under the sway of passion babbles just as when water is heated[3], or as when (birds) rise up from a bank and devour a field of grain. What if I were by my own wisdom to make clear to him the vices of the female sex and to bring him to his senses?" and he said:

That one so great and peerless thought, a leader of his kind,
Should grieve for bird of female sex shows little strength of mind,

As wind will carry any scent, be it or bad or good,
Or greedy child, as if 'twere blind, eats raw or well-cooked food,

[1] Literally "with auspicious marks upon the thigh."

[2] *rucchiti* for *rodissati*, cf. *Jāt.* vi. 80. 15.

[3] Foolish talk is here compared to the sound of boiling water or perhaps to the crackling of thorns beneath the pot, and also to the noise of birds swooping down upon a field of grain.

[367] Without true judgment in affairs, poor fool, thou canst not see,
What to avoid or what to do in each emergency.

Half mad thou speakst of womankind as blest with every grace,
Yet most as common are to men as toper's drinking place.

[1]Sorrow, disease, calamity, like harshest chains to bind,
Mirage, and fraud, the snare of death deep-seated in the mind—
Such women are: who trusts in them is vilest of his kind.

[368] Then the Dhataraṭṭha goose, in his infatuation for the female sex, said, "You know not the virtues of womankind, but the sages know: they are not deserving of censure." And by way of explanation he said:

Truth that sages ascertained, who is there that dares to blame?
Women in this world are born, destined to great power and fame.

They for dalliance are formed, joys of love for them ordained,
Seeds within them germinate, source from whence all life's sustained,
They from whom man draws his breath scarce by man may be disdained.

Art thou, Sumukha, alone versed in ways of womankind?
Didst thou only, moved by fear, this belated wisdom find?

Meeting danger every man bears up bravely 'midst alarm,
In a crisis sages all strive to shelter us from harm.

Princes then to counsel them fain would have a hero brave,
'Gainst the shock of adverse fate, apt to counsel, strong to save.

Let not royal cooks, I pray, roast our mangled limbs to-day,
As its fruit the bamboo kills, us too golden plumes might slay.

Free thou wouldst not fly from me, captive of thy own free will,
Cease from words in danger's hour, up, a manly part fulfil.

[369] The Great Being by singing the praises of womankind reduced Sumukha to silence[2], but on seeing how distressed he was, he now, to conciliate him, repeated this stanza:

An effort make such as is due, with justice as thy plea,
And by heroic act, dear friend, restore my life to me.

[370] Then Sumukha thought, "He is greatly terrified by fear of death; he does not know my powers. After seeing the king of Benares and having a little talk with him, I shall know what to do: meanwhile I will comfort my king," and he spoke this stanza:

Fear not, O noble bird, for fears become not one like thee,
An effort I will duly make, with justice as my plea,
And soon by my heroic act thou shalt once more be free.

While they were thus conversing in the language of birds, the fowler did not understand a single word they said, but carrying them on his pole he entered Benares, followed by a multitude of people, who, filled with

[1] These lines occur in *Jāt.* II. p. 228, English version.

[2] For *appaṭibhāna* in the sense of 'not ready with a reply' cf. *Jāt.* IV. 304. 16, VI. 246. 15.

wonder and amazement, stretched forth their hands in suppliant attitude. On reaching the door of the palace, the fowler had his arrival made known to the king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The fowler with his burden to the palace gate drew near;
'Announce me to the king,' he cried, 'the ruddy goose is here.'

The doorkeeper went and announced his arrival. The king was highly delighted and said, "Let him come hither at once," and attended by a crowd of courtiers and seated upon the throne with a white umbrella held over him he saw Khemaka ascend to the dais with his burden, and looking at the gold-coloured geese, he said, "My heart's desire is fulfilled," and he gave an order to his courtiers that all due service should be rendered to the fowler.

To make the matter clear, the Master said:

Seeing these birds with holy looks and marks auspicious blest,
King Saṁyama with words like these his councillors addressed:

'Give to the fowler meat and drink, soft food, apparel brave,
And store of ruddy gold as much as heart of man can crave.'

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[371] Being highly elated with joy, he in this way showed his pleasure and said, "Go and array the fowler and bring him back to me." So the courtiers, taking him down from the palace, had his hair and beard trimmed, and when he had taken a bath and had been anointed and was sumptuously arrayed they brought him into the presence of the king. Then the king conferred on him twelve hamlets, yielding annually a hundred thousand pieces of money, a chariot yoked with thoroughbreds, a large well-equipped house and very great honour. On receiving so great honour, the fowler, to explain what he had done, said, "This, sire, is no ordinary goose that I have brought you; this is the king of ninety thousand geese, Dhataraṭṭha by name, and this is the chief captain, Sumukha." Then the king asked, "How, friend, did you catch them?"

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Seeing the fowler highly pleased, the king of Kāsi said,
'If, Khemaka, on yonder lake geese in their thousands fed,

Amidst the throng of kindred fowl, pray, how didst thou contrive
To single out this lovely bird and capture him alive?'

The fowler answering him said:

[1]Through seven long days with anxious care in vain I marked the spot,
Searching for that fair goose's track, concealed within a pot[2].

To-day I found the feeding-ground to which the goose repaired,
And there straightway I set a trap and lo! he soon was snared.

[372] On hearing this the king thought, "This fellow standing at the door and telling his story spoke only of the arrival of the Dhataraṭṭha king and now too he speaks of this one only. What can be the meaning of this?" and he spoke this stanza:

Fowler, thou speakst of only one, yet here two birds I see;
'Tis some mistake, why wouldst thou bring this second bird to me?

Then the fowler said, "There was no change of purpose on my part, nor am I anxious to present the second goose to some one else: moreover only one was caught in the snare I set," and in explanation he said:

The goose with lines like ruddy gold all running down his breast,
Caught in my snare I hither bring, O king, at thy behest.

This splendid bird himself still free sat by the captive's side,
The while with kindly human speech his friend to cheer he tried.

And he then after this manner proclaimed the virtues of Sumukha. "As soon as he knew that the Dhataraṭṭha goose was caught, he stayed and consoled his friend and on my approach he came to meet me and remained poised in the air, conversing pleasantly with me in human language and telling of the virtues of the Dhataraṭṭha, and after thus softening my heart [373] he once more took his stand in front of his friend. Then I, sire, on hearing the eloquence of Sumukha was converted and let the Dhataraṭṭha loose. Thus was the release of Dhataraṭṭha from the snare and my coming here with these geese all owing to Sumukha." On being told this the king was anxious to hear a sermon from Sumukha, and while the fowler was still paying honour to him, the sun set, lamps were lighted, and a crowd of warrior chiefs and others gathered together and queen Khemā with an escort of divers bands of dancers took her seat on the right of the king, and at this moment the king, desiring to persuade Sumukha to speak, uttered this stanza:

Why, Sumukha, dost hold thy tongue? Is it from awe, I pray,
That in my royal presence thou hast not a word to say?

Hearing this, Sumukha, to show he was not afraid, said:

I fear not, Kāsi lord, to speak amidst thy royal train,
Nor, should occasion fit arrive, would I from words refrain.

[1] The text here is unsatisfactory, giving *ādānāni*, while the commentator's gloss gives 'feeding-ground,' as if it were *adanāni*, so *ādanesanam* perhaps should be *adanesanam*, cf. *Jāt.* IV. 223. 4, *ghāsesanam care*.

[2] Taking the v.l. *ghaṭassito*.

Hearing this, the king, desirous to make him speak at greater length, reviling him, said:

No archers clad in mail, no helm[1], no leather shield I see,
No escort bold of horse or foot, no cars, no infantry.

I see no yellow gold, no town with goodly buildings crowned,
No watch tower made impregnable with moat encircling round,
Entrenched wherein by Sumukha will nought to fear be found.

[374] When the king had in this wise asked why he was not terrified, Sumukha replied in this stanza:

No escort for a guard I want, no town or wealth need I,
'Midst pathless air we find a way and travel through the sky.

If thou wert stablished in the truth, we fain to thee would teach
Some useful lesson for thy good in wise and subtle speech.

But if thou art a liar, false, one of ignoble strain,
This fowler's words of eloquence appeal to thee in vain.

On hearing this the king said, "Why speakest thou of me as lying and ignoble? What have I done?" Then Sumukha said, "Well, listen to me," and he spoke as follows:

At brahmins' bidding thou didst make this Khema, lake of fame,
And didst to birds at twice five points immunity proclaim.

Within this peaceful pool thus fed with streams serene and pure,
Birds ever found abundant food and lived a life secure.

Hearing this noised abroad we came to visit that fair scene,
And snared by thee we found alas! thy promise false had been.

But under cover of a lie each act of sinful greed
Forfeits rebirth as man or god, and straight to hell must lead.

[375] Thus did he even in the midst of his retinue put the king to shame. Then the king said to him, "I did not have you caught, Sumukha, to kill you and eat your flesh, but hearing how wise you were I was anxious to listen to your eloquence," and, making the matter clear, he said:

No sin was mine, O Sumukha, nor seized I you through greed,
Your fame for wisdom and deep thought, 'twas this that caused the deed.

'Haply if here they may declare some true and helpful word,'
'Twas so I bade the fowler seize and bring thee here, O bird.

On hearing this Sumukha said, "You have acted wrongly, sire," and he spoke as follows:

We could not speak the word of truth, awed by approaching death,
Nor when in death's last agony we draw our parting breath.

[2]Who would a bird with bird decoy, or beast with beast pursue,
Or with a text a preacher trap, nought base would he eschew.

[1] I do not find either *kīṭa* or the commentator's gloss *cāṭipāla*: it is probably some weapon or a piece of defensive armour.

[2] This line occurs *supra*, p. 139, where see note

And whoso ntters noble words, intent on action base,
Both here and in the next world sinks from bliss to woeful place.

Be not o'erjoyed in glory's hour, in danger not distrest,
Make good defects, in trouble strive to do thy very best.

[376] Sages arrived at life's last stage, the goal of death in view,
After a righteous course on earth, to heaven their way pursue.

Hearing this cleave to righteousness, O sire, and straight release
This royal Dhataraṭṭha bird, the paragon of geese.

Hearing this the king said :

Go, fetch ye water for their feet, and throne of solid worth,
Lo ! from his cage I have set free the noblest bird on earth,

Together with his captain bold, so able and so wise,
Taught with his king in weal and woe ever to sympathise.

Sure such an one right well deserves e'en as his lord to fare,
Just as he was prepared with him both life and death to share.

Hearing the king's words they fetched seats for them and as they sat there they washed their feet with scented water and anointed them with oil an hundredfold refined.

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[377] The Master, in explaining the matter, said :

The royal bird sat on a throne, eight-footed, burnished bright,
All solid gold, with Kāsi cloth o'erspread, a splendid sight.

And next his king sat Sumukha, his trusty captain bold,
Upon a couch with tiger-skin o'erspread, and all of gold.

To them full many a Kāsi lord in golden bowls did bring,
Choice gifts of dainty food to eat, the offerings of their king.

When this food had been thus served to them, the Kāsi king, to welcome them, himself took a golden bowl and offered it to them, and they from it ate honey and parched grain and drank sugar-water. Then the Great Being, taking note of the king's offering and the grace with which it was made, entered into friendly converse with him.

The Master, to clear up the matter, said :

Thinking, 'How choice the gifts tbis lord of Kāsi offered us,'
The bird, skilled in the ways of kings, made his inquiries thus:

[1]Dost thou, my lord, enjoy good health and is all well with thee?
I trust thy realm is flourishing and ruled in equity.

O king of geese, my health is good and all is well with me;
My realm is very flourishing and ruled in equity.

[1] The following twelve lines occur *supra*, p. 183.

Hast thou true men to counsel thee, free from all stain and blame,
Ready to die, if need there be, for thy good cause and name?

I have true men to counsel me, free from all stain and blame,
Ready to die, if need there be, for my good cause and name.

Hast thou a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord?

I have a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord.

[378] And is thy realm in happy case, from all oppression free,
Held by no arbitrary sway, but ruled with equity?

My kingdom is in happy case, from all oppression free,
Held by no arbitrary sway, but ruled with equity.

Dost drive bad men out from the land, good men to honour raise,
Or dost thou righteousness eschew, to follow evil ways?

I drive bad men out from the land, good men to honour raise,
All wickedness I do eschew and follow righteous ways.

Dost mark the span of life, O king, how quickly it is sped,
Or drunk with madness dost regard the next world free from dread?

I mark the span of life, O bird, how quickly it is sped,
And, standing fast in virtues ten, the next world never dread.

Almsgiving, justice, penitence, meek spirit, temper mild,
Peace, mercy, patience, charity, with morals undefiled—

These graces firmly planted in my soul are clear to see,
Whence springs rich harvest of great joy and happiness for me.

But Sumukha though knowing nought of evil we had done,
Right heedlessly gave vent to words in harsh and angry tone.

Things I knew not were to my charge by this bird wrongly laid,
In language harsh. Herein, methinks, scant wisdom was displayed.

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[379] On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This virtuous king is angry, because I upbraided him: I will win his forgiveness," and he said:

I sinned against thee, lord of men, and words of rashness spake,
But when this royal goose was caught my heart was like to break.

As earth bears with all living things, as father with his son,
Do thou, O mighty king, forgive the wrong that we have done.

Then the king took the bird up and embraced him and seating him on a golden stool he accepted his confession of error, and said:

I thank thee, bird, that thou shouldst ne'er thy nature true conceal,
[1]Thou breakest down my stubborn will; upright art thou, I feel.

And with these words the king, being highly pleased with the exposition of the Law by the Great Being, and with the straightforward speech of Sumukha, thought, "When one is pleased, one ought to act so as to show one's pleasure," and yielding his royal splendour to the birds, he said:

[1] For the phrase *khilaṁ pabhindati*, cf. Fausböll's edition of the *Sutta Nipāta*, 973, and the Glossary, Pt. II. p. 92.

Whate'er of silver, gold, and pearls, rich gems and precious gear
In Kāsi's royal town is stored within my palace here,

[380] Copper and iron, shells and pearls, and jewels numberless,
Ivory, yellow sandal wood, deer skins and costly dress,
This wealth and lordship over all, I give you to possess.

And with such-like words honouring both birds with the white umbrella he handed over to them his kingdom. Then the Great Being, conversing with the king, said:

Since thou art fain to honour us, be pleased, O lord of men,
To be our Master, teaching us those royal virtues ten.

And then if thy approval and consent we haply win,
We would take formal leave of thee, and go to see our kin.

He gave them leave to go, and, while the Bodhisatta was still preaching the Law, the sun arose.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The livelong night in deepest thought the king of Kāsi spent,
Then to that noble bird's request straight yielded his consent.

When he had thus got his permission to depart, the Bodhisatta, saying, "Be vigilant and rule your kingdom in righteousness," established the king in the five moral laws. [381] And the king offered them parched corn with honey and sugar-water in golden dishes, and when they had finished their meal, after doing them homage with scented wreaths and similar offerings, the king himself lifted the Bodhisatta on high in a golden cage, and queen Khemā lifted Sumukha on high. Then at sunrise they opened the window and saying, "Sirs, begone," they let them loose.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Then as the sun began to rise and break of day was nigh[1],
Soon from their sight they vanished quite in depths of azure sky.

One of them, the Great Being, flying up from the golden cage, remained poised in the air, and saying, "O sire, be not troubled, but be vigilant and abide in our admonition," he thus comforted the king, and taking Sumukha with him he made straight for Cittakūṭa. And those ninety thousand geese issuing forth from the Golden Cave settled on the

[1] *ratyā vivasane.* Note *ratyā* for *rattiyā*. The line occurs in *Jāt.* IV. 241. 17.

high table-land, and on seeing the two birds coming they set out to meet them and escorted them home. And thus accompanied by a flock of their kinsfolk they reached the plateau of Cittakūṭa.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Seeing their chiefs all safe and sound returned from haunts of men,
The wingèd flock with noisy cries welcomed them back again.

Thus circling round their lord in whom they trust, these ruddy geese
Paid all due honour to their king, rejoiced at his release.

While thus escorting their king, these geese asked him, saying, "How, sire, did you escape?" The Great Being told them of his escape by the help of Sumukha, and of the action of king Saṁyama and his courtiers. On hearing this, the flock of geese in their joy sang their praises, saying, "Long[1] live Sumukha, captain of our host, and long live the king and the fowler. May they be happy and free from sorrow."

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[382] The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Thus all whose hearts are full of love succeed in what they do,
E'en as these geese back to their friends once more in safety flew.

This has been fully related in the Cullahaṁsa Birth.

The Master here ended his story and identified the Birth: "At that time the fowler was Channa, queen Khemā was the nun Khemā, the king was Sāriputta, the king's retinue the followers of Buddha, Sumukha was Ānanda, and the goose-king was I myself."

No. 535.

SUDHĀBHOJANA-JĀTAKA[2].

"*No huckster I,*" *etc.* This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning a liberally minded Brother. He was said to be a man of gentle birth, living at Sāvatthi, who after hearing the Law preached by the Master was converted and adopted the religious life. Being perfected in the moral virtues and furnished with the dhuta precepts[3] and with a heart full of love for his fellow priests he thrice every day zealously ministered to the service of the Buddha, the Law, and the Assembly, and showed himself exemplary in con-

[1] Reading *ciraṁ jīvantū* for *naciraṁ jīvantū*, as in the previous story, p. 185, *supra*.

[2] Compare vol. i. No. 78, *Illīsa-Jātaka.*

[3] Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, p. 9, *Jāt.* III. 483. 13.

duct and devoted to charity. Fulfilling the obligations of kindly civility[1], whatever he received, so long as there were any recipients, he would give away till he was himself without food. And his liberality and charitable disposition were noised abroad in the Assembly of the Brethren. So one day the topic was started in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain Brother was so liberally minded and devoted to charity that if he received only sufficient drink to fill the hollow of the hand, free from all greed, he would give it to his fellow priests—his will being even as that of a Bodhisatta. The Master by his divine sense of hearing caught what they were saying, and issuing forth from his Perfumed Chamber drew nigh and asked what was the nature of their discussion. And when they answered, "It was so and so," he said, "This Brother of old, Brethren, was far from liberal, nay, so stingy that he would not give so much as a drop of oil on the tip of a blade of grass. So I converted and made him self-denying and by praising the fruits of charity I firmly established him in almsgiving; so that on receiving water just enough to fill the hollow of the hand he would say, 'I will not drink a drop without giving some away,' and he received a boon at my hands, and as a result of his almsgiving he became liberally minded and devoted to charity," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares there lived a wealthy householder possessed of eighty crores and the king conferred on him the office of Treasurer. Being thus honoured by the king and highly esteemed by citizens and country folk alike, he was one day dwelling upon his worldly prosperity, and he thought, "This glory was not won by me by slothfulness and sinful acts in a former existence [383] but was attained by accomplishing deeds of virtue; it behoves me to make my salvation sure in the future." So he sought the king's presence and addressed him thus, "In my house, sire, is treasure amounting to eighty crores: accept it from me." And when the king said, "I have no need of your riches; I have abundant wealth: henceforth take and do whatever you like with it," he said, "Can I, sire, bestow my money in charity?" The king said, "Do as you please": and he had six alms-halls built, one at each of the four city gates, one in the heart of the city and one at the door of his dwelling-house, and by a daily expenditure of six hundred thousand pieces of money he set on foot almsgiving on a grand scale, and so long as he lived he dispensed alms and instructed his sons, saying, "See that you do not break away from this tradition of mine, of giving alms," and at the close of his life he was reborn as Sakka. His son, in like manner giving alms, was reborn as Canda, Canda's son as Suriya, Suriya's son as Mātali, Mātali's son as Pañcasikha. Now Pañcasikha's son, the sixth in descent, was the Treasurer named Maccharikosiya (the Millionaire Miser) and he still owned eighty crores. But he thought, "My forefathers were fools. They flung away the wealth that was so sorely scraped together, but I will guard my treasure. I will not give a penny to a soul." And he demolished and burned down the alms-hall and became a confirmed miser. So the beggars assembled at his gate and stretching forth their arms cried with a loud voice, "O Lord High Treasurer, do not away with

[1] *sārāṇīya*, see Senart's *Mahāvastu*, vol. i. p. 599, *Jāt.* VI. 224. 8.

the tradition of your forefathers, but give alms." On hearing this the people blamed him, saying, "Maccharikosiya has done away with the tradition of his family." Being ashamed he set a watch to prevent the beggars from standing at his gate, and being thus left utterly destitute they never again set eyes upon his door. Thenceforth he continued to roll money together[1], but he neither enjoyed it himself nor shared it with his wife and children. He lived on rice with its red powder, served with sour gruel, and wore coarse garments, being merely the filaments of roots and stalks of berries, shading his head with a parasol of leaves, and he rode upon a crazy old chariot, yoked to worn-out oxen. Thus all this wicked fellow's money [384] was as it were a cocoa-nut found by a dog[2]. Now one day when he was going to wait upon the king he thought he would take the sub-treasurer[3] with him, and at the moment when he reached his house he found the sub-treasurer seated in the midst of his wife and children, and eating some rice porridge prepared with powdered sugar to sweeten it[4] and cooked with fresh ghee. On seeing Maccharikosiya he rose from his seat and said, "Come and sit on this couch, Lord High Treasurer, and have some rice porridge with me." When he saw the rice porridge, his mouth watered and he longed to partake of it, but the thought occurred to him, "If I should take some porridge, when the sub-treasurer comes to my house I shall have to make him some return of hospitality and in this way my money will be wasted. I will not eat it." Then on being pressed again and again he refused, saying, "I have already dined; I am sated." But while the sub-treasurer was enjoying his food, he sat looking on with his mouth watering, and when the meal was ended he repaired with him to the palace. On returning home he was overwhelmed with a craving for rice porridge, but thought, "If I should say I wanted to eat rice porridge, a lot of people would also want to eat it and a quantity of husked rice and the like would be wasted. I will not say a word to a creature." So night and day he passed his time thinking of nothing but porridge, but from fear of spending his money he told no one and kept his craving to himself. But being unable to bear with it he gradually grew paler and paler, and so through fear of wasting his substance he spoke of his craving to no one, and by and bye becoming very weak he lay down, hugging his bed. Then his wife came to see him and stroking his back with her hand she inquired, "Is my lord ill?" "Ill yourself!" he cried, "I am quite well." "My

[1] *saṁgharati*, *Jāt.* II. 413. 24, IV. 36. 16, and *saṁghara*, *Jāt.* v. 222. 16.

[2] Evidently a proverb to denote a useless possession.

[3] *anuseṭṭhi* here clearly denotes some official subordinate to the Lord High Treasurer. See Fick's *Die Sociale Gliederung im nordöstlichen Indien zu Buddha's Zeit*, note on pp. 167, 168.

[4] For *madhura* we should perhaps read *madhu*, honey, which occurs as one of the ingredients of the porridge on the next page of the text.

lord, you have grown pale. Have you anything on your mind? Is the king displeased or have you been treated with disrespect by your children? Or have you conceived a craving for something?" "Yes, I have a craving." "Tell me what it is, my lord." "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes, I will be silent about any cravings that ought to be kept secret." [385] But even so, through fear of wasting his substance he had not the courage to tell her, but being repeatedly pressed by her he said, "My dear, one day I saw the sub-treasurer eating rice porridge prepared with ghee, honey, and powdered sugar, and from that day I have had a craving to eat the same kind of porridge." "Poor wretch, are you so badly off? I will cook porridge enough for all the inhabitants of Benares." Then he felt just as if he had been struck on the head with a stick. Being angry with her he said, "I am well aware that you are very rich. If it comes from your family, you may cook and give rice porridge to the whole city." "Well then I will make and cook enough for the dwellers in a single street." "What have you to do with them? Let them eat what belongs to them." "Then I will make enough for seven households taken at random here and there." "What are they to you?" "Then I will cook it for the attendants in this house." "What are they to you?" "Well, then, I will cook for our kinsfolk only." "What are they to you?" "Then I will cook, my lord, for you and me." "And pray who are you? It is not allowable in your case." "I will cook it for you only, my lord." "Pray do not cook it for me: if you cook it in the house, a lot of people will look for it. But just give me a measure of husked rice, a quartern of milk, a pound[1] of sugar, a pot of honey and a cooking vessel, and going into the forest I will there cook and eat my porridge." She did so, and bidding a slave take it all he ordered him to go and stand in such and such a place. Then sending the slave forward, all alone he made himself a veil and in this disguise he went there and by the river side at the foot of a shrub he had an oven made and firewood and water brought to him and he said to the slave, "Go and stand in yonder road and, if you see anyone, make a sign to me, and when I call you come back to me." Sending off the slave he made a fire and cooked his porridge. At that moment Sakka, king of heaven, contemplating the splendid city of the gods, ten thousand leagues in extent, [386] and the golden street sixty leagues long, and Vejayanta[2] reared a thousand leagues high, and Sudhammā[3] compassing five hundred leagues, and his throne of yellow marble, sixty leagues in extent, and his white umbrella with its golden wreath, five leagues in circumference, and his own person accompanied with a glorious array of

[1] *acchara* must be a weight or measure of capacity. Can it be akin to *acchera* (Maráṭhí) a half-sher?

[2] Sakka's palace.

[3] Sakka's hall of justice.

twenty-five millions of heavenly nymphs—contemplating, I say, all this glory of his he thought, "What can I have done to have attained to such honour as this?" And he saw in his mind's eye the almsgiving he had established when he was Lord High Treasurer at Benares, and then he thought, "Where are my descendants born?" and considering the matter he said, "My son Canda was born in an angel-form, and his son was Suriya." And marking the birth of all of them, "What," he cried, "has been the fate of the son of Pañcasikha?" And on reflection he saw that the tradition of the race had been done away with, and the thought occurred to him, "This wicked fellow being niggardly neither enjoys his wealth himself nor gives aught to others: the tradition of the race has been destroyed by him. When he dies he will be reborn in hell. By admonishing him and by re-establishing my tradition I will show him how to be reborn in the city of the gods." So he summoned Canda and the rest and saying, "Come, we will visit the haunts of men: the tradition of our family has been abolished by Maccharikosiya, the alms-halls have been burned down and he neither enjoys wealth himself nor gives aught to others, but now being desirous of eating porridge and thinking, 'If it is cooked in the house, the porridge will have to be given to someone else as well,' he has gone into the forest and is cooking it all alone. We will go and convert him and teach him the fruits of almsgiving. If however he were asked by all of us at once to give us some food, he would fall dead on the spot. I will go first and when I have asked him for porridge and have taken my seat, then do you come, one after another, disguised as brahmins, and beg of him." So saying he himself in the likeness of a brahmin approached him and cried, "Ho! which is the road to Benares?" Then Maccharikosiya said, "Have you lost your wits? Do you not even know the way to Benares? Why are you coming this way? Get you gone from hence." Sakka, pretending not to hear what he said, came close up to him, asking him what he said. [387] Then he bawled, "I say, you deaf old brahmin, why are you coming this way? Go yonder." Then Sakka said, "Why do you bawl so loud? Here I see smoke and a fire, and rice porridge is cooking. It must be some occasion for entertaining brahmins. I too when the brahmins are being fed will take somewhat. Why are you driving me away[1]?" "There is no entertainment of brahmins here. Be off with you." "Then why are you so angry? When you eat your meal, I will take a little." He said, "I will not give you even a single lump of boiled rice. This scanty food is only just enough to keep me alive, and even this was got by begging. You go and look for your food elsewhere"—and this he said in reference to the fact of his having asked his wife for the rice—and he spoke this stanza:

[1] For *nicchubhati* see Pischel's *Grammatik der Prākrit-Sprachen*, p. 61, and Trenckner's *Milindapañho*, p. 423. The participle *chuddha* occurs, *Jāt.* v. 302. 4.

No huckster I to buy or vend,
No stores are mine to give or lend:
This dole of rice 'twas hard to gain,
'Tis scarce enough to serve us twain.

On hearing this Sakka said, "I too with honey-sweet voice will repeat a stanza for you; hearken to me," and though he tried to stop him, saying, "I do not want to hear your stanza," Sakka repeated a couple of stanzas:

From little one should little give, from moderate means likewise,
From much give much: of giving nought no question can arise.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, give alms of that is thine:
Eat not alone, no bliss is his that by himself shall dine,
By charity thou mayst ascend the noble path divine.

[388] On hearing his words he said, "This is a gracious saying of thine, brahmin; when the porridge is cooked, thou shalt receive a little. Pray, take a seat." Sakka sat down on one side. When he was seated, Canda in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation in the same way, though Maccharikosiya kept trying to stop him, he spoke a couple of stanzas:

Vain is thy sacrifice and vain the craving of thy heart,
Shouldst thou eat food and grudge to give thy guest some little part.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, give alms of that is thine, etc.

On hearing his words, the miser very reluctantly said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little porridge." So he went and sat down near Sakka. Then Suriya in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation in the same way, though the miser tried to stop him, he spoke a couple of stanzas:

Real thy sacrifice nor vain the craving of thy heart,
Shouldst thou not eat thy food alone, but give thy guest a part.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

On hearing his words the miser with great reluctance said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." So Suriya went and sat by Canda. Then Mātali in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation, though the miser tried to stop him, spoke these stanzas:

Who offers gifts to lake or flood of Gayā's stream that laves
Or Timbaru or Doṇa shrine with rapid-flowing waves,
Herein gains fruit of sacrifice and craving of his heart,
If with a guest he shares his food nor sits and eats apart.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

[389] On hearing his words also, overwhelmed as it were with a mountain peak, he reluctantly said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." Mātali came and sat by Suriya. Then Pañcasikha in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation, though the miser tried to stop him, spoke a couple of stanzas:

Like fish that swallows greedily hook fastened to a line
Is he who with a guest at hand all by himself shall dine.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

Maccharikosiya on hearing this, with a painful effort and groaning aloud, said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." So Pañcasikha went and sat by Mātali. And when these five brahmins had just taken their seats, the porridge was cooked. Then Kosiya taking it from the oven told the brahmins to bring their leaves. Remaining seated as they were they stretched forth their hands and brought leaves of a creeper from the Himalayas. Kosiya on seeing them said, "I cannot give you any porridge in these large leaves of yours: get some leaves of the acacia and similar trees." They gathered such leaves and each one was as big as a warrior's shield. So he helped all of them to some porridge with a spoon. By the time he had helped the last of all, there was still plenty left in the pot. After serving the five brahmins he himself sat down, holding the pot. At that moment Pañcasikha rose up and putting off his natural form was changed into a dog and came and stood in front of them and made water. Each of the brahmins covered up his porridge with a leaf. A drop of the dog's water fell on the back of Kosiya's hand. [390] The brahmins fetched water in their jars and mixing it with the porridge pretended to eat it. Kosiya said, "Give me too some water and after washing my hand I will take some food." "Fetch water for yourself," they said, "and wash your hand." "I gave you porridge; give me a little water." "We do not make a business of exchanging alms[1]." "Well then guard this cooking pot and, after I have washed my hand, I will come back," and he descended to the river side. At that moment the dog filled the pot with urine. Kosiya on seeing him make water took a big stick and drew nigh, threatening him. The dog was now transformed into a spirited blood horse and, as it pursued him, it assumed various colours. Now it was black, now white, now gold-coloured, now dappled. At one time high, at another time low of stature. Thus in many different appearances it pursued Maccharikosiya, who frightened with the fear of death drew nigh to the brahmins, while they flew up and stood fixed in the air. On seeing their supernatural power he said:

Ye noble brahmins, standing in mid air,
Why does this hound of yours thus strangely wear
A thousand varied forms, though one he be,
And tell me truly, brahmins, who are ye?

On hearing this, Sakka, the king of heaven, said:

Canda and Suriya lo! both are here,
And Mātali the heavenly charioteer,
I Sakka am, chief god of Thirty-Three,
And Pañcasikha there is chasing thee.

[1] Any arrangement for the exchange of alms was forbidden. Cf. *Jātaka* II. notes on pp. 57 and 214, English version.

And celebrating Pañcasikha's fame Sakka spoke this stanza:

With tabour, drum, and tambourine they rouse him from his sleep,
And as he wakes, glad music makes his heart with joy to leap.

On hearing his words Kosiya asked, "By what acts do men attain to heavenly glory snch as this?" "They that do not practise charity, evil doers and misers reach not the angel-world, but are reborn in hell." And by way of showing this Sakka said:

[391] Whoe'er are miserly niggards born,
Or priests and holy brahmins scorn,
Their earthly frame now laid aside,
In hell, dissolved by death, abide.

And speaking the following stanza, to show how those that are steadfast in righteousness attain to the angel-world, he said:

Steadfast in right who heaven would win
Give alms and keep themselves from sin,
And, with their body laid aside
By death's decay, in heaven abide.

After these words Sakka said, "Kosiya, we have not come to you for the sake of the porridge, but from a feeling of pity and compassion for you are we come," and to make it clear to him he said:

Thou, though to us in former births akin,
A miser art, a man of wrath and sin;
'Tis for thy sake we have come down to earth,
To avert from thee sin's doom—in hell rebirth.

Hearing this Kosiya thought, "They tell me they are my well-wishers; plucking me out of hell they would fain establish me in heaven." And being highly pleased he said:

In that ye thus admonish me, ye doubtless seek my good,
I too will follow your advice, so far as understood.

Henceforth I'll cease from stingy ways, from sinful deed abstain,
[392] Give alms of all, nor e'en a cup, unshared[1], of water drain.

Thus ever giving, Sakka, soon my wealth will minished be,
Then will I orders take, and lusts of every kind[2] will flee.

Sakka after converting Maccharikosiya taught him the fruits of almsgiving and made him self-denying, and when by preaching the law he had established him in the five moral virtues, together with his attendant gods he returned to the angel-city. Maccharikosiya too went into the city of Benares aud having asked the king's permission he bade them take and fill all the vessels they could lay hands on with his treasure and gave it to the beggars. And now he started from the Himavat upon the right-hand side and on a spot between the Ganges and a natural lake he built a hut of leaves and becoming an ascetic he lived on roots and wild berries.

[1] For *datvā* reading *'datvā*, i.e. *adatvā*.

[2] *yathodhika*, each in its own place. Cf. *Jātaka* III. 381. 22 and IV. 437. 17.

There he dwelt a long time till he reached old age. At that time Sakka had four daughters, Hope, Faith, Glory, and Honour, who taking with them many a heavenly scented garland came to lake Anotatta, to disport themselves in the water, and after amusing themselves there seated themselves on mount Manosilā. Just at that moment Nārada, a brahmin ascetic, went to the palace of the Thirty-Three to rest during the heat of the day and constructed a dwelling-place for the day in the bowers of Cittakūṭa in the Nanda grove. And holding in his hand the flower of the coral tree, to serve as a sunshade, he repaired to Golden Cave, the place where he dwelt on the top of Manosilā. The nymphs on seeing this flower in his hand begged it from him.

[393] The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

In Gandhamādana's lordly height,
These nymphs, great Sakka's care, delight:
To them a saint of world-wide fame
With goodly bough in hand there came.

This bough with flowers so pure and sweet
Is deemed for gods and angels meet:
No demon, none of mortal birth
Can claim this flower of priceless worth.

Then Faith, Hope, Glory, Honour, those
Four maids with skins like gold, arose,
And, peerless 'midst all nymphs confessed,
The brahmin Nārada addressed,

'Give us, O sage, this coral flower,
If still to give is in thy power,
As Sakka's self we'll honour thee,
And thou in all things blest shalt be.'

When Nārada their prayer had heard,
He straight a mighty quarrel stirred:
'I need it not; whom ye allow
To be your queen shall claim the bough.'

[394] The four nymphs on hearing what he said spoke this stanza:

O Nārada, supreme art thou,
On whom thou wilt the boon bestow:
Whom thou shalt with such gift invest,
Amongst us shall be counted best.

Nārada, on hearing their words, addressing them said:

Fair one[1], such counsel is not right;
What brahmin strife would dare excite?
Take to the lord of sprites your quest,
If ye would know who's worst or best.

Then the Master spoke this stanza:

With pride of beauty mad and rage
Excited by the cunning sage,

[1] *sugatte.* Though addressing the four, Nārada singles out one nymph. Compare the analogous usage in the chorus of a Greek play.

To Sakka, lord of sprites, they go,
Who 'mongst them all is best to know.

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[395] As they stood asking this question,

These nymphs so earnest in their quest
Sakka with due respect addressed,
Ye all in beauty equal are,
Who thus with strife your peace would mar?'

Being thus addressed by him they said:

Nārada, world-traversing, a sage of might,
Truth-piercing, steadfast ever in the right,
Thus spake to us on Gandhamādana's height;
'To Sakka, lord of spirits, straightway go,
If who is first or last ye fain would know.'

Hearing this Sakka thought, "If I shall say that one of these four daughters of mine is virtuous beyond the others, the rest will be angry. This is a case impossible for me to decide; I will send them to Kosiya, the ascetio in the Himalayas: he shall decide the question for them." So he said, "I cannot decide your case. In the Himalayas is an ascetic called Kosiya: to him I will send a cup of my ambrosia. He eats nothing without sharing it with another, and in giving he shows discrimination by bestowing it upon the virtuous. Whichsoever of you shall receive food at his hand, she must be the best amongst you." And so saying he repeated this stanza:

The sage that dwells in yon vast wood
Will not unshared touch any food;
Kosiya with judgment gifts confers,
To whom he gives, first place is hers.

[396] So he summoned Mātali and sent him to the ascetic, and in sending him he repeated the following stanza:

On Himavat slopes where Ganges glides
Towards the south a saint resides:
Ambrosia, Mātali, take to the saint,
For food and drink he's waxing faint.

Then the Master said:

At the god's behest went Mātali,
On a car with a thousand steeds rode he;
Unseen he soon by the hermitage stood
And offered the sage ambrosial food.

Kosiya took it and even as he stood spoke a couple of stanzas:

A flame of sacrifice while I did raise[1],
The sun that drives away all gloom to praise,
Sakka supreme o'er spirit-world that stands—
Who else?—ambrosia placed within my hands.

[1] With *udaggihutta* compare *udāyudha*, with uplifted weapon.

White like a pearl was it, beyond compare,
Fragrant and pure, and marvellously fair,
Never before seen by these eyes of mine;
What god puts in my hands this food divine?

Then Mātali said:

[397] I come, O mighty sage, by Sakka sent,
In haste to bring thee heavenly nutriment:
This best of food, pray, eat without all fear,
Thou seest here Mātali, heaven's charioteer.

By eating this twelve evil things are slain,
Thirst, hunger, discontent, fatigue, and pain,
Cold, heat, rage, enmity, strife, slander, sloth—
This heavenly essence eat thou, nothing loth.

Hearing this Kosiya, to make it clear that he had taken a vow upon him, spoke this stanza:

'Twas wrong to eat alone I thought, so took a vow one day
To touch no food, unless I gave some part of it away.
To eat alone is ne'er approved by men of noble mind,
Whoso with others does not share no happiness may find.

And when Mātali questioned him, saying, "Holy sir, what did you discover was wrong in eating without giving a portion to others that you took this vow upon you?" he answered:

All who commit adultery or womenkind do slay,
Who holy men curse and revile or friendly souls betray,
And misers, worst of all—that I may ne'er be ranked with such,
Not e'en a drop of water I unshared will ever touch.

[398] On men and women both alike my gifts shall ever flow,
Sages will praise all such as shall their goods in alms bestow;
All that are generous in this world and niggard ways eschew,
Approved by all, will ever be esteemed good men and true.

On hearing this Mātali stood before him in a visible form. At that moment these four heavenly nymphs stood at the four points of the compass. Glory at the east, Hope at the south, Faith at the west, Honour at the north.

The Master, to clear up the matter, said:

Four nymphs with golden forms so bright,
Hope, Glory, Faith, and Honour hight,
At Sakka's bidding earthward sent,
To Kosiya's cell their footsteps bent.

The maids with forms that glowed like flame
To each of earth's four quarters came;
'Fore Mātali (now god confest)
The sage o'erjoyed one thus addressed,

'Who art thou, nymph, like morning star,
Illuming Eastern skies afar?

Thy form in robe[1] of gold arrayed
Tell me thy name, O heavenly maid.'

[399] 'I Glory am, man's honoured friend,
The sinless soul prompt to defend:
To claim this food, lo! here am I;
With this my prayer, great sage, comply.

I bliss confer on whom I will
And all his heart's desire fulfil;
High priest. my name is Glory, know,
On me thy heavenly food bestow.'

On hearing this Kosiya said:

Men may be skilful, virtuous, wise,
Excel in all their wits devise,
Yet without thee they ne'er succeed;
In this I blame thy evil deed.

Another slothful, greedy, see,
Low-born and ugly as may be:
Blest by thy care and rich withal
He makes one nobly born his thrall.

Thee then as false and dull, Glory, I recognise,
Reckless in courting fools and laying low the wise;
No claim hast thou in sooth to seat or water-pot,
Much less ambrosial food. Begone, I like thee not.

[400] So did she straightway vanish from sight. Then holding converse with Hope he said:

Who art thou, maiden fair, with teeth so pure and white,
With rings of burnished gold and spangled bracelets dight,
In robe of watered sheen and wearing on thy head
A sprig like ruddy flame by tufts of kusa fed?

Like a wild doe all but by hunter's arrow grazed,
Thou lookst dull-eyed around as 'twere some creature dazed,
O softly-glancing maid, what comrade hast thou here,
That through lone forest glade thou strayst without a fear?

Then she spoke this stanza:

No comrade have I here; from Sakka's heavenly home
Masakkasāra called, angelic-born I come:
To claim ambrosial food Hope now appears to thee;
O hearken, noble sage, and grant this boon to me.

[401] On hearing this Kosiya said, "They tell me that whosoever pleases you, to him by accomplishing the fruition of hope you grant hope, and whosoever pleases you not, to him you grant it not. Sucoess does not come to him through you in this case, but you bring about his destruction," and by way of illustration he said:

[1] *velli*, which occurs also *Jāt.* v. 402. 10, and 405. 2, is probably some part of dress. Compare *saṁvelli*, v. 306. 6, explained by the scholiast as *kacchā*. Cf. *Cullavagga*, x. 16, *Vinaya Texts Translation*, III. p. 348 (S. B. E.).

Merchants through hope seek treasure far and wide,
And taking ship on ocean's billows ride:
There sometimes do they sink to rise no more,
Or else escaping their lost wealth deplore.

In hope their fields the farmers plough and till,
Sow seeds and labour with their utmost skill;
But should some plague, or drought afflict the soil
No harvest will they reap for all their toil.

Ease-loving men, led on by hope, take heart
And for their lord's sake play a manly part,
Oppressed by foes on every side they fall
And fighting for their lord lose life and all.

Grain-stores and wealth renouncing for their kin,
Through hope aspiring heavenly bliss to win,
Long time harsh penances they undergo,
And by bad ways attain to state of woe.

Deceiver of mankind, thy suit is vain,
Thy idle craving for this boon restrain,
No claim hast thou to seat or water-pot:
Much less to heavenly food. Begone, I like thee not.

[402] She too on being rejected straightway vanished from sight. Then holding converse with Faith he spoke this stanza:

Famed nymph in blaze of glory drest,
Standing towards the ill-omened West,
Thy form in robe of gold arrayed,
Tell me thy name, illustrious maid.

Then she repeated a stanza:

My name is Faith, man's honoured friend,
The sinless soul prompt to defend:
To claim this food, lo! here am I;
With this my prayer, great sage, comply.

Then Kosiya said, "Those mortals that in believing the words of first one and then another do this or that, do that which they ought not to do more often than that which they ought to do, and verily it is all done through you," and he repeated these stanzas:

Through faith at times men freely alms dispense,
Show self-control, restraint and abstinence:
[403] At times again through thee from grace they fall,
Slander and lie and cheat and steal withal.

With wives, chaste, faithful, and of high degree,
A man may circumspect and prudent be,
May curb his passions well in such a case,
Yet in some harlot his whole trust may place.

Through thee, O Faith, adultery is rife,
Forsaking[1] good thou lead'st a sinful life.
No claim hast thou to seat or water-pot:
Much less ambrosial food. Begone, I like thee not.

[1] *riñcati*, *Jātaka* v. 146. 19.

She too straightway vanished from sight. But Kosiya holding converse with Honour, as she stood on the north side, repeated these two stanzas:

Like Dawn that gilds the skirts of hateful Night,
So doth thy beauty burst upon my sight;
[404] O heavenly nymph in form so passing fair,
Tell me thy name and who thou art declare.

Like to a tender plant[1] whose roots are fed
On soil o'er which devouring flames[2] have spread,
Its wealth of scarlet leaves by summer breezes shed,
Why dost thou look at me with bashful air,
Fain as it were to speak, yet standing silent there?

Then she uttered this stanza:

Honour am I, man's cherished friend,
Who aid to righteous mortals lend;
Lo here am I this food to claim,
Yet scarcely dare my wish to frame;
To woman suing counts as shame.

On hearing this the ascetic repeated two stanzas:

No need for thee to beg and sue,
Receive what is thy right and due:
I grant the boon thou durst not crave,
Accept the food thou fain wouldst have.

[405] Deign, nymph, all golden clad, I pray,
To feast within my cell this day:
First honouring thee with dainties rare,
I too this heavenly food would share.

Then follow some stanzas inspired by divine wisdom:

Thus Honour, glorious nymph, at his behest
In Kosiya's home was welcomed as a guest:
Fruits and perennial streams therein abound,
And thronging saints are in its precincts found.

Here flowering shrubs[3] in a dense mass we see,
The mango, piyal, bread-fruit, Judas-tree;
Here sál and bright rose-apple deck the glade,
There fig and banyan cast their holy shade.

Here many a flower with fragrance scents the wind,
Here peas and beans, panic and rice we find:
Bananas everywhere rich clusters show,
And bamboo reeds in thickest tangle grow.

On the north side, hemmed in by smooth and level bank,
And fed by purest streams, behold a sacred tank.

There happy fish[4] in peace disport themselves at will,
And 'midst abundant food enjoy to take their fill.

[406] There happy birds in peace enjoy abundant fare,
Swans, herons, ospreys too, peacocks with plumage rare,
Cuckoos and pheasants eke with ruddy geese are there.

[1] *ipomoea.*

[2] Virgil, *Georgics* I. 84.

[3] Many trees and plants only known by botanical names have been omitted.

[4] The names of many fish, for the most part unknown, are omitted.

Hither do lions, tigers, boars resort their thirst to slake.
This bears, hyenas, wolves are wont their drinking-place to make.

The buffalo, rhinoceros and gayal too are here,
With antelope, elk, herds of swine, and red and other deer,
And cats with ears like to a hare's in numbers vast appear.

The mountain slopes are gaily pranked with flowers of varied shade
And echo to the song of birds that haunt each forest glade.

Thus did the Blessed One sing the praises of Kosiya's hermitage. And now to show forth the manner of the goddess Honour's entrance therein he said:

[407] The fair one leaning on a branch, all clothed with foliage green,
Like lightning from a thunder-cloud straight flashed upon the scene.
For her was set a dainty couch[1], rich drapings at its head,
All wrought of fragrant kusa grass, with deer-skin overspread.
And thus to Honour, heavenly nymph, the holy hermit spake:
'For thy delight the couch is set; be pleased a seat to take.'

The ascetic then pure water from the spring
In freshly gathered leaves with haste did bring,
And knowing what her inmost soul would crave
The ambrosial food to her he gladly gave.

As in her hands the welcome gift she pressed,
The nymph thus overjoyed the saint addressed:
'Worship to me and victory thou hast given,
Lo! now once more I'll seek my native heaven.'

The maid intoxicate with pride of fame,
With Kosiya's blessing, back to Indra came,
'And see,' she cried, 'god of the thousand eyes,
The ambrosia's here—to me award the prize.'

Then Sakka and his host of angels paid
Due honour to the peerless heavenly maid,
And as she sat on her new seat enthroned,
Her presence gods and men adoring owned.

[408] While thus honouring her this thought occurred to Sakka, "What can be the reason why Kosiya refusing it to the others gave the ambrosia to this one alone?" To ascertain the reason of this he again sent Mātali.

The Master, in making the matter clear, repeated this stanza:

So Sakka, lord of the Thirty-Three,
Once more addressing Mātali,
Said, 'Go and bid the saint explain
Why Honour should the ambrosia gain.'

In obedience to his word Mātali, mounting the car called Vejayanta[2], departed thither.

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[1] For *koccha* see *Vinaya Texts*, translated by Davids and Oldenberg, I. 34, and III. 165.

[2] Sakka's chariot. Cf. *Jāt.* I. 202. 23, II. 254. 13, IV. 355. 17, VI. 103. 6. Elsewhere it is the name of Sakka's palace, as in V. 386. 1.

The Master, to explain the matter, said:

So Mātali then launched a car to voyage through the air,
With fittings all to match itself, in splendour wondrous fair,
Its pole of gold, gold well refined, and all its framework built
With ornament elaborate and overlaid with gilt.

Peacocks in gold depicted were in numbers not a few,
Horses and cows and elephants, tigers and panthers too,
Here antelopes and deer are seen as if prepared for fight,
Here wrought in precious stones are jays and other birds in flight.

To it they yoked a thousand royal steeds of golden hue,
Each strong as youthful elephant, a splendid sight to view;
[409] Their breasts in golden network clad, with wreaths begarlanded,
With loosened trace[1], at a mere word, swift as the wind they sped.

As Mātali this lordly car ascended with a bound
The firmament in all ten points re-echoed to the sound:
And as he journeyed through the air, he made the world to quake,
And sky and sea and earth with all its rocks and woods did shake.

Right soon he gained the hermitage and wishing to declare
Due reverence for the holy man he left one shoulder bare,
And speaking to this brahmin sage, a wise and learned man,
Well trained in holy lore, 'twas thus that Mātali began:

Hear now, O Kosiya, the words of Indra, heavenly king,
As to what he is fain to learn, this message, lo! I bring,
'While Hope and Faith and Glory's claims thou wilt not recognise,
Pray, why should Honour at thy hands alone receive the prize?'

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[410] On hearing his words the ascetic spoke this stanza:

Glory to me, O Mātali, appears a partial jade,
While Faith, thou charioteer of gods, proves an inconstant maid,
Hope ever a deceiver loves its promise to betray,
Honour alone is stablished firm in holy virtue's way.

And now in praise of her virtue he said:

Maidens that still within their homes live, ever guarded well,
Women now past their prime, and such as still with husbands dwell,
In one and all should fleshly lust within their heart arise,
At Honour's voice they check the thought and sinful passion dies.

Where shafts and spears in battle's van are hurtling fast and free,
And in the rout when comrades fall or turn them round and flee,
At Honour's voice they check their flight e'en at the cost of life,
[2]And panic-stricken as they were once more renew the strife.

Just as the shore will stem the rush of billows from the main,
So Honour too will oft the course of wicked folk restrain.
Then, Mātali, to Indra quick return and make it clear,
That saints throughout the whole wide world all Honour's name revere.

[1] *asaṁgita*, i.e. *nissaṅga*, perhaps the Greek *σειραφόρος*.

[2] The scholiast would take it thus: 'And rallying round their rescued lord once more renew the strife.'

[411] On hearing this Mātali repeated this stanza:

Who was it, Kosiya, that did suggest this view to thee,
Was it great Indra, Brahma, or Pajāpati[1] maybe?

This Honour, mighty sage, be sure, to Indra owes her birth,
And in the angel-world she ranks foremost of all in worth.

While he was still speaking, at that very instant Kosiya became subject to re-birth. Then Mātali said to him, "Kosiya, thy aggregate of life[2] is passing from thee: thy practice of charity[3] is ended. What hast thou to do with the world of men? We will now go to the angel-world," and being minded to conduct him thither he spoke this stanza:

Come now, O saint, and straightway mount the car so dear to me,
And let me lead thee to the heaven where reign the Thirty-Three.
Indra is longing sore for thee, to Indra's self akin,
To-day thy way to fellowship with Indra thou shalt win.

While Mātali was yet still speaking, Kosiya passing away came into existence in the ranks of the gods without the intervention of parents[4] and mounting up took his stand upon the celestial car. Then Mātali conducted him into the presence of Sakka. Sakka on seeing him was glad at heart and gave him his own daughter Honour to wife, as his chief consort, and conferred on him a boundless sovereignty.

On perceiving the state of things the Master said, "It is the merit of some illustrious beings that is thus purified," and he repeated the final stanza:

'Tis thus the acts of holy men to happy issue lead,
And evermore abides the fruit of meritorious deed.
[412] Whoso beheld the ambrosial food to Honour that was given,
Straight passed away to fellowship with Indra, lord of heaven.

The Master here ended his discourse with these words, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old also I converted this niggardly fellow who was a confirmed miser," and so saying he identified the Birth thus: "At that time Uppalavaṇṇā was the nymph Honour, a Brother of lordly generosity was Kosiya, Anuruddha was Pañcasikha, Ānanda Mātali, Kassapa Suriya, Moggallāna Canda, Sāriputta Nārada, and I myself was Sakka.

[1] The same three gods occur in *Jāt.* VI. 568. Pajāpati here is clearly distinct from Brahma.

[2] *Jātaka* I. 106, English version.

[3] With *dānadhamma* compare *deyyadhamma*, the usual term in Buddhist inscriptions for a pious gift or votive offering.

[4] *opapātika* is a being who springs into existence without the intervention of parents and, as it were, uncaused and seeming to appear by chance, but really due to the *karma* of a being who has passed away elsewhere. *Buddhist Suttas*, p. 213 (S.B.E. XI.).

No. 536.

KUṆĀLA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*This is the report and the fame thereof.*" This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling beside lake Kuṇāla, concerning five hundred Brethren who were overwhelmed with discontent. Here follows the story in due order. The Sākiya and Koliya tribes had the river Rohiṇī which flows between the cities of Kapilavatthu and Koliya confined by a single dam and by means of it cultivated their crops. In the month Jeṭṭhamūla[2] when the crops began to flag and droop, the labourers from amongst the dwellers of both cities assembled together. Then the people of Koliya said, "Should this water be drawn off on both sides, it will not prove sufficient for both us and you. But our crops will thrive with a single watering; give us then the water." The people of Kapilavatthu said, "When you have filled your garners with corn, we shall hardly have the courage to come with ruddy gold, emeralds and copper coins, and with baskets and sacks in our hands, to hang about your doors. Our crops too will thrive with a single watering; give us the water." "We will not give it," they said. "Neither will we," said the others. As words thus ran high, one of them rose up and struck another a blow, and he in turn struck a third and thus it was that what with interchanging blows and spitefully touching on the origin of their princely families they increased the tumult. The Koliya labourers said, "Be off with your people of Kapilavatthu [413], men who like dogs, jackals, and such like beasts, cohabited with their own sisters. What will their elephants and horses, their shields and spears avail against us?" The Sākiya labourers replied, "Nay, do you, wretched lepers[3], be off with your children, destitute and ill-conditioned fellows, who like brute beasts had their dwelling in a hollow jujube tree (*kolī*). What shall their elephants and horses, their spears and shields avail against us?" So they went and told the councillors appointed to such services and they reported it to the princes of their tribes. Then the Sākiyas said, "We will show them how strong and mighty are the men who cohabited with their sisters," and they sallied forth, ready for the fray. And the Koliyas said, "We will show them how strong and mighty are they who dwelt in the hollow of a jujube tree," and they too sallied forth ready for the fight. But other teachers tell the story thus, "When the female slaves of the Sākiyas and Koliyas came to the river to fetch water, and throwing the coils of cloth that they carried on their heads upon the ground were seated and pleasantly conversing, a certain woman took another's cloth, thinking it was her own; and when owing to this a quarrel arose, each claiming the coil of cloth as hers, gradually the people of the two cities, the serfs and the labourers, the attendants, headmen, councillors and viceroys, all of them sallied forth ready for battle." But the former version being found in many commentaries and being plausible is to be accepted rather than the other. Now it was at eventide that they would be sallying forth, ready for the fray. At that time the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthi, and at dawn of day while contemplating the world he beheld them setting out to the fight, and on seeing them he wondered whether if he were to go there the quarrel would cease, and he made

[1] The text of this Birth Story is not very satisfactory, and in many places it is almost impossible to distinguish the words of the story itself from the explanations of the commentary. Compare *Jāt.* I. No. 74, *Rukkhadhamma-Jātaka* and *Dhammapada*, p. 351; also Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 134—140.

[2] May and June.

[3] Compare Rogers' translation of *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, Ch. XXVI., for an account of Gotama's family.

up his mind and thought, "I will go there and, to quell this feud, I will relate three Birth Stories, and after that the quarrelling will cease. Then after telling two Birth Stories, to illustrate the blessings of union, I will teach them the Attadaṇḍa[1] Sutta and after hearing my sermon the people of the two cities will each of them bring into my presence two hundred and fifty youths, and I shall admit them to holy orders and there will be a huge gathering." Thus after performing his toilet, he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, and on his return, after taking his meal, at eventide he issued forth from his Perfumed Chamber and without saying a word to any man he took his bowl and robe and went by himself and sat cross-legged in the air between the two hosts. And seeing it was an occasion to startle them, to create darkness he sat there emitting (dark-blue)[2] rays from his hair. Then when their hearts were troubled he revealed himself and emitted the six-coloured rays. The people of Kapilavatthu on seeing the Blessed One thought, "The Master, our noble kinsman, is come. Can he have seen the obligation laid upon us to fight?" Now that the Master has come, it is impossible for us to discharge a weapon against the person of an enemy," [414] and they threw down their arms, saying, "Let the Koliyas slay us or roast us alive." The Koliyas acted in exactly the same way. Then the Blessed One alighted and seated himself on a magnificent Buddha throne, set in a charming spot on a bed of sand, and he shone with the incomparable glory of a Buddha. The kings too saluting the Blessed One took their seats. Then the Master, though he knew it right well, asked, "Why are ye come here, mighty kings?" "Holy Sir," they answered, "we are come, neither to see this river, nor to disport ourselves, but to get up a fight." "What is the quarrel about, sires?" "About the water." "What is the water worth?" "Very little, Holy Sir." "What is the earth worth?" "It is of priceless value." "What are warrior chiefs worth?" "They too are of priceless value." "Why on account of some worthless water are you for destroying chiefs of high worth?" "Verily, there is no satisfaction in this quarrel, but owing to a feud, sire, between a certain tree-sprite and a black lion a grudge was set up, which has reached down to this present aeon," and with these words he told them the Phandana[3] Birth. Then he said, "There ought not to be this blind following[4] of one another. A host of quadrupeds in a region of the Himalayas, extending to three thousand leagues, following one another at the word of a hare, all rushed headlong into the great sea. Therefore this following one of another ought not to be," and so saying he related the Daddabha[5] Birth. Moreover he said, "Sometimes the feeble see the weak points of the mighty, at other times the powerful see the weak points of the feeble, and a quail, a hen-bird, once killed a royal elephant," and he related the Laṭukika[6] Birth. Thus to appease the quarrel he told three Birth Stories, and to illustrate the effects of unity he told two Birth Stories. "In the case of such as dwell together in unity, no one finds any opening for attack," and so saying he told the Rukkhadhamma[7] Birth. He also said, "Against such as were at unity, no one could find a loophole for attack, but when they quarrelled one with another, a certain hunter brought about their destruction and went off with them: verily there is no satisfaction in a quarrel," and with these words he related the Vaṭṭaka Birth[8]. After he had thus related these five Birth Stories, he finished up by reciting the Attadaṇḍa Sutta. Becoming believers the kings said, "Had not the Master come, we should have slain one another and set flowing rivers of blood. It is owing to the Master that we are alive. But if the Master had adopted the lay life, the realm of the four great island-continents, together with two thousand lesser islands, would have passed into

[1] *Sutta-Nipāta*, IV. 15, p. 173.

[2] *Jāt.* I. p. 327, *nīlaraṁsim vissajjetvā.*

[3] *Jāt.* IV. No. 475.

[4] *parapatti*, cf. *Jāt.* III. 77. 27.

[5] *Jāt.* III. No. 322.

[6] *Jāt.* III. No. 357.

[7] *Jāt.* I. No. 74.

[8] Vol. I. No. 33, *Sammodamāna-Jātaka*, is what is called *Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka* in the text.

his hands and he would have had more than a thousand sons. Moreover he would have had an escort of warrior lords. But foregoing this glory he gave up the world [415] and attained to Perfect Wisdom. Now too let him wander forth with a following of warrior lords." So the two peoples each of them offered him two hundred and fifty princes. The Blessed One after ordaining them retired to a great forest. From the next day onward, escorted by them, he goes his rounds for alms in the two cities, sometimes in Kapilavatthu, at other times in Koliya, and the people of both cities paid him great honour. Amongst these men, who were ordained not so much for their own pleasure as out of respect to the Teacher, spiritual discontent sprang up. And their former wives to stir up their discontent sent such and such messages to them, and they grew yet more dissatisfied. The Blessed One on reflection discovered how discontented they were and thought, "These Brethren, though living with a Buddha like me, are discontented. I wonder what kind of preaching would be profitable to them"; and he bethought him of the religious discourse of Kuṇāla. Then this notion struck him, "I will conduct these Brethren to the Himalayas and after illustrating the sins connected with womankind by the Kuṇāla story and removing their discontent, I will bestow upon them the first stage of Sanctification." So in the morning putting on his under garment and taking his alms bowl and robes he went his rounds in Kapilavatthu, and having returned and taken his noonday meal, when the repast was finished, he addressed these five hundred Brethren and asked, "Was the delightful region of the Himalayas ever seen by you before?" They said, "Nay, holy sir?" "Will you go on pilgrimage to the Himalayas?" "Holy sir, we have no supernatural powers; how should we go?" "But supposing some one were to take you with him, would you go?" "Yes, sire." The Master by his miraculous power caught them all up with him in the air and transported them to the Himalayas and standing in the sky he pointed out to them in a pleasant tract of the Himalayas various mountains, Golden Mount, Jewel Mount, Vermilion Mount, Collyrium Mount, Table-land Mount, Crystal Mount, and five great rivers, and the lakes, Kaṇṇamuṇḍaka, Rathakāra, Sīhappapāta, Chaddanta, Tiyaggala, Anotatta and Kuṇāla, seven lakes in all. The Himalaya is a vast region, five hundred leagues in height, three thousand leagues in breadth. This charming part of it by his mighty power did he show them, and the dwelling places that were built there, the quadrupeds too, troops of lions, tigers, elephants and so forth did he show from this place —sacred closes and other pleasances, flowering and fruit-bearing trees, flocks of all manner of birds, water and land plants,—on the east side of Himalaya a golden table land, on the west side a vermilion one. From the first sight of these charming regions, the passionate longing of these Brethren for their former wives passed off. Then the Master with these Brethren [416] alighting from the air on the west side of Himalaya on a rocky plateau sixty leagues in extent, in Red Valley three leagues long, beneath a sāl tree covering seven leagues and lasting a whole aeon, the Master, I say, escorted by these Brethren, emitting the six-coloured rays and stirring up the depths of Ocean and blazing like the sun took his seat, and speaking with a voice sweet as honey he thus addressed these Brethren: "Brethren, inquire of me about some marvel ye have never seen before in this Himalaya." At that moment two spotted cuckoos, seizing a stick at both ends in their mouths, in the centre of it had placed their lord. Eight cuckoos in front and eight behind, eight on the right and eight on the left, eight below and eight above, thus casting a shadow over their lord as they escorted him, were flying through the air. These Brethren on seeing this flock of birds asked the Master, "What, sir, is the meaning of these birds?" "Brethren," he said, "this is an ancient custom of our family, a tradition set up by me; in a former age they thus escorted me. Now at that time there was a vast gathering of these birds. Three thousand five hundred young hen-birds escorted me. Gradually wasting away the flock has become such as you see." "In what kind of forest did they escort you, sir?" Then the Master said, "Well, hearken, Brethren," and recalling it to mind he told a story of the past and thus taught them.

This is the report and the fame thereof: a region yielding from its soil all manner of herbs, overspread with many a tangle of flowers, ranged over by the elephant, gayal, buffalo, deer, yak, spotted antelope, rhinoceros, elk, lion, tiger, panther, bear, wolf, hyena, otter[1], kadalī antelope, wild cat, long-eared hare, inhabited by numberless herds of different kinds of elephants[2], and frequented by various kinds of deer[2], and haunted by horse-faced yakkhas, sprites, goblins and ogres, overspread with a thicket of trees blooming at the top with flowers, stalked and high-standing, and pithless[3], re-echoing to the cries of hundreds of birds, all mad with joy, ospreys, partridges, elephant-birds, peacocks, pheasants, Indian cuckoos[4], adorned and covered with hundreds of mineral substances, collyrium, arsenic, yellow orpiment, vermilion, gold and silver—it was in such a delightful forest lived the bird Kuṇāla [417]: very bright was it and covered with gay feathers. This Kuṇāla bird had three thousand five hundred hen-birds in attendance on him. Then two birds seizing a stick in their mouths seated the Kuṇāla bird between them and flew up, fearing lest fatigue in the course of the long distance should cause him to move from his position and he should fall. Five hundred young birds fly below, for they thought, "If this Kuṇāla bird should fall from his perch, we will catch him in our wings." Other five hundred birds fly above him, for fear lest the heat should scorch Kuṇāla. Five hundred birds fly on either side of him, to prevent cold or heat, grass or dust, wind or dew from coming nigh him. Five hundred fly in front of him, lest cowherds or neat-herds, grass-cutters, or stick-gatherers or foresters should strike Kuṇāla with stick or potsherd, with fist or clod, with staff or knife or gravel, or lest Kuṇāla should come into collision with shrub or creeper or tree, with post or rock, or with some powerful bird. Five hundred fly behind, addressing him with gentle, kindly words, in charming, sweet tones, lest Kuṇāla should grow weary, sitting there. Five hundred birds fly hither and thither, bringing a variety of fruits from different kinds of trees, lest Kuṇāla should be distressed with hunger. Then the birds swiftly transport Kuṇāla for his satisfaction from pleasance to pleasance, from garden to garden, from one river's bank to another, from mountain peak to mountain peak, from one mango grove to another, from rose-apple orchard to rose-apple orchard, from one bread-fruit grove to another, from one cocoa-nut plantation to another. So Kuṇāla day by day escorted by these birds thus upbraids them: [418] "Perish, ye vile creatures, yea, perish utterly, ye thievish, knavish creatures, heedless, flighty and ungrateful as ye are, like the wind going wheresoever ye list."

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[1] *uddārakā*. For the form compare *mārjāraka*, a cat. [2] Specified in the text.

[3] *amajja*. For this word compare *Taittirīya Saṁhitā*, VII. 5. 12, 2.

[4] I have omitted the names of three birds, *parābhūta*, *celāvaka*, *bhiṁkāra*, which are not found in the dictionaries.

[419] After these words the Master said, "Surely, Brethren, even when I was in an animal form, I knew well the ingratitude, the wiles, the wickedness and immorality of women-folk, and at that time so far from being in their power I kept them under my control," and when by these words he had removed the spiritual discontent of these Brethren, the Master held his peace. At this moment two black cuckoos came to this spot, raising their lord aloft on the stick, while others in fours flew below and on every side of him. On seeing them, the Brethren asked the Master of them and he said, "Of old, Brethren, I had a friend, a royal cuckoo, named Puṇṇamukha, and such was the tradition in his family," and in answer to the Brethren's question, just as before, he said:

On the eastern side of this same Himalaya, the king of mountains, are green-flowing streams, having their source in slight and gentle mountain slopes; in a fragrant, charming, bright spot, blooming with the beauty of lotuses, blue, white, and the hundred-leafed, the white lily and the tree of paradise, [420] in a region overrun and beautified with all manner of trees[1] and flowering shrubs and creepers, resounding with the cries of swans, duoks and geese, inhabited by troops of monks and ascetics, and such as are possessed of magical or supernatural powers, and haunted by high angelic beings, demons, goblins, ogres, heavenly minstrels, fairies and mighty serpents—verily it was in such a charming forest-thicket that the royal cuckoo Puṇṇamukha dwelt. Very sweet was his voice, and his laughing eyes were as the eyes of one intoxicated with joy. Three thousand five hundred hen-birds followed in the train of this cuckoo Puṇṇamukha. So two birds seizing a stick in their mouths and seating Puṇṇamukha in the middle of it fly up into the air, fearing lest fatigue, &c.[2] [421] Then did Puṇṇamnkha, escorted by these birds by day, thus sing their praises, saying, "Bravo, my sisters, this act of yours well becomes high-born ladies, in that ye do service to your lord." Then in truth the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha drew nigh to the place where sat the bird Kuṇāla, and the birds in attendance upon Kuṇāla saw him, and while he was yet afar off they drew nigh to Puṇṇamukha and thus accosted him: "Friend Puṇṇamukha, Kuṇāla here is a fierce bird and has a rough tongue. Haply by your help we may win kindly speech from him." "Haply we may, ladies," he said. And so saying, he drew nigh to Kuṇāla, and after a kindly greeting he sat respectfully on one side and thus addressed Kuṇāla: "Wherefore dost thou, friend Kuṇāla, behave so ill to these high-born ladies of rank, though they themselves are well-conducted. One ought, friend Kuṇāla, to speak pleasantly even to ladies who are themselves ungracious in speech: much more to such as are gracious." When he had so spoken, Kuṇāla abused Puṇṇamukha after this manner, saying, "Perish, vile wretch, yea, perish utterly. Who is to be found like you, won over

[1] The translation here omits a long list of trees, etc., known for the most part, if at all, by their botanical equivalents in Latin.

[2] Here follows a long passage already given *supra*, p. 222.

by the prayers of womenfolk[1]?" On being thus reproached the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha [422] turned back. Then surely in no long time afterwards severe sickness attacked Puṇṇamukha, and extreme suffering from a bloody flux set in, bringing him nigh unto death. Then this thought occurred to the birds in attendance upon the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha: "This cuckoo is ill; peradventure he may be raised up from his sickness." So leaving him quite alone they drew nigh to where the bird Kuṇāla was. Kuṇāla spied these birds coming from afar, and on seeing them thus addressed them, "Where, wretches, is your lord?" Friend Kuṇāla, they said, "Puṇṇamukha is sick: perhaps he may be raised up from his sickness." When they had so spoken, the bird Kuṇāla cursed them thus: "Perish, ye wretches, yea, perish utterly, ye thievish, knavish, heedless, flighty creatures, ungrateful for kindness done to you, going like the wind whithersoever ye list." So saying, he drew nigh to where the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha was and thus addressed him: "Ho! friend Puṇṇamukha." "Ho! friend Kuṇāla," he replied. Then the bird Kuṇāla seized the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha with his wings and beak and raising him up gave him all manner of medicines to drink. So the sickness of the cuckoo was relieved. [423] And when Puṇṇamukha was well, the birds returned and Kuṇāla for a few days gave Puṇṇamukha wild fruits to eat, and when he had recovered his strength, he said, "Now friend, you are well again; continue to dwell with your attendant birds, and I will return to my own place of abode." Then Puṇṇamukha said to him, "They left me when I was extremely ill and flew away. I have no need of these rogues." On hearing this the Great Being said, "Well then, friend, I will tell you of the wickedness of womenfolk," and he took Puṇṇamukha and brought him to the Red Valley on a slope of the Himalayas and sat down on a rock of red arsenic at the foot of a sāl tree, seven leagues in extent, while Puṇṇamukha with his following sat on one side. Throughout all the Himalayas went a heavenly proclamation, "To-day Kuṇāla, king of birds, seated on a rock of red arsenic in the Himalayas, with all the charm of a Buddha will preach the Law: hearken to him." [424] By proclaiming it, one to another, the gods of the six Kāmāvacara worlds heard of it and for the most part assembled together: many deities too in the forest, serpents, garuḍas, and vultures proclaimed the fact. At that time Ānanda, king of the vultures, with a following of ten thousand vultures dwelt upon Vulture Peak. And on hearing the commotion he thought, "I will listen to the preaching of the Law," and came with his followers and sat apart. Nārada too the ascetic with the five Supernatural Faculties, dwelling in the Himalaya region, with his following of ten thousand ascetics, on hearing this heavenly proclamation, thought, "My friend Kuṇāla, they

[1] The scholiast seems to take the passage thus. Perhaps it may be rendered, "Who is this (paragon) thus described by you, a henpecked creature that you are?"

say, will speak of the faults of womenkind: I too must listen to his exposition," and accompanied by a thousand ascetics he travelled thither by his supernatural power and sat on one side apart. There was a great gathering like that which assembles to hear the teaching of Buddhas. Then the Great Being, with the knowledge of one who remembers his former births, making Puṇṇamukha a personal witness, related a circumstance seen in a former existence, connected with the faults of women. The Master, making the matter clear, said: Then the bird Kuṇāla thus addressed the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha, who had receutly been raised up from a bed of sickness: "Friend Puṇṇamukha, I have seen Kaṇhā, her that had a double parentage[1] and five husbands[2], and whose affection was set upon a sixth man, a headless[3], crippled dwarf." Here too we have a further verse:

In ancient story Kaṇhā, it is said,
A single maid to princes five was wed,
Insatiate still she lusted for yet more
And with a hump-backed dwarf she played the whore.

"I have seen, friend Puṇṇamukha, the case of a female ascetic named Saccatapāvī, who dwelt in a cemetery and gave away even a fourth meal. She sinned with a goldsmith. I witnessed too, friend Puṇṇamukha, the case of Kākāti[4], the wife of Venateyya, who dwelt in the midst of the sea and yet sinned with Naṭakuvera. I have seen, friend Puṇṇamukha, the fairhaired Kuraṅgavī[5] [425], who though in love with Eḷakamāra sinned with Chaḷaṅgakumāra and Dhanantevāsī. This too was known to me, how the mother[6] of Brahmadatta, forsaking the king of Kosala, sinned with Pañcālacaṇḍa. These and other women went wrong, and one should not put trust in women nor praise them. As the earth is impartially affected towards all the world, bearing wealth for all, a home for all sorts and conditions of men (good and bad alike), all-enduring, unshaken, immovable, so also is it with women (in a bad sense). A man should not trust them.

As lion fed upon raw flesh and blood,
With his five[7] paws fierce ravening for food,
In others' hurt will his chief pleasure find—
Such like are women. Man, beware their kind.

Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, these creatures are not mere harlots, wenches or street-walkers, they are not so much strumpets as murderesses

[1] i.e. the kings of Kosala and Kāsi, the real and the putative father.

[2] The names of the five husbands are given: Ajjuna, Nakula, Bhīmasena, Yudhiṭṭhila, Sahadeva.

[3] Meaning, 'with head crushed down into his body.'

[4] *Jāt.* III. No. 327.

[5] Compare Tawney's *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*, II. 491—492.

[6] Reading *mātā ohāya Kosalarājānam.*

[7] The lion's mouth is the fifth paw.

—I mean these harlots, wenches, and street-walkers[1]. They are like unto robbers with braided locks, like a poisoned drink, like merchants that sing their own praises, crooked like a deer's horn, evil-tongued like snakes, like a pit that is covered over, insatiate as hell, as hard to satisfy as a she-ogre, like the all-rapacious Yama, all-devouring like a flame, sweeping all before it as a river, like the wind going where it lists, undiscriminating like mount Neru[2], fruiting perennially like a poison tree." Here too occurs a further verse:

> Like poisoned draught or robber fell, crooked as horn of stag,
> Like serpent evil-tongued[3] are they, as merchant apt to brag,
>
> Murderous as covered pit, like Hell's insatiate maw are they,
> As goblin greedy or like Death that carries all away.
>
> Devouring like a flame are they, mighty as wind or flood,
> Like Neru's golden peak that aye confuses[4] bad and good,
> Pernicious as a poison-tree they fivefold ruin bring
> On household gear, wasters of wealth and every precious thing.

Once upon a time, they say, Brahmadatta, king of Kāsi, owing to his having an army, seized on the kingdom of Kosala, slew its king and carried off his chief queen, who was then pregnant [426], to Benares and there made her his consort. By and bye she gave birth to a daughter, and as the king had neither son nor daughter of his own begetting, he was greatly pleased and said, "Fair lady, choose some boon at my hands." She accepted the boon but reserved her choice. Now they named the young princess Kaṇhā. So when she was grown up, her mother said, "Dear child, your father offered me a boon, which I accepted but put off my choice: do you now choose whatever you like." From the excess of her passion breaking through maidenly shame she said to her mother, "Nothing else is lacking to me; get him to hold an assembly[5] to choose me a husband." The mother repeated this to the king. The king said, "Let her have whatever she wishes," and he had an assembly for choosing a husband proclaimed. In the palace yard a host of men assembled, arrayed in all their splendour. Kaṇhā, who with a basket of flowers in her hand stood looking out of an upper lattice window, approved of no single one of them. Then Ajjuna, Nakula, Bhīmasena, Yudhiṭṭhila, Sahadeva, of the family of king Pāṇḍu, these five sons of king Pāṇḍu,

[1] The scholiast takes *gamaniyo* as equivalent to *vesiyo*.

[2] *Jāt.* vol. III. No. 379, *Neru-jātaka*. Like Mt Neru, reflecting a golden hue on all objects alike.

[3] One MS. for *dujjivha* reads *dujivha* 'double-tongued.'

[4] *Nāvasamākatā* can scarcely be right. The commentary gives as the epithet to Neru *nibbisesakārā*. One reading gives *nāvasamāgatā*, speeding like a ship.

[5] *Svayamvara* was the public choice of a husband by a princess from a number of suitors assembled for the purpose. In the *Mahābhārata* we have an account of the Svayamvara of Draupadī, daughter of the king of Pañcāla, afterwards the common wife of the five Pāṇḍu princes.

I say, after receiving instruction in arts at Takkasilā from a world-famed teacher, travelling about with the idea of mastering local customs, arrived at Benares, and hearing a commotion in the city and learning in answer to their inquiry what it was all about, they came and stood all five of them in a row, in appearance like so many golden statues. Kaṇhā on seeing them fell in love with all five, as they stood before her, and threw a wreathed coil of flowers on the head of all the five and said, "Dear mother, I choose these five men." The queen told this to the king. The king, because he had given her the choice, did not say, "You cannot do this," but was greatly vexed. On asking however what was their origin and whose sons they were, when he learned that they were sons of king Pāṇḍu, he paid them great honour and gave them his daughter to wife, and by the force of her passion she won the affection of these five princes in her seven-storied palace. Now she had as an attendant a hump-backed cripple, and when by the force of passion she had won the hearts of the five princes, as soon as they had gone forth from the palace, finding her opportunity and fired by lust she sinned with the hump-backed slave, and conversing with him she said, "There is no one dear to me like you; I will slay these princes and have your feet smeared in the blood from their throats." And when she was in the company of the eldest of the royal brothers, she would say, "You are dearer to me than those other four. For your sake I would even sacrifice my life. At my father's death I will bestow the kingdom on you alone." But when she was in the company of the others, she acted in just the same way. They were greatly pleased with her, thinking, "She is fond of us and owing to this the sovereignty will be ours." One day she was sick, and gathering about her, one sat chafing her head, and the rest each of them a hand or foot, while the hump-back sat at her feet. To the eldest brother, prince Ajjuna, who was chafing her head, she made a sign with her head, implying, "No one is dearer to me than you are: so long as I live I shall live for you and at my father's death I will bestow the kingdom on you," and so she won his heart. To the others too she made signs with hand or foot to the same effect. But to the hump-back she made a sign with her tongue which said, "You only are dear to me: for your sake shall I live." All of them, owing to what had been said by her before, knew what was meant by this sign. But while the rest of them each recognised the sign given to himself, prince Ajjuna [427] when he saw the motions of hand, foot or tongue, thought, "As in my case, so also with the others, by this sign some token must be given, and there must be some intimacy with this hump-backed fellow"; so going outside with his brothers he asked, "Did you see the lady with five husbands making a sign with her head to me?" "Yes, we did." "Do you know the meaning of it?" "We do not." "The meaning of it was so and so; do you know what was meant by the sign given you

with hand or foot?" "Yes, we know." "In the same way she gave me too a sign. Do you know the meaning of the sign given to the hump-back by a motion of her tongue?" "We do not know." Then he told them, "With him too she has sinned." And when they did not believe him, he sent for the hnmp-back and asked him, and he told him all about it. When they heard what he had to say, they all lost their passionate love for her. "Ah! surely," they said, "womankind is evil and vicions. Leaving men like ns, nobly born and blest by fortune, she goes wrong with a disgusting, loathsome, hump-backed fellow like this. Who that is wise will find any pleasure in consorting with women so shameless and wicked as this?" Thus censuring womenfolk in many a turn the five princes thought, "We have had enough of married life," and retired into the Himalayas, and after going through the Kasiṇa rite, at the end of their life they fared according to their deeds. Kuṇāla the bird-king was prince Ajjuna, and it was for this reason that in setting forth anything that he himself had seen, he began his story with the words "I saw." In relating other things that he had seen of old he used the same words, and here follows an explanation of an incident given in the first introductory story.

Once upon a time, they say, a white[1] nun named Saccatapāvī had a hut of leaves built in a cemetery near Benares, and living there she abstained from four out of five meals, and thronghout the city her fame was blazed abroad like as it were that of the Moon or Sun, and natives of Benares, if they sneezed or stumbled, said, "Praise be to Saccatapāvī." Now on the first day of a festival some goldsmiths had a tent erected in a certain spot where a crowd was gathered, and bringing fish, meat, strong drink, perfumes, wreaths and the like, they started a drinking bout. Then a certain goldsmith, who was addicted to drink, in vomiting said, "Praise be to Saccatapāvī." On a certain wise man amongst them saying, "Alas! blind fool, you are paying honour to a fickle-minded woman—Oh! you are a fool," he replied, "Friend, speak not thus, nor be guilty of a deed that leads to hell." Then the wise man said, "You fool, hold your tongue. Lay a wager with me for a thousand crowns and on the seventh day from this, seated in this very spot, I will deliver into your hands Saccatapāvī in splendid apparel and made merry with strong drink [428] and I too will have a good drink myself with her: so nnstable are womenkind." He said, "You will not be able to do so," and took his wager for a thousand crowns. So he told the other goldsmiths, and early next morning, disguised as an ascetic, our wise man made his way into the cemetery, and not far from her place of abode stood worshipping the Sun. She saw him as she was setting out to collect alms, and thonght, "Surely this must be an ascetic with miraculous powers. I dwell on one

[1] *setasamaṇī*. Amongst the Jains is an order of white-robed ascetics called *śvetāmbaras*. Compare our *White Friars*.

side of the cemetery, but he in the centre of it: his heart must be full of a holy calm. I will pay my respects to him." So she drew nigh to him and saluted him, but he neither looked nor spoke. On the next day he acted in the same way. But on the third day when she saluted him, he looked down and said, "Depart." On the fourth day he spoke kindly to her and said, "Are you not tired begging for alms?" She thought, "I have had a kind greeting," and departed well pleased. On the fifth day she received a still kinder greeting and after sitting awhile she saluted him and went her ways. But on the sixth day she came and saluted him as he sat there. He said, "Sister, what in the world is this great noise of song and music in Benares to-day?" She answered, "Holy Sir, do you not know that a festival is proclaimed in the city and this is the sound of those that make merry there?" Pretending not to know he said, "Yes, this doubtless is the noise I hear." Then he asked, "How many meals, Sister, do you omit to take?" "Four, Sir," she said, "and how many do you omit?" "Seven, Sister," but in this he spoke falsely, for he used to eat all day and night. Then he asked, "How many years is it since you took religious vows?" And when she said, "Twelve, and how many since you took orders?" he answered, "This is the sixth year." Then he asked, "Sister, have you attained to a holy calm?" "I have not, Sir. Have you?" "Neither have we," he said. "We get, Sister, neither the joy of sensual pleasure, nor the bliss of renunciation. What is it to us that hell is hot? Let us follow in the way of the multitude: I will become a house-holder, and as I own the treasure which belonged to my mother, I shall come to no harm." On hearing what he said, through her want of stability she conceived a passion for him and said, "I too, sir, feel spiritual discontent: if you do not reject me, I too will keep house with you." So he said to her, "I will not reject you: you shall be my wife." Then he brought her into the city and cohabited with her. And going to the drinking booth with her he himself took strong drink and handed her over to his friends the worse for liquor. So that other fellow lost his wager of a thousand crowns, and she was blest with numerous sons and daughters by the goldsmith. At that time Kuṇāla was the goldsmith[1] and in telling the story he began with the words "I saw."

In the second tale is a story of the past which is told at length in the Fourth Book in the Kākāti[2] Birth Story. Now at this time Kuṇāla was the Garuḍa, and this is the reason why in illustrating what he had seen with his own eyes he began with the words "I saw." In the third story once upon a time Brahmadatta slew the king of Kosala and seized on his kingdom. Carrying off his chief queen, who was big with child, he returned to Benares, and, though he knew her condition, he made her his queen consort. When her time was fully come she gave birth to a son like an image of gold. And the queen thought, "When he is grown up, the king

[1] Reading *tulāputto*. [2] Vol. III. No. 327, E. V. p. 60.

of Benares will say [429], 'He is a son of my enemy: what is he to me?' and will put him to death. Nay, let not my boy perish by an enemy's hand." So she said to his nurse, "Cover this child, my dear, with a coarse cloth and go and lay him in the charnel ground." The nurse did so and after bathing returned home. The king of Kosala too after death was born in the form of a guardian angel of the boy, and by his divine power a she-goat belonging to a goat-herd, who was keeping his flock in this spot, on seeing the child conceived an affection for him and after giving him milk to suck wandered off for a bit, and then came back twice, thrice or even four times, and gave him suck. The goat-herd, on seeing what the goat was about, came to the spot, and when he saw the child conceived an affection for it and brought it to his wife. Now she was childless and therefore had no milk to give him. So the she-goat continued to give it suck. From that day two or three goats died every day. The goat-herd thought, "If this boy goes on being tended by us, all our goats will perish. What is he to us?" Then he laid him in an earthenware vessel, covering him up with another, and smeared his face all over, without leaving any chink, with the flour of beans, and dropped him into the river. The child was carried down by the stream and was found on the lower bank near the king's palace by a low-caste mender of old rubbish, who was there with his wife, washing his face. He ran up in haste pulled the vessel out of the water and laid it on the bank. "What have we here?" he thought, and uncovering the vessel found the child. His wife too was childless and she also conceived an affection for him. So she took him home and watched over him. When he was seven or eight years old, his father and mother would take him with them when they went to the palace. When he was sixteen years old, the lad often went to the palace to mend old things. And the king and queen consort had a daughter named Kuraṅgavī, a girl of extraordinary beauty. From the moment she set eyes upon him she fell in love with the youth, and not caring for any one else she constantly repaired to the place where he worked. From their repeatedly seeing one another they were mutually enamoured, and secretly within the royal precincts guilty relations were established. In course of time the servants told the king. In his rage he called his councillors together and said, "Such and such acts have been committed by this low-caste fellow: consider what must be done with him." His councillors made answer: "Great is his offence; after exacting all manner of punishment we must put him to death." At this moment the lad's father (the king of Kosala), who had become his guardian angel, took possession of the body of the youth's mother, and under the influence of the divine being she drew nigh to the king and said, "Sire, this youth is no low-caste fellow. He is the son born to me by the king of Kosala. In saying that my boy was dead, I lied to you. Knowing him to be the child of your enemy I gave him to

a nurse and had him exposed in a charnel ground. Then a goat-herd watched over him, but when his goats all began to die, he had him cast into the river, and being transported hither by the stream, he was found by the low-caste man who repairs old rubbish in our palace and fostered by him, and if you do not believe me, call for all these people and inquire of them." The king summoned all of them, beginning with the nurse, and learning on inquiry that the facts were as she stated, he was delighted to find that the youth was nobly born, and giving directions that he should take a bath and put on splendid apparel, he gave him his daughter in marriage. Now from his having brought about the death of the goats [430] they named him Eḷakamāra (Goat's Bane). Then the king assigned him a transport and an army and sent him off, saying, "Go and take possession of the kingdom that was your father's." So he set off with Kuraṅgavī and was established on the throne. Then the king of Benares thought, "He is quite uneducated," and to instruct him in arts he sent Chaḷaṅgakumāra to be his teacher. Accepting him as his teacher he conferred on him the post of commander-in-chief. By and bye Kuraṅgavī misconducted herself with him. And the commander-in-chief had an attendant named Dhanantevāsī, and he sent by his hand robes and other adornments to Kuraṅgavī, and she went wrong with him too. So vicious and immoral are wicked women, and therefore I praise them not. This the Great Being taught in telling a story of the past, for at that time he was Chaḷaṅgakumāra, and therefore the incident he related was one he saw with his own eyes.

In the fifth story once upon a time a king of Kosala seized the kingdom of Benares and made the king's chief queen, who at that time was pregnant, his queen consort, and then returned to his own city. By and bye she gave birth to a son. The king, because he had no children of his own, fondly cherished the boy and had him instructed in all learning, and when he was of age he sent him away, bidding him take possession of the kingdom which had belonged to his father. He went and reigned there. Then his mother saying she longed to see her boy took leave of the king of Kosala, and setting out for Benares with a large escort took up her abode in a town lyiug between the two kingdoms. In this place dwelt a certain handsome brahmin youth named Pañcālacaṇḍa. He brought her a present. On seeing him she fell in love and misconducted herself with him. After spending a few days there, she went to Benares and saw her son. On returning she took up her abode in the same town and, after spending several days in guilty intercourse with her lover, she departed to Kosala city. Very soon after this, giving this or that reason for visiting her son, she took leave of the king and in going and returning stayed a fortnight in the same town, misconducting herself with her lover. So wicked and false, Sampuṇṇamukha, are women. And in telling this story of the past he began with the words, "To the same effect also is this tale." [432] Here-

after, in a variety of ways exhibiting the charm with which he preached the Law, he said, "Friend Puṇṇamukha, there are four things which, if certain circumstances arise, prove injurious—these, I say, are not to be lodged in a neighbour's household—an ox, a cow, a chariot, a wife. From these four things a wise man would keep his house clear:

[433] Ox, cow, nor car to neighbours lend,
Nor trust a wife to house of friend:
The car they break through want of skill,
The ox by over-driving kill.

The cow is over-milked ere long,
The wife in kinsman's house goes wrong.

There are six things, friend Puṇṇamukha, which under certain circumstances prove injurious—a bow lacking its string, a wife living in a kinsman's family, a ship[1], a car with broken axle, an absent friend, a wicked comrade, under certain circumstances, prove injurious. Verily on eight grounds, friend Puṇṇamukha, a woman despises her husband: for poverty, for sickness, for old age, for drunkenness, for stupidity, for carelessness, for attending to every kind of business, for neglecting every duty towards her—verily, on these eight grounds a woman despises her lord. Here moreover occurs this verse:

If poor or sick or old, a sot, or reckless thought,
If dull or by his cares of business overwrought,
Or disobliging found—such lord a wife esteems as nought.

Verily on nine grounds does a woman incur blame: if she is fond of frequenting parks, gardens, and river banks, fond of visiting the houses of kinsfolk or of strangers, given to wearing the adornment of cloth worn by gentlemen, if she is a drinker of strong drink, given to staring about her, or of standing before her door—on these nine grounds, I say, a woman incurs blame. Here moreover occurs the following verse:

A woman drest in smart cloth vest, dram-drinking, apt to roam
In pleasance, park, by river side, to friend's or stranger's home,

Standing before her door, to stare about with idle gaze,
In nine such ways corrupted soon from path of virtue strays.

Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, in forty different ways a woman makes up to a man[2]. She draws herself up, she bends down, she frisks about, she looks coy, she presses together her finger tips, she plants one foot on the other, she scratches the ground with a stick, she dances her boy up and down, [434] she plays and makes the boy play, she kisses and makes him kiss her, she eats and gives him to eat, she either gives or begs something, whatever is done she mimics, she speaks in a high or low tone, she speaks

[1] This seems to require like the other nouns some qualifying epithet.

[2] *accāvadati*. Morris in *P. T. S. Journal* for '86, p. 100, quotes a passage from *Suttavibhaṅga* II. p. 263.

now indistinctly, now distinctly, she appeals to him with dance, song and music, with tears or coquetry, or with her finery, she laughs or stares, she shakes her dress or shifts her loin-cloth, exposes or covers up her leg, exposes her bosom, her armpit, her navel, she closes her eye, she elevates her eyebrow, she pinches her lip, makes her tongue loll out, looses or tightens her cloth dress, looses or tightens her head-gear. Verily in these forty ways she makes up to a man. Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, a wicked woman is to be known in twenty-five different ways: she praises her lord's absence from home, she rejoices not in his return, she speaks in his dispraise, she is silent in his praise, she acts to his injury, and not to his advantage, she does whatever is harmful to him and refrains from what is serviceable, she goes to bed with her clothes on and lies with her face averted from him, she tosses about from side to side, she makes a great ado, she heaves a long-drawn sigh, she feels a pain, she frequently has to solicit nature, she acts perversely, on hearing a stranger's voice she opens her ear and listens attentively, she is a waster of her lord's goods, she is intimate with her neighbours, she gads abroad, she walks the streets, she is guilty of adultery, disregarding her husband she has wicked thoughts in her heart. Verily in these twenty-five ways, friend Puṇṇamukha, is a wicked woman to be known. Here moreover occurs this utterance:

Her husband's absence she approves nor grieves should he depart,
Nor at the sight of his return rejoices in her heart,
She ne'er at any time will say aught in her husband's praise,
Such are the signs that surely mark the wicked woman's ways.

Undisciplined, against her lord some mischief she will plot,
His interest neglects and does the thing that she ought not,
With face averted lies she down beside him, fully dressed,
By such like signs her wickedness is surely thus confessed.

[435] Restless she turns from side to side nor lies one moment still[1],
Or heaves a long drawn sigh and groans, pretending she is ill,
As if at nature's call from bed she oftentimes will rise,
By such like signs her wickedness a man may recognise.

Perverse in all her acts she does the thing she should eschew,
And hearkens to the stranger's voice, her favours should he sue,
Her husband's wealth is freely spent some other love to gain,
By signs like these her wickedness to all is rendered plain.

The wealth that by her lord with toil was carefully amassed,
The gear so painfully heaped up, behold, she squanders fast,
With neighbours far too intimate the lady soon will grow,
And by such signs the wickedness of women one may know.

Stepping abroad behold her how she walks about the streets,
And with the grossest disrespect her lord and master treats:
Nor of adultery stops short, corrupt in heart and mind—
By such like signs how wicked are all womenfolk we find.

Often she will at her own door all decency defy,
And shamelessly expose herself to any passing by,

[1] *kuṁkumī, kuṁkumiyajātā* is not found. The scholiast says *kolāhalam karoti.*

The while with troubled heart she looks around on every side—
By such like signs the wickedness of women is descried.

As groves are made of wood, as streams in curves and windings flow,
So, give them opportunity, all women wrong will go.

Yea give them opportunity and secrecy withal,
And every single woman will from paths of virtue fall:
Thus will all women wantons prove, should time and place avail,
And e'en with humpback dwarf will sin, should other lovers fail.

Women that serve for man's delight let every one distrust,
Fickle in heart they ever are and unrestrained in lust.
Ladies of pleasure fitly called, the basest of the base,
To all men such as common are as any bathing place.

[437] Moreover he said: Once upon a time at Benares was a king named Kaṇḍari who was a very handsome man, and to him daily his counsellors would bring a thousand boxes of perfume, and with this perfume they would make the house trim and neat, and then splitting up the boxes they would make scented firewood and cook the food therewith. Now his wife was a lovely woman named Kinnarā, and his chaplain Pañcālacaṇḍa was the same age as himself and full of wisdom. And in the wall near the king's palace grew a rose-apple tree and its branches hung down upon the wall, and in the shade of it dwelt a loathsome, misshapen cripple. Now one day queen Kiṇṇarā looking out of her window saw him and conceived a passion for him. [438] And at night after winning the king's favour by her charms, as soon as he had fallen asleep, she would get up softly and putting all manner of dainty food in a golden vessel and taking it on her hips, she would let herself down through the window by means of a rope of cloth, and climbing up the rose-apple tree drop down by a branch of it and give her dainty food to the cripple and take her pleasure with him, and then ascend to the palace the same way that she had come down, and after shampooing herself all over with perfumes lie down by the king's side. In this way she would constantly misconduct herself with this cripple and the king knew nothing of it. One day the king after a solemn procession round the city was entering his palace when he saw this cripple, a pitiable object, lying in the shade of the rose-apple, and he said to his chaplain, "Just look at this ghost of a man." "Yes, sire?" "Is it possible, my friend, that any woman moved by lust would come nigh such a loathsome creature?" Hearing what he said the cripple, swelling with pride, thought, "What is it this king said? Methinks he knows nothing of his queen's coming to visit me." And stretching out his folded hands towards the rose-apple tree he cried, "O my lord, thou guardian spirit of this tree, excepting thee no one knows about this." The chaplain noticing his action thought, "Of a truth the king's chief consort by the help of this tree comes and misconducts herself with him." So he said to the king, "Sire, at night what is it like when you come into contact with the queen's person?"

"I notice nothing else," he said, "but that at the middle watch her body is cold." "Well, sire, whatever may be the case with other women, your queen Kinnarā misconducts herself with him." "What is this you say, my friend? Would such a charming lady take her pleasure with this disgusting creature?" "Well then, sire, put it to the proof." "Agreed," said the king, and after supper he lay down with her, to put it to the test. At the usual time for falling asleep, he pretended to drop off, and she acted as before. The king following in her steps took his stand in the shade of the rose-apple tree. The cripple was in a rage with the queen and said, "You are very late in coming," and struck with his hand the chain in her ear. So she said, "Be not angry, my lord; I was watching for the king to fall asleep," and so saying she acted as it were a wife's part in his house. But when he struck her, the ear-ornament, which was like a lion's head, falling from her ear dropped at the king's feet. The king thought, "Just this will be the best thing for me," and he took it away with him. And after misconducting herself with her lover she returned just as before and proceeded to lie down by the side of the king. The king rejected her advances and next day he gave an order, saying, "Let queen Kinnarā come, wearing every ornament I have given her." She said, "My lion's head jewel is with the goldsmith," and refused to come. When a second message was sent, she came with only a single ear-ornament. [439] The king asked, "Where is your ear-ring?" "With the goldsmith." He sent for the goldsmith and said, "Why do you not let the lady have her ear-ring?" "I have it not, sire." The king was enraged and said, "You wicked, vile woman, your goldsmith must be a man just like me," and so saying he threw the ear-ring down before her and said to the chaplain, "Friend, you spoke the truth; go and have her head chopped off." So he secured her in a certain quarter of the palace and came and said to the king, "Sire, be not angry with the queen Kinnarā: all women are just the same. If you are anxious to see how immoral women are, I will show you their wickedness and deceitfulness. Come, let us disguise ourselves and go into the country." The king readily agreed and, handing over his kingdom to his mother, he set out on his travels with his chaplain. When they had gone a league's journey and were seated by the high road, a certain gentleman of property, who was holding a marriage festival for his son, had seated the bride in a close carriage and was accompanying her with a large escort. On seeing this the chaplain said, "If you like, you can make this girl misconduct herself with you." "What say you, my friend? with this great escort the thing is impossible." "Well then see this, my lord?" And going forward he set up a tent-shaped screen not far from the high road and, placing the king inside the screen, himself sat down by the side of the road, weeping. Then the gentleman on seeing it asked, "Why, friend, are you weeping?" "My wife," he said, "was heavy

with child and I set out on a journey to take her to her own home, and while still on the way her pangs overtook her and she is in trouble within the screen, and she has no woman with her and I cannot go to her there. I do not know what will happen." "She ought to have a woman with her: do not weep, there are numbers of women here; one of them shall go to her." "Well then let this maiden come; it will be a happy omen for the girl." He thought, "What he says is true: it will be an auspicious thing for my daughter-in-law. She will be blest with numerous sons and daughters," and he brought her there. Passing inside the screen she fell in love at first sight with the king and misconducted herself with him, and the king gave her his signet ring. So when the deed was done and she came out of the tent they asked her, "What has she given birth to?" "A boy the colour of gold?" So the gentleman took her and went off. The chaplain came to the king and said, "You have seen, sire, even a young girl is thus wicked. How much more will other women be so? Pray, sir, did you give her anything?" "Yes, I gave her my signet ring." "I will not allow her to keep it." And he followed in haste and caught up the carriage, and when they said, "What is the meaning of this?" he said, "This girl has gone off with a ring my brahmin wife had laid on her pillow: give up the ring, lady." [440] In giving it she scratched the brahmin's hand, saying, "Take it, you rogue." Thus did the brahmin in a variety of ways show the king that many other women are guilty of misconduct, and said, "Let this suffice here; we will now go elsewhere, Sire." The king traversed all India, and they said, "All women will be just the same. What are they to us? let us turn back." So they went straight home to Benares. The chaplain said, "It is thus, Sire, with all women; so wicked is their nature. Forgive queen Kinnarā." At the prayer of his chaplain he pardoned her, but had her thrust out from the palace. And when he had ejected her from the place, he chose another queen-consort, and he had the cripple driven forth and ordered the rose-apple branch to be lopped off. At that time Kuṇāla was Pañcālacaṇḍa. So in telling the story of what he had seen with his own eyes, in illustration he spoke this stanza:

> This much from tale of Kaṇḍari and Kinnarā is shown;
> All women fail to find delight in homes that are their own.
> Thus does a wife forsake her lord, though lusty he and strong,
> And will with any other man, e'en cripple vile, go wrong.

Another story is this: Once upon a time a king of Benares, Baka by name, ruled his kingdom righteously. At that time a certain poor man, who dwelt by the eastern gate of Benares, had a daughter named Pañcapāpā[1]. It is said that in a former birth as a poor man's daughter she was kneading clay and plastering a wall. Then a paccekabuddha

[1] Compare *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, Ch. XIX. The Story of the Sense of Touch.

thought, "Where am I to get clay to make this mountain cave neat and trim? I can get it in Benares." So putting on his cloak, and bowl in hand, he went into the city and took his stand not far from this woman. She was angry, and, looking at him, thought, "In his wicked heart he is begging for clay as well as alms." The paccekabuddha stood without moving. So, when she saw that he remained motionless, she was converted, and, looking at him once more, she said, "Priest, you have got no clay," and she took a big lump and put it in his bowl, and with this clay he made things neat in his cave. [441] And as a reward for this lump of clay, her person became soft to the touch, but in consequence of her angry look her hands, feet, mouth, eyes and nose became hideously ugly, and so men knew her by the name of Pañcapāpā (The Five Defects). Now the king of Benares was once wandering about the city by night and came to this spot, and she was playing with the village girls, and not recognising the king she seized him by the hand. As the result of her touch he lost all control over himself, and was as it were thrilled by a heavenly touch, and inflamed by passion he caught her by the hand, though she was so hideous to look upon, and asked whose daughter she was. When she answered, "Daughter of a dweller by the gate,"[1] and he heard she was unmarried, he said, "I will be your husband: go and ask your parents' consent." She went to her father and mother and said, "A certain man wishes to marry me." On their assenting, and saying, "He too must be a poor, sorry creature, if he desires one like you," she came and told him that her parents consented. So he cohabited with her in that very house, and quite early in the morning sought his palace. From that day the king constantly came there in disguise, and did not care to look at any other woman. Now one day her father was attacked with a bloody flux. The remedy for his sickness was a constant supply of rice gruel prepared with milk, ghee, honey, and sugar, and this, owing to their poverty, they could not procure. Then the mother said to the daughter, "My dear, would your husband be able to procure us some rice gruel?" "Dear mother," she said, "my husband must be even poorer than we are; but even if this is so, I will ask him: do not be worried." So saying, about the time when he should return, she sat down as if in a disconsolate state. When the king came he asked why she was so sad, and on hearing what was the matter, he said, "My dear, whence shall I get this very powerful remedy?" And he thought, "I cannot continually keep coming here in this way; one must consider the risk one runs in the journey to and fro; but if I were to take her to the court, being ignorant of her possession ef a soft touch, they will make a mock of me and say, 'Our king has returned with a female goblin.' But if I make all the city acquainted with her

[1] *dvāravāsī*, meaning perhaps an inhabitant of a poor quarter. Cf. *dvāragāma*, a village outside the city gate, a suburb.

touch, I shall do away with all reproach against myself." So he said to her, "My dear, do not vex yourself: I will bring your father some rice gruel," and so saying, after taking his pleasure with her he returned to his palace. The next day he had some rice gruel such as she described boiled for her, and, taking some leaves, made two baskets with them, and in one he put the rice gruel, and in the other he placed a jewelled diadem and fastened them up. And at night he came and said, "My dear, we are poor: I got this with great difficulty. You are to say to your father, 'To-day eat the rice gruel from this basket, and to-morrow from that.'" She did accordingly. So her father, after eating a very little of it, from its invigorating qualities was soon satisfied, and the rest she gave to her mother, and herself [442] partook of it, and all three of them felt very happy, and the basket containing the jewelled diadem they reserved for the needs of the next day. The king on reaching his palace washed his face and said, "Bring me my diadem." On their saying, "We cannot find it," he said, "Search through the whole city." They searched, but still did not find it. "Well then," he said, "search in the houses of the poor outside the city, beginning with the baskets of leaves for food." They searched and found the jewel diadem in this house, and crying out, "This woman's father and mother are thieves," they bound them and brought them to the king. Then her father said, "My lord, we are no thieves; a certain man brought us this jewel." "Who was it?" he said. "My son-in-law," he answered. When asked where he was, he said, "My daughter knows." Then he had a word with her. "My dear," he said, "you know who your husband is." "I do not know." "If this is so, we are undone." "Dear father, he comes when it is dark, and departs before it is light, so I do not know his appearance, but I can recognise him by the touch of his hand." Her father told this to the king's officers, and they told the king. The king, pretending ignorance of the whole matter, said, "Well, place the woman in a tent screen in the palace yard and cut a hole in the curtain as big as a man's hand and call the citizens together, and detect the thief by the touch of his hand." The officers did as he bade them. On going to her and seeing what she was like they were filled with loathing, and said, "She is a goblin," and in their disgust they did not dare to touch her. But they brought and placed her within a screen in the palace yard and gathered together all the citizens. Seizing hold of the hand of every one that came, as it was stretched out through the hole, she said, "This is not the man." The people were so captivated by the heavenly touch of her they could not tear themselves away. They thought, "If she be worthy of punishment, though we should have to inflict blows upon her with a stick, yet we should be ready to undergo any servile tasks for her, and to take her home as our wedded wife." Then the king's men beat them and drove them away, and all of them, beginning with the

viceroy, behaved like madmen. Then the king said, "Could I possibly be the man?" and stretched forth his hand. The woman, seizing his hand, cried aloud, "I have got the thief." The king inquired of his men, "When your hand was seized by her what did you think of it?" They told him exactly how it was with them. So the king said, "This is why I made them bring her to my house. Had they known nothing of her touch, they would have despised me. And now that all of you have learned the facts from me, say in whose house ought she to dwell as wife." They said, "In your house, Sire." So, with the ceremonious sprinkling, he recognised her as his chief consort, [443] and bestowed great power on her father and mother. Thenceforth in his infatuation he neither set on foot any inquiries about her, nor so much as looked at any other woman. The other queens sought to discover the mystery respecting her. One day she saw in a dream some indication of her being the chief queen of two kings, and she told her dream to the king. The king summoned the interpreters of dreams and asked, "What is the meaning of such and such a dream being seen by her?" Now they had received a bribe from the other women, and said, "The fact of the queen's sitting on the back of a perfectly white elephant is a token of your death, and that she touches the moon as she rides upon the elephant's back is a sign of her bringing some hostile king against you." "What then is to be done?" said he. "You cannot put her to death, Sire, but you must place her on board a ship and let her drift down the stream." The king in the night put her on board, with food, garments, and adornments and sent her adrift on the river. As she was carried down in the vessel by the stream she came face to face with king Pāvāriya, as he was disporting himself in the river. His commander-in-chief on seeing it said, "This ship belongs to me." The king said, "Its cargo is mine," and when the ship reached them and they saw the woman he said, "Who are you, so like a goblin as you are?" She, smiling, said she was the chief consort of king Baka, and told him all her story, and that she was renowned throughout India as Pañcapāpā. Then the king, taking her by the hand, lifted her out of the vessel, and no sooner had he taken her hand than he was inflamed with passion at her touch, and in the case of his other wives ceased to regard them as worthy the name of women, and he raised her to the position of chief queen, and she was as dear as his own life to him. Baka, on hearing what had happened, said, "I will not allow him to make her his queen consort," and getting together an army, he took up his quarters in a port on the opposite side of the river, and sent a message to this effect, that Pāvāriya was either to surrender his wife or give battle. His rival was ready for battle, but the councillors of the two kings said, "For the sake of a woman there is no need to die. From his being her first husband she belongs to Baka, but from his having rescued her from the ship she

belongs to Pāvāriya. Therefore let her be for the space of seven days at a time in the house of each of them." After due deliberation they gained over the two kings to this view, and they both were highly pleased, and built cities on opposite banks of the river and took up their abode there, and the woman accepted the position of chief consort to the pair of kings, and they were both infatuated with her. Now she dwelt seven days in the house of one of them, and then crossed over in a ship to the abode of the other, and when in mid-stream she misconducted herself with the pilot who steered the vessel, a lame and bald old man. At that time Kuṇāla [444], the king of birds, was Baka, and so he spoke of this as something he had seen with his own eyes, and to illustrate it he repeated this stanza:

Wife of Pāvārika and Baka too,
(Two kings whose lust no pause or limit knew)
Yet sins with her devoted husband's slave;
With what vile wretch would she not misbehave?

Yet another story: Once upon a time the wife of Brahmadatta, Piṅgiyānī by name, opening her window looked out aud saw a royal groom, and, when the king had fallen asleep, she got down through the window and misconducted herself with him, and then again climbed back to the palace and shampooed her person with perfumes and lay down with the king. Now one day the king thought, "I wonder why at midnight the person of the queen is always cool: I will examine into the matter." So one day he pretended to be asleep and got up and followed her and saw her committing folly with a groom. He returned and climbed up to his chamber, and she too after she had been guilty of adultery came and lay down on a truckle bed. Next day the king, in the presence of his ministers, summoned her and made known her misconduct, saying, "All women alike are sinners." And he forgave her offence, though it deserved death, imprisonment, mutilation, or cleaving asunder, but he deposed her from her high rank and made some one else his queen consort. At that time king Kuṇāla was Brahmadatta, and so it was that he told this story as of something he had seen with his own eyes, and by way of illustration he repeated this stanza:

Fair Piṅgiyānī was as wife adored
By Brahmadatta, earth's all conquering lord,
Yet sinned with her devoted husband's slave,
And lost by lechery both king and knave.

[445] After telling of the sins of women in old-world stories, in yet another way, still speaking of their misdeeds, he said:

Poor fickle creatures women are, ungrateful, treacherous they,
No man if not possessed would deign to credit aught they say.

Little reck they of duty's call or plea of gratitude,
Insensible to parents' love and ties of brotherhood,
Transgressing every law of right, they play a shameless part,
In all their acts obedient to the wish of their own heart.

However long they dwell with him, though kind and loving he,
Tender of heart and dear to them as life itself may be,
In times of trouble and distress, leave him they will and must,
I for my part in womenfolk can never put my trust.

How often is a woman's mind like shifty monkey's found,
Or like the shade cast by a tree on height[1] or depth around,
How changeful too the purpose lodged within a woman's breast,
Like tire of wheel revolving swift without a pause or rest.

Whene'er with due reflection they look round and see their way
To captivate some man of wealth and make of him their prey,
Such simpletons with words so soft and smooth they captive lead,
E'en as Cambodian groom with herbs will catch the fiercest steed.

But if when looking round with care they fail to see their way
To get possession of his wealth and make of him a prey,
They drive him off, as one that now has reached the furthest shore
And cuts adrift the ferry boat he needeth nevermore.

Like fierce devouring flame they hold him fast in their embrace,
Or sweep him off like stream in flood that hurries on apace;
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,
E'en as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

They not to one or two belong, like open stall are they,
One might as soon catch wind with net as women hold in sway.

[446] Like river, road, or drinking shed[2], assembly hall or inn,
So free to all are womenfolk, no limits check their sin.

Fell as black serpent's head are they, as ravenous as a fire,
As kine the choicest herbage pick, they lovers rich desire.

From elephant, black serpent, and from flame that's fed on ghee,
From man besprinkled to be king, and women we should flee.
All these whoso is on his guard will treat as deadly foe,
Indeed their very nature it is very hard to know.

Women who very clever are or very fair to view,
And such as many men admire—all these one should eschew:
A neighbour's wife and one that seeks a man of wealth for mate,
Such kind of women, five in all, no man should cultivate.

[447] When he had thus spoken the people applauded the Great Being, crying, "Bravo, well said!" and after telling of the faults of women in these instances he held his peace. On hearing him Ānanda, the vulture king, said, "My friend, Kuṇāla, I too by my own powers of knowledge will tell of women's faults," and he began to speak of them. The Blessed One by way of illustration said: "Then, verily, Ānanda, the vulture king, marking the beginning, middle and end of what the bird Kuṇāla had to say, at this time uttered these stanzas:

[448] Although a man with all this world contains of golden gear
Should her endow of womenkind his heart may count most dear,
Yet, if occasion serves, she will dishonour him withal—
Beware lest thou into the hands of such vile wretches fall.

[1] *kanna*, apparently Skt *skanna*, but one would have expected the compound to be *pakkanna*. Cf. Pischel, *Gramm. der Prākrit-Sprachen*, § 206.

[2] *papā*, a roadside shed where travellers are supplied with water. Cf. *Jāt.* I. 302. 3.

A manly vigour[1] he may show, from worldly taint be free,
Her maiden wooer may perhaps winsome and loving be,
In times of trouble and distress leave him she will and must,
I for my part in womankind can never put my trust.

Let him not trust because he thinks 'she fancies me, I trow,'
Nor let him trust because her tears oft in his presence flow;
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,
Just as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

Trust not a litter strewn with leaves and branches long ago[2],
Trust not thy whilom friend, perchance now grown into a foe,
Trust not a king because thou thinkst, 'My comrade once was he,
Trust not a woman though she has borne children ten to thee.

Women are pleasure-seekers all and unrestrained in lust,
Transgressors of the moral law: in such put not your trust.
A wife may feign unbounded love before her husband's face;
Distrust her: women common are as any landing place.

Ready to mutilate or slay, from nothing do they shrink,
And after having cut his throat they e'en his blood would drink:
Let no man fix his love on them, creatures of passions base,
Licentious and as common as some Ganges landing place.

In speech they no distinction make betwixt the false and true,
As kine the choicest herbage pick, rich lovers they pursue.

One man they tempt with looks and smiles, another by their walk,
Some they attract by strange disguise[3], others by honeyed talk.

Dishonest, fierce and hard of heart, as sugar sweet their words,
Nothing there is they do not know to cheat their wedded lords.

Surely all womenfolk are vile, no limit bounds their shame,
Impassioned and audacious they, devouring as a flame.

Women are not so formed, this man to love and that abhor,
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,
E'en as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

[449] 'Tis not a case of love or hate with womenfolk we see,
It is for gold they hug a man, as parasites a tree.

A man may corpses burn or e'en dead flowers from temples rake[4],
Be groom of horse or elephant, or care of oxen take,
Yet women after such low castes will run for money's sake.

One nobly born they leave if poor, as 'twere a low outcast,
To such an one, like carrion vile, if rich, they hie them fast."

[450] Thus did Ānanda, the vulture king, keeping to facts within his own knowledge, tell of the bad qualities of women, and then held his peace. Nārada, too, after hearing what he had to say, keeping to what

[1] *uṭṭhāhaka.* See *Dhammapada* 280, *anuṭṭhahāno*, and its archaic form in the *Journal Asiatique*, IX^me^ Sér., tome XII. p. 215, where from the verbal base *uṭṭhah* we find an analogous form *anuṭhahatu.*

[2] For fear it may harbour a snake.

[3] The commentator refers to the story of *Naḷinikā*, No. 526, as an instance of this.

[4] *pupphachaḍḍaka*, a low-caste man who removes dead flowers from temples, *Thera-Gāthā*, v. 620, *Questions of Milinda*, v. 4, vol. II. p. 211 (S. B. E. XXXVI.).

he himself knew, spoke of their bad qualities. In illustrating this the Master said: "Then verily Nārada, hearing the beginning, middle and end of what Ānanda, the vulture king, had to say, at this point repeated these stanzas:

Four things can never sated be—list well to these my words—
Ocean, kings, brahmins, womenkind, these four, O king of birds.

All streams in earth that find their home will not the ocean fill,
Though all may with its waters mix, something is lacking still.

A brahmin cons[1] his Vedas and his legendary lore,
Yet still he sacred knowledge lacks and craves for more and more.

A king by conquest holds the world, its mountains, seas and all,
The endless treasures it contains his very own may call,
Yet sighs for worlds beyond the sea, for this he counts too small.

One woman may have husbands eight, compliant to her will,
All heroes bold, well competent love's duties to fulfil,
Yet on a ninth her love she sets, for something lacks she still.

Women like flames devour their prey,
Women like floods sweep all away,
Women are pests, like thorns are they,
Women for gold oft go astray.

That man with net might catch the breeze,
Or single-handed bale out seas,
Clap with one hand, who once should dare
His thoughts let range on woman fair.

With women, clever jades, Truth aye is found a rarity,
Their ways as much perplex as those of fishes in the sea[2].

[451] Soft-speaking, ill to satisfy, as rivers hard to fill,
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee far from them still[3].

Seducing traitresses, they tempt the holiest to his fall,
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee afar from all.

And whomsoever they may serve for gold or for desire,
They burn him up as fuel burns cast in a blazing fire."

When Nārada had thus set forth the vices of women, the Great Being once more by special instances illustrated their bad qualities.

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[452] To show this the Master said, "So verily the bird Kuṇāla, after learning the beginning, middle and conclusion of what Nārada had to say, repeated at this time these stanzas:

E'en a wise man may dare to exchange a word
With goblin foe armed with sharp whetted sword,
Fierce snake he may assail, but ne'er too bold
Alone with woman should he converse hold.

[1] For the form *adhiyānaṁ* compare v. 24. 4, *khādiyānaṁ*, v. 143. 9, *anumodiyānaṁ*, v. 505. 28, *paribhuñjiyāna*. Compare Pischel, *Grammatik der Prākrit-Sprachen*, § 592.

[2] These lines occur on p. 52, *supra*.

[3] Vol. II. p. 226, vol. IV. p. 292, English version.

Man's reason is o'ercome by woman's charms,
Speech, smiles, with dance and song, their only arms:
Unstable souls they harass, as erewhile
Fell demons merchants slew in goblin isle.

Given to strong drink and meat, one tries in vain
To curb their appetite or lust restrain,
Like to some fabled monster of the deep,
Into their maw a man's whole wealth they sweep.

Lust's five-fold realm they own as their domain,
Their swelling pride uncurbed none may restrain:
As rivers all to ocean find their way,
So careless souls to women fall a prey.

The man in whom these women take delight,
Moved by their greed or carnal appetite,
Yea such an one inflamed by strong desire,
They clean consume as fuel in the fire.

If one they know is rich, on him they fall
And off they carry him, his wealth and all,
Round him thus fired with lust their arms they fling,
As creepers to some forest sāl tree cling.

Like vimba[1] fruit red-lipped[2], so bright and gay,
'Gainst man they many a stratagem essay,
With laughter now assailing, now with smiles,
Like Saṁvara[3], that lord of many wiles.

Women with gold and jewels rich bedecked,
By husband's kin received with due respect,
[453] Though strictly guarded 'gainst their lords will sin,
Like her the demon's maw conveyed within[4].

A man may very famous be and wise,
Revered and honoured in all people's eyes,
Yet fall'n 'neath woman's sway no more will shine
Than moon eclipsed by Rāhu's[5] power malign.

The vengeance wreaked by angry foe on foe,
Or such as tyrants to their victims show,
Yea a worse fate than this o'ershadows all
That through their lust 'neath woman's sway shall fall.

Threatened with person scratched or hair pulled out,
Scourged, cudgelled, buffeted or kicked about,
Yet woman to some low-born lover hies
Delighting in him as in carrion flies.

Shun women in highways and lordly hall,
In royal city or in township small,
A man of insight, would he happy be,
Avoids the snare thus laid by Namuci[6].

He who relaxes good ascetic rule,
To practise what is mean and base, poor fool,
Will barter heaven for hell, like unto them
Who change a flawless for a blemished[7] gem.

[1] *Momordica monadelpha.* [2] *vimboshṭha.*

[3] Saṁvara, the name of a demon.

[4] Vol. III. No. 436, *Samugga-Jātaka.*

[5] Rāhu, a Titan supposed to swallow the moon and cause an eclipse.

[6] A name of Māra. See Windisch, *Māra und Buddha*, p. 185.

[7] *chedagāmimaṇi.*

Despised is he in this world and the next
And, willingly by evil women vext,
Goes stumbling recklessly, fall upon fall,
As vicious ass runs wild with car and all.

Now in silk-cotton grove of iron spears[1],
Now in Patāpana he disappears,
Now lodged in some brute form is seen to flit
In ghostly realms that he may never quit.

In Nandana[2] love's heavenly sport and play,
On earth the monarch's universal sway,
Is lost through woman, and through her alas!
All careless sculs to state of suffering pass.

[454] Not hard to attain are heavenly sport and play,
Nor upon earth the world-wide monarch's sway,
Nymphs too in golden homes by these are won
Who with concupiscence long since have done.

To pass from Realm of Sense with life renewed
To World of Form, with higher powers endued,
Is by rebirth in sphere of Arhats won
By these who with concupiscence have done.

The bliss that doth all sense of pain transcend,
Unwavering, unconditioned, without end,
Is by pure souls, now in Nirvāna, won
Who with concupiscence long since have done."

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[456] Thus did the Great Being, after bringing about their attainment of the Eternal Great Nirvāna, end his lesson. And the elves and mighty serpents and the like in the Himalayas, and the angels standing in the air, all applauded, saying, "Bravo! spoken with all the charm of a Buddha." Ānanda, the vulture king, Nārada, the brahmin angel, Puṇṇamukha, the royal cuckoo, each with his own following, retired to their respective places, and the Great Being too departed to his own abode. But the others from time to time returned and received instruction at the hands of the Great Being, and abiding by his admonition became destined to Heaven.

The Master here ended his lesson and identifying the Birth repeated the final stanza:

Udāyi royal cuckoo was, Ānanda vulture king,
Good Sāriputta Nārada, Kuṇāla I that sing.

Thus are ye to understand this Birth.

Now these Brethren, when they came, came by the supernatural power of the Master, and on returning returned by their own power. And the Master revealed to them in the Great Forest the means by which ecstasy may be induced, and that very day they attained to Arhatship. There was a mighty gathering of angelic beings, so the Blessed One declared to them the Mahāsamaya-sutta (the discourse preached to a great company).

[1] Compare *Saṁkicca-Jātaka*, p. 139, *supra*.
[2] Nandana, a garden in Indra's heaven.

No. 537.

MAHĀ-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Master of dainty flavours,*" *etc.* This story the Master while dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Elder, Aṅgulimāla[2]. The manner of his birth and admission to the priesthood is to be understood as fully described in the Aṅgulimāla-sutta. Now from the time when by an Act of Truth he saved the life of a woman having a difficult delivery he easily obtained offerings of food and by cultivating retirement he afterwards attained to Arhatship and became recognised as one of the eighty Great Elders. At that time they started this subject in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Oh! what a miracle, sirs, was wrought by the Blessed One in that he thus peacefully and without using any violence converted and humbled such a cruel and blood-stained robber as Aṅgulimāla: Oh! Buddhas verily do mighty works!" The Master seated in the Perfumed Chamber by his divine sense of hearing caught what was said and, knowing that to-day his coming would be very helpful and that there would be an exposition of a great doctrine, with the incomparable grace of a Buddha he went to the Hall of Truth and there sitting on the seat reserved for him he asked what theme they were discussing in conclave; and when they told him what it was he said, "There is no marvel, Brethren, in my converting him now [457], when I have attained to the highest enlightenment. I also tamed him when I was living in a previous stage of existence and in a condition of only limited[3] knowledge," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king named Koravya exercised a righteous rule in the city of Indapatta, in the kingdom of Kuru. The Bodhisatta came to life as the child of his chief queen, and from his fondness for pressed soma juice they called him Sutasoma. When he was come of age his father sent him to Takkasilā to be educated by a teacher of world-wide fame. So taking his teacher's fee he started on his way there. At Benares, too, prince Brahmadatta, son of the king of Kāsi, was sent by his father for a like purpose and set out upon the same road. In the course of his journey Sutasoma to rest himself sat down on a bench in a hall by the city gate. Prince Brahmadatta, too, came and sat down with him on the same bench. After a friendly greeting Sutasoma asked him, saying, "Friend, you are tired with your journey. Whence have you come?" On his saying "From Benares," he asked whose son he was. "The son of Brahmadatta." "And what is your name?" "Prince Brahmadatta." "With what object are you come?" "To be instructed in arts," he replied. Then prince

[1] Compare *Jātaka-Mālā*, xxxi. The Story of Sutasoma, *Jāt.* vol. v. No. 513, *Jayaddisa-Jātaka*, and *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, iii. 12. p. 100 (ed. by R. Morris).

[2] For the story of Aṅgulimāla see *Aṅgulimālasuttam* (*Majjhima Nikāya*, No. 86, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 97) and Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 257—261.

[3] *padesañāṇam.* See *Śikshāsamuccaya*, Index, p. 385, s.v. *prādeśika*, 1. local, provincial, 2. limited, as in *prādeśikayānaṁ*, *Mahāvyutpatti*, § 59.

Brahmadatta said, "You too are tired with your journey," and questioned him in like manner. And Sutasoma told him all about himself. And they both thought, "We are two princes going to receive instruction in arts at the hands of the same teacher," and struck up a friendship one with another. Then entering the city they repaired to the teacher's house and saluted him, and after declaring their origin they said they had come to be instructed in arts. He readily agreed with their proposals. Offering him the fee for instruction they entered upon their studies, and not merely they, but other princes who were at that time in India, to the number of one hundred and one, received instruction from the teacher. Sutasoma being the senior pupil soon attained to proficiency in teaching, and without visiting the others [458] he thought, "This is my friend," and went to prince Brahmadatta only, and becoming his private teacher[1] he soon educated him, while the others only gradually acquired their learning. They, too, after zealous application to their studies bade farewell to their teacher, and forming an escort to Sutasoma set out on their return journey. Then Sutasoma standing in front of them dismissed them, saying, "After you have given a proof of your learning to your respective fathers you will be established each in your own kingdom. When so established see that you obey my instructions." "What are they, Master?" "On the days of the new and full moon[2] to keep Uposatha vows and to abstain from taking the life of anything." They readily agreed to this. The Bodhisatta, from his power of prognosticating from personal appearance, knew that great danger would arise with regard to the prince of Benares in the future, and thus after due admonition he dismissed them. And they all returned to their own countries, and after an exhibition of their learning to their fathers succeeded to their respective kingdoms. And to make known this fact and that they were continuing in his admonition, together with a present, they sent letters to Sutasoma. The Great Being on learning the state of affairs answered their letters, bidding them be earnest in the faith. One of them, the king of Benares, never ate his rice meal without meat, and to observe a holy day they would take his meat and put it on one side. Now one day when the meat was thus reserved, by the carelessness of the cook the well-bred dogs in the king's palace ate it. The cook not finding it took a handful of coins and going a round failed to procure any meat and said, "If I should serve a meal without meat, I am a dead man. What am I to do?" But thinking, "There is still a way," late in the evening he went to a cemetery where dead bodies are exposed and taking some flesh from the thigh of a man who had just died, he roasted it

[1] *piṭṭhiācariya*. This word occurs in *Jāt.* vol. II. 100. 13, and in both passages seems to mean an *assistant teacher*, supplementing the master's teaching.

[2] For *pakkhadivasā*, the two chief fortnightly fast-days, see *Jāt.* III. 292. 19, 342. 5 and VI. 97. 3.

thoroughly and served it up as a meal. No sooner was a bit of the meat placed on the tip of the king's tongue than it sent a thrill through the seven thousand nerves of taste and continued to create a disturbance throughout his whole body. Why was this? From his having previously resorted to this food. For it is said that as a Yakkha, in the birth immediately preceding this, he had eaten quantities of human flesh, and so it was agreeable to his taste[1]. [459] The king thought, "If I shall eat this in silence, he will not tell me what this meat is," so in spitting he let a piece fall to the ground. When the cook said, "You may eat it, sire; there is nothing wrong with it," he ordered all his attendants to retire and said, "I know it is all right, but what meat is it?" "What your Majesty has enjoyed on previous days." "Surely the meat had not this flavour at any other time?" "It was well cooked to-day, sire." "Surely you cooked it exactly like this before?" Then seeing him reduced to silence he said, "Either tell me the truth or you are a dead man." So he prayed for an assurance of indemnity and told the exact truth. The king said, "Do not say a word about it. You are to eat the usual roast meat and cook human flesh only for me." "Surely this is a difficult matter, sire." "Do not be afraid: there is no difficulty." "Whence shall I be able to get it continually?" "Are there not numbers of men in prison?" Thenceforth he acted on this suggestion. By and bye, when prisoners failed him, he said, "What am I to do now?" The king said, "Throw down in the high road a parcel of a thousand pieces of money and seize as a thief any one that picks it up and put him to death." He did so. By and bye, not finding a creature so much as looking at the packet of money, he said, "Now what am I to do?" "At the time when a drum sounds the night watches, the city is crowded with people. Then, taking your stand in the cleft[2] of a house wall or at a cross-ways, strike down a man and carry off some of his flesh." From that day he used to come with some fat flesh, and in various places dead bodies were found. A sound of lamentation was heard, "I have lost my father, I have lost my mother, or brother or sister." The men of the city were panic-stricken and said, "Surely some lion or tiger or demon has devoured these people." On examining the bodies they saw what looked like a gaping wound and said, "Why it must be a man that eats their flesh!" The people gathered together in the palace-yard and made a complaint. The king asked, "What is it, my friends?" "Sire," they said, "in this city is some man-eating robber: have him

[1] Throughout the Jātakas demons called yakkhas are frequently mentioned as eating human flesh. The only cases of cannibalism are those of men who have either been reared by a yakkha or such as have been yakkhas in a previous birth, as in this story. Compare an interesting paper, "*Piśāca*='Ωμοφάγος," contributed by Dr Grierson to the *R. A. S. J.* 1905, on legends connected with cannibalism in the modern Piśāca country.

[2] With *gharasandhi*, a hole in the wall of a house, compare *Manu*, IX. 276.

seized." "How am I to know who it is? Am I to walk round and guard the city?" The people said [460], "The king has not a care for the city: we will report it to the commander-in-chief, Kāḷahatthi." They told him and said, "You must search for this robber." He answered, "Wait for seven days and I will seek out the robber and hand him over to you." And dismissing the people he gave orders to his officers, saying, "My friends, they say there is a man-eating robber in this city. You are to lay an ambuscade in various places and capture him." They said, "All right," and from that day they surround the whole city. Now the cook was concealed in a hole in the wall of a house and he killed a woman and began to fill his basket with pieces of solid flesh. So the officers seized and buffeted him, and tying his arms behind him they raised a loud cry, "We have caught the man-eating robber." A crowd of people gathered around them. Then beating him soundly and fastening the basket of flesh upon his neck they brought him before the commander-in-chief. On seeing him he thought, "Can it be that this fellow eats this flesh or does he mix it with other meat and sell it, or does he kill people at the bidding of somebody else?" And inquiring into the matter he spoke the first stanza:

Master of dainty flavours, what dire need
Has urged thee on to do this dreadful deed?
Hast thou for food to eat or wealth to gain,
Misguided wretch, these men and women slain?

The verses that follow are of obvious connexion and are to be understood as uttered by alternate speakers in accordance with the scripture context:

Neither for wife or child, friends, kin or pelf,
Nor did I slay this woman for myself;
My gracious lord, the sovereign of this land,
Eats human flesh: I sinned at his command.

If thus suborned to sate thy master's greed
Thou hast been guilty of this awful deed,
[461] Let us at early dawn seek out the king
And in his face the accusation fling.

O Kāḷahatthi, worshipful good lord,
So will I do according to thy word,
At early dawn will I seek out the king
And in his face this accusation fling.

So the commander had him laid down, firmly bound, and at dawn he took counsel with his officers, and as they were unanimous he stationed guards in every direction, and having got the city well in hand he bound the basket of flesh on the cook's neck and went off with him to the palace, and the whole city was in an uproar. The king had breakfasted the day before, but had gone without his supper and had spent the whole night in a sitting posture, expecting the cook to come every moment. "To-day, too," he thought, "no cook comes, and I hear a great uproar in the city. What

can it all be about?" and looking out of the window he saw the man being dragged thither as described, and thinking everything was discovered he plucked up his courage and took his seat on his throne. And Kāḷabatthi drew nigh and questioned him, and the king answered him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

'Twas now sunrise and day had scarce begun to break,
As Kāḷa to the court with cook his way did take,
And drawing nigh the king words such as these he spake.

'Sire, is it true this cook was sent into the street,
And men and women slew to furnish thee with meat?'

[462] 'Kāḷa, 'tis even so; 'twas done at my request:
Why blame him then for what he did at my behest?'

On hearing this the commander-in-chief thought, "With his own mouth he confesses it; Oh, the ruffian! all this long time he has been eating men: I will stop him from this," and he said, "Sire, do not this thing; eat not the flesh of men." "Kāḷahatthi, what is it you say? I cannot cease from it." "Sire, if you do not cease from it, you will destroy both yourself and your realm." "Even though my realm be destroyed, I cannot possibly cease from it." Then the commander, to bring him to a better mind, told him a story by way of illustration.

Once upon a time there were six monster fishes in the ocean. Amongst them were Ānanda, Timanda, Ajjhohāra—these three were five hundred leagues in extent—Tītimīti, Miṅgala, Timirapiṅgala—these were a thousand leagues long—and all of them fed upon the rock-sevāla[1] weed. Of them Ānanda dwelt on one side of the ocean and many fish came to see him. One day they thought, "Amongst all bipeds and quadrupeds kings are to be found, but we have no king: we will make this fish our king." And being all of one mind they made Ānanda their king, and from that day the fish evening and morning came to pay their respects to him. Now one day Ānanda on a certain mountain was feeding on rock-sevāla and unwittingly ate a fish, thinking it to be sevāla. [463] Its flesh was pleasing to his taste, and wondering what it could be that was so very sweet, he took it out of his mouth and looking at it found it was a piece of fish. He thought, "All this long time in my ignorance I never ate this: evening and morning when the fish come to pay their respects to me, I will devour one or two of them, for if when they are being eaten I make the fact too clear to them, not a single one will come near me, but they will all scurry off." So lying in concealment he struck at any that were retreating from behind and devoured them. The fish as their numbers gradually diminished thought, "From what quarter will this peril to our

[1] The aquatic plant *vallisneria*.

kind be threatening us?" Then a sage amongst them thought, "I am not satisfied with what Ānanda is doing: I will investigate what he is about," and when the fish came to pay homage to Ānanda, the sage hid himself in the lobe of Ānanda's ear. Ānanda on dismissing the fish devoured those that were straggling behind. The wise fish seeing it reported it to the others and they all were panic-stricken and fled. From that day Ānanda in his greedy longing for the flavour of fish refused every other kind of food. Growing sick from hunger he thought, "Where in the world can they be gone?" and in searching for them he espied a certain mountain and thought, "From fear of me the fish, methinks, are dwelling near this mountain. I will encircle it and keep a watch over it." So encircling it with his head and tail he compassed it on both sides, thinking, "If they live here, they will be for escaping," and catching sight of his own tail as it coiled round the mountain he thought, "This fish lives near the mountain and is trying to elude me," and in his rage he seized his own tail, which was fifty leagues long, and believing he had got hold of a fish, he devoured it with a crunching sound, suffering thereby excruciating pain. At the smell of the blood the fish gathered together, and pulling bit after bit out of Ānanda's tail ate it up till they reached his head. [464] Having such a big carcase he could not turn round but then and there came to his end. And there was a heap of bones as big as a mountain. Holy ascetics, male and female, travelling through space, saw it and told men of it. And the inhabitants of all India knew of it. Kāḷahatthi, by way of illustration, told this story and said:

Ānanda ate of every fish and when his suite had fled,
He his own tail right greedily devoured till he was dead.

The slave to appetite no other pleasure knows,
Poor careless fool, so blind is he to coming woes:
He children, kith and kin in ruin low will lay,
Then turns and rends himself, to monstrous greed a prey.

To these my words, O king, I pray thee, hearken well,
Eat not the flesh of men; forego thy purpose fell:
Lest thou perchance shouldst share that fish's awful fate
And leave, O lord of men, thy kingdom desolate.

[465] On hearing this the king said, "Kāḷahatthi, I too know an example as well as you," and as an instance he told an old story in illustration of his greed for human flesh and said:

Sujāta's son and heir for some rose-apples loudly cried,
For loss of them the lad so grieved, he laid him down and died.

So, Kāḷa, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,
Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

Once upon a time, they say, a landed gentleman named Sujāta at Benares lodged in his park and ministered to five hundred ascetics who had come down from the Himalayas to procure salt and vinegar. Food

was constantly set out in his house for them, but these ascetics sometimes went on a pilgrimage for alms in the country and brought back pieces of big rose-apples to eat. When they were feeding on the rose-apples they had brought, Sujāta thought, "To-day it is the third or fourth day that these holy men have not come to me here. Where in the world can they have gone?" So making his little boy take hold of his hand he went there while they were taking their repast. At that moment a novice was giving the elders water to rinse their mouths and was eating a bit of rose-apple. Sujāta saluted the ascetics and when he was seated he asked, saying, "Holy sirs, what are you eating?" "Pieces of large rose-apples, sir." The boy on hearing this felt thirsty, so the leader of the company of ascetics had a small piece given to him. The boy ate it and was so charmed with the delicate flavour that he kept on continually begging them to give him another piece. The gentleman, who was listening to the preaching of the Law, said, "Do not cry; when you get home, you shall have a piece to eat," thus deceiving the boy for fear lest the holy Brethren might be worn out by his cries. So comforting the boy he took his leave of the band of ascetics and returned home. From the moment they arrived there the boy kept up a cry of "Give me a piece." The ascetics too said, "We have stayed here a long time," and departed for the Himalayas. Not finding the boy in the park the ascetics sent him a present of pieces of mangoes, rose-apples, bread-fruit, bananas and other fruits, all mixed with powdered sugar. This mixture was no sooner placed on the tip of his tongue than it acted like a deadly poison. For seven days he took no food and then died. [466] This story the king told by way of illustration. Then Kāḷahatthi thought, "This king is a great glutton: I will tell him furtber instances," and he said, "Great king, desist from this." "It is impossible," he said. "Should you not desist, you will gradually be dropped by your family circle and deprived of your kingly glory." Once upon a time too in this very Benares there was a brahmin family which kept the five Moral Precepts. An only son was born to this family, the darling and delight of his parents, a wise lad and well seen in the Three Vedas. He used to go about in the company of a band of youths of the same age as himself. The other members of the company ate fish, meat and similar food and took strong drink. The young boy neither ate meat nor drank strong drink. The thought struck them, "This boy because he takes no strong drink does not pay his reckoning: let us devise a plan to make him drink." So when they were gathered together, they said, "My friend, let us hold a festival." He said, "You drink strong drink but I do not. You go without me." "Friend, we will take some milk for you to drink." He consented, saying, "All right." The rogues went to the garden and tied up some fiery spirit in a leaf cup and put it amongst some lotus leaves. So when they began to drink they

offered the lad some milk. One of the rogues cried, "Bring us some lotus nectar," and having had it brought to him, he cut a hole in the bottom of the leaf cup placed in the lotus, and putting it to his mouth sucked it. The others too had some brought to them and drank it. The lad asked what it was and took some strong drink, believing it to be lotus nectar. Then they offered him some broiled meat and this too he ate. And when from repeated draughts of liquor he was intoxicated, they told him, "This is no lotus nectar: it is spirit." "All this long while," he said, "I never knew what a sweet taste was. Bring me more strong drink, I say!" They brought it and once more gave it him, for he was very thirsty. [467] Then when he asked for more, they told him it was all finished. He said, "Come, I say! fetch me some more," and gave them his signet ring. After drinking with them all the day, being now quite drunk and his eyes bloodshot, trembling and babbling, he went home and lay down. Then his father finding out he had been drinking, when the effects of it had passed off, said to him, "My son, you have done very wrong, being a member of a brahmin family, to drink strong drink: never do so again." "Dear father, what is my offence?" "Drinking strong drink." "How say you, father? in all my life I never before tasted anything so sweet." The brahmin repeatedly besought him to give it up. "I cannot do it," he said. Then the brahmin thought, "If this is so, our family tradition will be destroyed and our wealth will perish," and he repeated this stanza:

A scion of a brahmin house, withal a comely boy,
Thou must not drink the accursèd thing no brahmin may enjoy.

And after these words he said, "My dear son, abstain from it, otherwise I shall put you out of my house and have you banished from my kingdom." The lad said, "Even so, I cannot give up strong drink," and he repeated two stanzas:

Since, father, from this best of tastes thou fain wouldst me debar,
To get it, where it may be found I'll go however far.

Depart will I in haste and ne'er dwell with thee any more,
For now the very sight of me, methinks, thou dost abhor.

Moreover he said, "I will not abstain from dram drinking: do what you please." Then the brahmin, saying, "Well, as you give us up, we too will give you up," repeated this stanza:

[468] Surely some other sons we'll find as heirs our wealth to claim,
Go, rascal, where we never more may hear thy cursèd name.

Then taking his son into court he disinherited him and had him driven out of his house. This youth later on, being a poor destitute wretch, put on a coarse garment, and taking a beggar's bowl in his hand he went round begging for alms, and resting against a wall so died. Kāḷahatthi relating

this incident by way of a lesson to the king, said, "If, sire, you refuse to hearken to our words, they will have you banished from the kingdom," and so saying he spoke this stanza:

So hearken well, O king of men, obeying my command,
Or like that drunken youth wilt thou be banished from the land.

Even after the instance thus adduced by Kāḷahatthi, the king could not desist from his habit, and to illustrate yet another story he said:

Disciple of the Perfect Saints[1], Sujāta, it is said,
Abstained from food and drink through love felt for a heavenly maid.

As dewdrop on a blade of grass to waters of the sea,
Is human love compared with love for some divinity.

So, Kāḷa, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,
Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

The story is just like the one already related.

This Sujāta, they say, on seeing that the ascetics, at the time when they ate pieces of big rose-apple did not return, thought, "I wonder why they do not come back. If they are gone anywhere, I will find it out: otherwise I will listen to their preaching." So he went to the park and heard the Law preached by the leader of the company, and when the sun set, though he was dismissed he said, "I will remain here to-day," and saluting the company of saints he went into his hut of leaves and lay down. At night Sakka, king of heaven, accompanied by a troop of angelic beings, together with his handmaids, came to pay his respects to the band of ascetics, and the whole hermitage was one blaze of light. Sujāta, wondering what this might be, rose up and looking through a chink in his hut of leaves, saw Sakka come to salute the company [469], attended by a troop of heavenly Apsarasas, and no sooner did he see them than he was fired with passion. Sakka took a seat and after listening to a sermon on the Faith departed to his own abode. The landed proprietor next day saluted the ascetics and asked, saying, "Who was it, reverend sirs, came in the night to pay his respects to you?" "Sakka, sir." "And who were those that sat round about him?" "They are called heavenly Apsarasas." Saluting the band of ascetics he went home and from the moment he got there he kept up a foolish cry of "Give me an Apsaras." His kinsmen, standing about him, wondered if he were possessed of an evil spirit, and snapped their fingers. He said, "It is not this snapping of the fingers I speak of, but of the heavenly Apsaras[2]." And when they dressed up and brought to him a wife or even a courtesan and said, "Here is an Apsaras," he said, "This is no Apsaras, it is a female ghoul," and went on with his

[1] For *bhāvitattā* compare *Dhamma Saṅgaṇi*, English translation, p. 138.

[2] The Pali here has a play upon the two meanings of the word *accharā*, a heavenly nymph, and a snapping of the fingers.

foolish cry, "Give me an Apsaras," and taking no food he died. On hearing this Kāḷahatthi said, "This king is a great glutton: I will bring him to a better mind." And he said, "The golden geese too that travel through the air perished from eating the flesh of their kin," and to illustrate this he repeated two stanzas:

Just as these dhataraṭṭha geese that travel through the air
All died because they lived upon a most unnatural fare,

So too do thou, O king of men, list well to what I say,
For eating this unlawful food, thee too they'll drive away.

Once upon a time, they say, ninety thousand geese dwelt in Golden Cave on mount Cittakūṭa. For four months in the rainy season they do not stir out. If they should do so, their wings being full of water, they would be unable to take a long flight and would fall into the sea, and therefore they do not stir out, but when the rainy season is drawing near, they gather wild paddy from a natural lake, and filling their cave with it live upon rice. But no sooner had they entered the cave than an uṇṇanābhi spider as big as a chariot wheel at the entrance of the cave used to spin a web every month, and each thread of it was as thick as a cow's halter. The geese give two portions of food to a young goose, thinking he will then be able to break through the web. [470] When the sky clears, this young goose being in front of them severs the web and the rest all escape by the same way. Now once the rainy season lasted five months, and the food of the geese grew short. They consulted as to what was to be done and said, "If we are to live, we must take the eggs." First they ate the eggs, then the goslings and after that the old geese. At the end of five months the rain left off, the spider had spun five webs, and the geese from eating the flesh of their kin had grown feeble. The young goose that had received a double portion of food, striking at the webs broke four of them but could not break the fifth, and stuck there. So the spider cut off his head and drank his blood. First one and then another came and struck the web, and the spider said, "Here's another of them stuck in the same place," and sucked the blood of all of them, and at that time the family of the dhataraṭṭha geese became extinct, they say. The king was anxious to give yet another illustration, but the citizens rising up said, "My lord commander, what do you propose to do? How will you proceed now you have caught the man-eating rogue? If he does not give it up, have him expelled from his kingdom," and they would not suffer the king to say a word. Hearing the common talk of the people, the king was terrified and could say nothing more, and once again the commander said to him, "Sire, will it be possible for you to give it up?" "Impossible," he said. So the commander placed on one side all his harem, his sons and his daughters, arrayed in all their splendour, and said, "Sire, behold this circle of your kinsfolk, this band of councillors

and your royal pomp: be not undone, but cease from eating man's flesh." The king said, "All this is not dearer to me than man's flesh." "Then depart, sire, from this city and kingdom." "Kāḷahaṭthi," he said, "I do not want my kingdom; I am ready to depart, but grant me one favour; let me have my sword and my cook." So they let him take a sword, a vessel for cooking man's flesh and a basket, and giving him his cook they carried out his expulsion from the kingdom. [471] Taking his cook he set out from the city and entered a forest and made his dwelling at the foot of a banyan tree. Living there he would take his stand on the road which led through the forest, and killing men he would bring their bodies and give them to the cook, and he cooked the flesh and served it up and both of them lived after this manner. And when he sallied forth, crying, "Here am I, the man-eating robber!" no one could hold his own, and they all fell to the ground and any one of them that he fancied, he seized, heels upwards or not as it might happen, and gave him to his cook. One day, he did not find any man in the forest, and when on his return the cook said, "How is this, sire?" he told him to put the pot on the brasier. "But where is the meat, sire?" "Oh! I will find some meat," he said. Thought the cook, "I am a dead man," and all of a tremble he made a fire and put the pot on the brasier. Then the man-eater killed him with a stroke of his sword and cooked and ate his flesh. Thenceforth he was quite alone and had to cook his food himself. The rumour spread throughout all India, "The man-eater murders wayfaring men." At that time a certain wealthy brahmin who traded with five hundred waggons was travelling from the east in a westerly direction and he thought, "This man-eating robber, they say, murders men on the road. By a payment of money I will make my way through the forest." So he paid a thousand pieces of money to the people who lived at the entrance of the forest, bidding them convoy him safely through it and set out on the road with them. He placed all his caravan in front of him, and having bathed and anointed himself and put on sumptuous apparel he seated himself in an easy carriage drawn by white oxen, and escorted by his convoy he travelled last of all. The man-eater climbing up a tree was on the look out for men, but though he felt no appetite for any of the rest of the convoy, no sooner did he catch sight of the brahmin than his mouth watered through desire to eat him. When the brahmin came up to him, [472] he proclaimed his name, crying, "Here am I, the man-eating robber," and brandishing his sword, like to one filling men's eyes with sand, he leaped upon them and no man was able to stand up against him, but they all fell prone upon the ground. Seizing the brahmin as he sat in his easy carriage by the foot he slung him on his back, head downwards, and striking his head against his heels so carried him off. The men rising up cried one to another, "Ho! my man, bestir yourself. We received a thousand pieces of money from the

brahmin's hands. Who amongst us wears the semblance of a man? Let us, one and all, strong man or weakling, pursue him for a short space." They pursued him and the man-eater stopped and looked back, and not seeing anyone went slowly on. At that moment a bold fellow running at full speed came up with him. On seeing him, the robber leaping over a fence trod upon an acacia splinter[1] which, wounding him, came out at the top of his foot, and the robber went limping along with the blood trickling from the wound. Then his pursuer on seeing it said, "Surely I have wounded him: you just follow on behind and I will catch him." They saw how feeble he was and joined in the pursuit. When the robber saw that he was pursued he dropped the brahmin and secured his own safety. The brahmin's escort as soon as they had recovered him thought, "What have we got to do with this robber?" and turned back. But the man-eater, going to the foot of his banyan tree, lay down amongst the shoots and offered up a prayer to the spirit of the tree, saying, "My lady, nymph of the tree, if within seven days thou canst heal my wound, I will bathe thy trunk with blood from the throats of one hundred and one princes from all India, and will hang the tree all round with their inwards and offer up a sacrifice of the five sweet kinds of flesh." Now, in consequence of having nothing to eat or drink, his body wasted away, and within the seven days his wound healed. He recognised that his cure was due to the tree-nymph, and in a few days he recovered his strength by eating man's flesh and thought, "The spirit has been very helpful to me. I will discharge my vow." Taking his sword he sallied forth from the foot of the tree [473] and set out, purposing to bring the kings. Now, a Yakkha which had gone about as his comrade, eating man's flesh with him, when in a former existence he himself had been a Yakkha, caught sight of him and knowing that he had in a former existence been his friend he asked him, saying, "Do you not recognise me, friend?" "I do not," he said. Then he told him about something they had done in a former state and the man-eater recognised him and gave him a kind greeting. When asked where he had been reborn, he told him of his place of birth and how he had been banished from his kingdom and where he was now living. He told him moreover how he was wounded by a splinter and that he was now going on an expedition to redeem his promise to the tree-nymph. "I must get over this difficulty of mine by your help: we will go together, my friend," he said. "I cannot go, but there is one service I can render you. I certainly know a spell characterised by words of priceless value. It ensures strength, speed of foot, and an increase of prestige. Learn this spell." He readily agreed to

[1] The construction of this passage is not very clear, even if one takes *khānum* to be a nominative as *dhanum*, *Jat.* II. 88. 14. Perhaps *khānum piṭṭhipādena nikkhami* means, he got rid of the splinter by rubbing the top of the other foot against it.

this, and the goblin gave it to him and went off. The man-eater got the spell by heart, and from that time became swift as the wind and very bold. Within seven days he found a hundred and one kings on their ways to parks and other places and leaped upon them with the swiftness of the wind, proclaiming his name, and by jumping about and shouting he greatly terrified them. Then he seized them by the feet and held them head downwards, and striking their heads with his heels carried them off with the swiftness of the wind. Next he drilled holes in the palms of their hands and hung them up by a cord on the banyan tree, and the wind striking them as they just touched the ground with the tips of their toes, they hung on the tree, revolving like withered wreaths of flowers in baskets. But he thought, "Sutasoma was my private teacher: let not India be altogether desolate," and did not bring him. Being minded to make an offering to the tree he lighted a fire and sat down, sharpening a stake. The tree-nymph on seeing this thought, "He is preparing to offer sacrifice to me, but it was not I that healed his wound: [474] he will now make a great slaughter. What is to be done? I shall not be able to stop him." So she went and told the Four Great Kings of it and bade them stop him. When they said they could not do it, she approached Sakka and told him the whole story and asked him to stop him. He said, "I cannot do it, but I will tell you some one who can." She said, "Who is that?" "In the world of men and gods," he answered, "there is no one else, but in the city of Indapatta in the Kuru kingdom is Sutasoma, prince of Kuru. He will tame and humble this man and will save the lives of these kings, and cure him of eating human flesh and will shower nectar over all India. If you are anxious to save the lives of the kings, bid him first bring Sutasoma and then offer his sacrifice to the tree." "All right," said the tree-spirit and went quickly, disguised as an ascetic, and approached close to the man-eater. At the sound of footsteps he thought, "Can one of the kings have escaped?" Looking up and seeing him he thought, "Ascetics surely are kshatriyas. If I capture him, I shall make up the full number of one hundred and one kings and offer my sacrifice[1]." He rose up and sword in hand pursued the ascetic, but though he chased him for three leagues he could not overtake him, and streams of sweat poured from his limbs. He thought, "I once could pursue and catch an elephant, or horse, or chariot going at full speed, but to-day though I am running with all my might I cannot catch this ascetic who is going just his natural pace. What can be the reason for this?" Then thinking, "Ascetics are accustomed to obey: if I bid him stand and he does so, I shall catch him," he cried, "Stand, holy sir." "I am standing," he answered, "do you too try and

[1] As Sutasoma was left behind, one more victim was still wanting to complete the number.

stand." Then he said, "Ho there! ascetics even to save their life do not tell a lie, but you speak falsely," and he repeated this stanza:

[475] Although I bid thee stand, thou still dost forward fly,
And crying 'Lo! I stand,' methinks thou dost but lie:
Unseemly 'tis; this sword, O priest, thou must assume
To be a harmless sbaft equipped with heron's plume[1].

Theu the nymph spoke a couple of stanzas:

Steadfast in righteousness am I,
Nor change my name or family,
Here robbers but brief moment dwell,
Soon doomed to pass to woes of hell.

Be bold and captive here great Sutasoma bring
And by his sacrifice shalt thou win heaven, O king.

With such words the nymph put off her disguise as an ascetic and stood revealed in her own form, blazing in the sky like the snn. The man-eater hearing what she had to say and beholding her form asked who she was, and on her replying that she had come to life as the spirit of this tree, he was delighted and thinking, "I have looked upon my tutelary divinity," he said, "O heavenly sovereign, be not troubled by reason of Sutasoma, [476] bnt enter once more into thine own tree." The spirit entered into the tree before his very eyes. At that moment the sun set and the moon arose. The man-eater being versed in the Vedas and their anxiliaries and acquainted with the movements of the astral bodies, looking at the sky, thonght, "To-morrow it will be the Phussa asterism; Sutasoma will come to the park to bathe and then will I lay hands upon him. But as he will have a strong guard and the dwellers througbout all India will come to guard him for three leagues around, at the first watch, before the guard is posted, I will go to the Migācira park and descend into the royal tank and there take my stand." So he went down into the tank and stood there, covering his head with a lotus leaf. By reason of his great glory the fish, tortoises and the like fell back and swam about in large bodies at the water's edge. Whence, it may be asked, came this glory of his? From his devotion in a former existence. For at the time when Kassapa was Buddha, he started a distribution of milk by ticket. Owing to this he became very mighty, and having got the Assembly of the Brethren to erect a hall for a fire to dispel the cold, he provided fire, firewood and an axe to cleave the wood. As the result of this he became famous.—So now when he had gone into the garden, while it was still early dawn, they picked a guard for three leagues round about, and king Sutasoma qnite early in the morning after breakfast, mounted on a richly caparisoned elephant, with a complete force of four arms, sallied from the city. At that very moment a brahmin named Nanda from Takkasilā,

[1] A heron's feather was fixed on an arrow.

bringing with him four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money, reached the city after a journey of one hundred and twenty leagues, and took up his abode in a suburb. At sunrise on entering the city he saw the king issuing forth by the eastern gate, and raising his hand he cried, "Victory to the king." Now the king being far-sighted, as he was riding along, saw the outstretched hand of the brahmin as he stood on some rising ground, and drawing nigh to him on his elephant he spoke after this manner:

Born in what realm and why, I pray,
Dost hither come, O brahmin, say;
[477] This said, to-day I grant to thee
Thy prayer, whatever it may be.

Then the brahmin answered him:

Four verses, mighty king, to thee
Of import deep as is the sea
I hither bring; list to them well,
Secrets of highest worth they tell.

"Great king," he said, "these four verses taught me by the Buddha Kassapa are worth a hundred pieces of money each, and having heard that you take pleasure in libations[1] of soma juice, I am come to teach you." The king was greatly pleased and said, "Master, in this you have done well, but it is impossible for me to turn back. To-day, because it is the Phussa conjunction, it is the day for bathing my head: when I return I will listen to you. Be not dissatisfied with me." And with these words he bade his councillors, saying, "Go ye and in a certain house of a brahmin prepare a couch and arrange a dining place under cover," and he retired into his park. This was girt about by a wall eighteen cubits high and guarded all round by elephants within touch of one another. Then came horses, then chariots, and finally archers and other foot-soldiers—like a mighty troubled ocean was the army that had been transported thither. The king, when he had put off his heavy adornments and had been shaved and shampooed, bathed in all his royal majesty in the lotus tank, and coming up out of the water he stood there clad in bathing garments, and they brought him scented garlands to adorn him. The man-eater thought, "When he is fully dressed, the king must be a heavy weight. I will seize him just when he is light to carry." [478] So shouting and jumping about and whirling a sword above his head as quick as lightning he proclaimed his name, crying, "Ho! here am I, the man-eating robber," and he laid his finger on his forehead[2] and stepped out of the water. As soon as they heard his cry, the elephant-riders with their elephants, the horsemen with their horses, and the charioteers with their chariots fell to the ground, and all the host of them dropping the weapons they held lay

[1] *suta*. A play upon the double meaning of the word, *juice* and *sacred literature*.
[2] As a mark of reverence for the Bodhisatta.

prone upon their bellies. The man-eater seized Sutasoma, holding him erect. The rest of the kings he had caught by the foot and held head downwards and had gone off with them, knocking their heads against his heels, but in coming up to the Bodhisatta he stooped down and lifting him up placed him on his shoulders. Thinking it would be a roundabout way by the gate he leaped over the wall, eighteen cubits high, at the point where it faced him, and going forward he trampled on the temples of elephants exuding the juice of rut, overthrowing them as it were mountain peaks. Next he trod on the backs of the horses—swift as the wind were they and of priceless worth—laying them also low. Then as he stepped on the fronts of the splendid chariots, he was like to one whirling a humming top[1] or as it were one crushing the dark green phalaka[2] plant or banyan leaves, and at a single burst he ran a distance of three leagues. Then wondering if anyone were following to rescue Sutasoma, he looked and seeing no one he went on slowly. Noticing the drops that fell upon him from Sutasoma's hair he thought, "There is no man living free from the fear of death: Sutasoma, too, methinks, is weeping from this fear," and he said:

Men versed in lore, in whom high thoughts arise,
Such never weep, the learned and the wise;
All find herein a refuge and a stay,
That sages thus can sorrow drive away.

Is it thy kin, wife, child, perchance thyself,
Thy stores of grain, thy gold and silver pelf—
[479] What, Sutasoma, caused thy tears to flow?
Great Kuru lord, thy answer we would know.

Sutasoma said:

Nay, I no tears am shedding for myself,
Nor for my wife or child, my realm or pelf.
The practice of the saints of old I keep,
And for a promise unfulfilled I weep.

Once to a brahmin I my word did plight,
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might;
That plighted word I fain would keep and then,
My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said:

I'll not believe if any one should be
By happy chance from jaws of death set free,
He would return to yield him to his foe;
No more wouldst thou, if I should let thee go.

[480] Escaped from fierce man-eater shouldst thou come,
Full of sweet longings, to thy royal home,
Dear life with all its charms restored to thee,
Why in the world shouldst thou come back to me?

[1] Compare *Bālarāmāyaṇa*, Act IX. Stanza 51, *bhramarakabhrāmam bhrāmyate rathaḥ*.

[2] *phalaka*, the plant *Mesua Roxburghii*, or it might be the seed-pods of the lotus. In *Jāt.* vol. I. 304. 26, 28, and *Jāt.* vol. II. 68. 17, we find *phalakattharasayana*, a bed of phalaka leaves.

On hearing this the Great Being, like a lion still fearless, said:

If innocent, a man would death prefer
To life o'erclouded with some odious slur;
Should he, to save his life, a falsehood tell,
It may not shield him from the woes of hell.

[1]The wind may sooner move some mountain high,
Or sun and moon to earth fall from the sky,
Yea, rivers all up stream may flow, my lord,
Ere I be guilty of one lying word.

Though he spoke thus, the man-eater still did not believe him. So the Bodhisatta, thinking, "He does not believe me; by means of an oath I will make him believe," said, "Good Mister Man-eater, let me down from your back and I will take an oath and make you believe me." After these words he was let down by the man-eater and placed upon the ground, and in taking an oath he said:

[481] Lo! as I touch this spear and sword
To thee I pledge my solemn word,
Release me and I will debt-free,
My honour saved, return to thee.

Then the man-eater thought, "This Sutasoma swears under penalty of violating kshatriya rules. What do I want with him? Well, I too am a kshatriya king. I will take blood from my own arm and make an offering to the spirit of the tree. This is a very faint-hearted fellow." And he said:

The word thou once didst to a brahmin plight,
What time in thine own realm thou ruledst with might,
That plighted word I bid thee keep and then,
Thy honour saved, return to me again.

Then the Great Being said, "My friend, do not vex yourself. After I have heard the four verses, each worth a hundred pieces of money, and have made an offering to the preacher of the Law, I will return at daybreak." And he spoke this stanza:

The word I once did to a brahmin plight,
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,
That plighted word I first will keep and then,
My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said: "You have taken an oath under penalty of violating the custom of kshatriyas. See that you act accordingly." "My man-eating friend," he said, "you have known me from a boy: never even in jest have I aforetime told a lie, and now that I am established on the throne and know right and wrong, why should I lie? Trust me, [482] I will provide an offering for you." Being induced to believe him he said, "Well, sire, depart, and, if you do not return, there can be no offering and

[1] These verses have occurred in vol. IV. p. 286, English version.

the spirit does not agree to it without you: do not place any obstacle in the way of my offering," and he let the Great Being go. Like the moon escaped from the jaws of Rāhu and with the strength of a young elephant he speedily reached the city. And his soldiers thought, "King Sutasoma is wise and a sweet preacher of the Law. If he can have a word or two with him he will convert the man-eater and will return, like a furious elephant escaping from the lion's mouth." And thinking, "The people will chide us and say, 'After giving up your king to the man-eater are ye come back to us?'" they remained encamped outside the city walls, and when they saw him coming from afar off they went out to meet him and saluting him with a friendly greeting they asked, "Were you not, sire, heartily sick of the man-eater?" "The man-eater," he said, "did something far harder than anything my parents ever did. For being such a fierce and violent creature, after listening to my preaching of the Law, he let me go." Then they decked out the king and mounting him on an elephant escorted him into the city. On seeing him the inhabitants rejoiced, and owing to his zeal for the Law, he did not visit his parents but thinking, "I will see them by and bye," he entered his palace and took his seat upon his throne. Then he summoned the brahmin and gave orders for him to be shaved, and when his hair and beard had been trimmed and he was washed and anointed and decked out with brave apparel, they brought him to the king. And when the brahmin was presented, Sutasoma himself afterwards took a bath and ordered his own food to be given to the brahmin, and when he had eaten he himself partook of the food. Then he seated the brahmin on a costly throne and to mark his reverence for him he made offerings of scented garlands and the like to him, and seating himself on a low seat he prayed him, saying, "Master, we would hear the verses which you have brought to us."

To throw light upon this the Master said:

Released from fierce man-eater's hand he flies
To brahmin friend and 'Fain would we,' he cries,
[483] 'Hear stanzas worth a hundred pieces each,
Us for our good if thou wouldst deign to teach.'

The brahmin, when the Bodhisatta made his request, after shampooing his hands with perfumes, pulling a beautiful book out of a bag took it in both hands and said: "Well, sire, listen to my four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money; they were taught me by Kassapa Buddha, and are destructive of passion, pride and similar vices, and procure for man the removal of desire, the cessation of the faculties, even the eternal mighty Nirvāṇa, to the decay of lust, the cutting of the circle of transmigration

and the rooting out of attachment," and with these words, looking at his book, he repeated these stanzas:

In union with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be,
And ne'er consort with evil men and peace shall compass thee.

With holy men consorting aye, as friends such only know,
From holy men true doctrine learn and daily better grow.

As painted cars of royalty wax dim and fade away,
So too our bodies frail wear out and suffer swift decay.
But Faith of holy men abides and never waxes old,
Good men proclaim it to the good through ages yet untold.

The sky above us stretches far, far stretches earth below,
And lands beyond the boundless sea far distant are we know,
But greater still than all of these and wider in its reach
Is doctrine whether good or bad that saints or sinners preach.

[484] Thus did the brahmin teach him the four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces, just as he had been taught them by Kassapa Buddha, and then remained silent. The Great Being was delighted at hearing them and said, "My journey here is not without its reward," and thinking, "These verses are not merely the words of a disciple or a saint nor the work of a poet, but were spoken by the Omniscient One; I wonder what they are worth. Though one were to give a whole world that extends to the Brahma heaven, after filling it with the seven precious things, one conld not make an adequate return for these stanzas. Surely I can give him sovereignty in the city of Indapatta covering seven leagues in the realm of Kuru, which extends over three hundred leagues. Doubtless it is his merited fate to be king." But regarding him with the power he possessed of divining a man's future from his personal appearance, he found no suoh signs. Then he bethought him of the office of commander-in-chief and similar posts, but did not find that he was destined even to the headship of a single village. Next, considering the case of acquisition of wealth and starting from a crore of money he found he was destined to receive four thousand pieces, and thinking to honour him with just this sum he bestowed on him four purses containing a thousand pieces each and he asked him, saying, "Master, when you teach other princes these verses, how much do you receive?" "A hundred for each one, sire," he said, "so they are worth just a hundred pieces." The Great Being said, "Master, you are ignorant of the priceless value of the goods you hawk about. Henceforth let them be considered worth a thousand pieces," and so saying he repeated this stanza:

Not hundreds merely are they worth, nay thousands rather say,
So brahmin here four thousand take and, quick, with them away.

Then he presented him with an easy carriage [485] and gave orders to his men, saying, "Convey this brahmin safely to his home," and so dismissed him. At this moment loud sounds of applause were heard and cries of "Bravo, bravo! king Sutasoma has highly honoured these verses, deeming

worth a thousand pieces what was valued at a hundred." The king's parents hearing the noise asked what it meant, and on learning the true state of things, by reason of their covetousness were angry with the Great Being, but after dismissing the brahmin he went to them and stood saluting them. Then his father said, "My son, you have escaped from the hands of one described as a fierce robber," and instead of expressing pleasure at seeing him, through his greed of money he asked, "Is it true what they say, that you gave four thousand pieces of money for hearing four stanzas," and on his confessing it was so, his father repeated this verse:

Verses may be worth eighty pieces each,
Or e'en a hundred may in value reach,
But, Sutasoma, thou thyself must own
A stanza worth a thousand is unknown.

Then the Great Being, to induce him to see things in a different light, said, "Dear father, it is not increase in wealth I desire, but increase in learning," and he uttered these stanzas:

Increase in holy lore I most desire
And to the friendship of the saints aspire;
No rivers can the void of ocean fill,
So I good words imbibe, insatiate still.

As flames for wood and grass insatiate roar,
And seas aye fed with streams crave more and more,
E'en so do sages, mighty lord of lords,
Insatiate hearken to well-spoken words.

If from the mouth of my own slave I e'er
Should verses full of deepest import hear,
[486] His words I would accept with honour due,
Unsated still with doctrines good and true.

After having thus spoken he said, "Do not just for the sake of money blame me. I have come here, after swearing an oath that when I had heard the Truth I would return. Now then I will go back to this monster; do you then accept this sovereignty," and handing it over to him he spoke this stanza:

This realm is thine with all its wealth of gold,
Trappings of state and joy and bliss untold.
Why blame, should I from sensual pleasures fly
And at man-eater's hand go forth to die?

At this moment the heart of the king's father grew hot within him and he said, "What, my dear Sutasoma, is this you say? I will come with a complete host of all four arms[1] and will seize the robber," and he repeated this stanza:

For our defence lo! valiant soldiers come,
Some riding elephants, on chariots some,
Foot-soldiers these, these horsemen armed with bow—
Marshal our host and let us slay our foe.

[1] Elephants, cavalry, chariots, and infantry.

Then his father and mother, their eyes swimming with tears, besought him, saying, "Go not, my son, nay, you cannot go," and sixteen thousand dancing girls and the rest of his suite lamented and said, "Leaving us helpless, whither wouldst thou go, sire?" and no one throughout the city could restrain his feelings and they said, "He has come, they tell us, after giving a promise to the man-eater, and now [487] that he has heard four stanzas worth a hundred pieces each and has paid due honour to the preacher of the Law and bidden farewell to his parents, he will return once more to the robber," and the whole city was greatly stirred. And on hearing what his father and mother said, he repeated this stanza:

Wondrous this deed of our man-eating foe,
To capture me alive and let me go.
Calling to mind his friendly acts of yore
How can I violate the oath I swore?

Comforting his parents he said, "Dear father and mother, be not anxious about me: I have wrought a virtuous action, and mastery over the desires of the six senses[1] is no hard matter," and bidding farewell to his parents he admonished the rest of the people and so departed.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Farewell to parents said, with counsel wise
Townsmen and soldiers he did straight advise,
Then true to plighted word refused to lie
And to man-eater back again did hie.

Then the man-eater thought, "If my friend Sutasoma wishes to return, let him return, otherwise not, and let my tree-spirit [488] do whatsoever she pleases, and I will put these princes to death and make an offering of their flesh with the five sweet things." So he reared a funeral pile and kindled a fire, thinking he would wait till the coal was red hot, and while he sat and sharpened his spit Sutasoma returned. Then the man-eater at the sight of him was glad at heart and asked, saying, "My friend, have you gone and done what you wanted to do?" The Great Being said, "Yes, your majesty, I have heard the stanzas that were taught the brahmin by the Kassapa Buddha, and I paid due honour to the preacher of the Truth, and so I have come back, having done the thing I had to do." To illustrate this, he repeated this stanza:

My word I cnce did to a brahmin plight,
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,
And ncw that I have kept my plighted word
And saved my honour, have returned, my lord.
So slay and offer me to thy tree-sprite
Or for man's flesh sate thy fell appetite.

[1] See *Jātaka*, III. 234. 18.

On hearing this the man-eater thought, "This king has no fear; he speaks with all the terrors of death dispelled. I wonder from whence comes this power. It can be nothing else. He says, 'I have heard the verses that the Kassapa Buddha taught.' This supernatural power must come from them. I will make him utter these verses in my hearing, and so will I too be free from all fear." And being so resolved he repeated this stanza:

The fire still smokes: though I somewhat delay,
I forfeit not the right to eat my prey.
Meat roast o'er embers clear is roasted well;
These strains a hundred pieces worth, come, tell.

[489] The Great Being on hearing this thought, "This man-eater is a sinner: I will rebuke him somewhat and by my words I will put him to shame," and he said:

Thou, O man-eater, art a wicked wight,
Fall'n from thy throne through carnal appetite;
These verses do proclaim the Right to me,
But how, I pray, can Right aud Wrong agree?

To wicked robber, one whose hands are steeped in gore,
Whence cometh Truth or Right? What profits holy lore?

Even when addressed in these words the man-eater was not angry. Why was this? It was owing to the mighty power of charity in the Great Being. So he said, "Am I only, friend Sutasoma, unrighteous?" and he repeated this stanza:

The man that hunts a beast to make him savoury meat,
And one that slays a man, his fellow's flesh to eat,
Both after death in guilt are counted much the same:
Then why am I alone for wickedness to blame?

On hearing this the Great Being, in refuting his heresy, repeated this stanza:

Of five-clawed things a warrior prince all witting five may eat,
Wicked art thou, O king, in that thou eat'st forbidden meat.

[490] On receiving this rebuke, as he saw no other means of escape, he tried to conceal his own wrong-doing and repeated this stanza:

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come
Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,
And then to foe entrust thy life once more?
Well versed art thou, forsooth, in astral lore!

Then the Great Being said, "Friend, one like me must be well versed in the lore of kshatriyas. I know it well, but I do not regulate my actions accordingly," and he spoke this stanza:

All such as are in kshatriya doctrine[1] versed
In hell are mostly doomed to life accursed.
Therefore I have all kshatriya lore abhorred
And here returned, true to my plighted word:
Make then thy sacrifice and eat me up, dread lord.

The man-eater said:

Palatial halls, broad acres, steeds and kine,
Perfumes, rich robes and many a concubine,
All these as mighty lord thou holdst in fee—
In Truth what blessing, prithee, dost thou see?

[491] The Bodhisatta said:

Of all the sweets this world can yield to me
None sweeter than the joys of Truth I see:
Brahmins and priests that in the Truth abide,
Birth, death, escaping, reach the further side.

Thus did the Great Being discourse to him of the blessing of Truth. Then the man-eater, regarding his face, glorious as a lotus in bloom or as the full moon, thought, "This Sutasoma sees me preparing a pile of embers and sharpening a spit and yet does not show an atom of fear. Can this be the magic power in these verses that are worth a hundred pieces or does it arise from some other truth? I will ask him." And in the form of a question he repeated this stanza:

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come
Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,
And then once more return to meet thy foe?
Thou, surely, prince, no fear of death canst know,
To keep thy plighted word and worldly lusts forego.

The Great Being in answer to him said:

As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,
My bounteous offerings are known to fame,
To the next world a path I have kept clear:
Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,
My bounteous offerings are known to fame,
[492] With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

My parents have I cherished with fond care,
My rule wins praise as eminently fair,
To the next world a path I have kept clear:
Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

My parents have I cherished with fond care,
My rule wins praise as eminently fair,
With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

[1] See *supra*, p. 123, where by kshatriya doctrine it is maintained that a man is justified in doing evil to serve his own interests.

To friends and kin due service I have done,
My rule was just and praise from all has won,
With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,
Yea, priests and brahmins fully satisfied,
To the next world a path I have kept clear:
Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,
Yea priests and brahmins fully satisfied,
With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

[493] On hearing this the man-eater thonght, "This king Sutasoma is a good and wise man: supposing I were to eat him, my skull would split into seven pieces, or the earth would open her month and swallow me up," and being terrified he said, "My friend, you are not the sort of man that I onght to eat," and he repeated this stanza:

He knowingly would quaff a poison cup
Or fiery snake, so fell and fierce, take up,
Yea into fragments seven his head would fly
That dares to eat a man that cannot lie.

Thus did he address the Great Being, saying, "Yon are, as it were, a deadly poison, methinks; who will eat you?" and being anxious to hear those verses he besought him to tell him them, and when in order to prodnce a due reverence for holy things his prayer was rejected by the Great Being, on the ground that he was no proper recipient of verse of such unexceptionable morality, he said, "In all India there is no sage like this, for when he was released from my hand he went and heard these verses, and after paying dne honour to the preacher of the Law he came back again with death written on his forehead. These verses must be of transcendent excellence," and being still more filled with a reverent desire to hear them, he besought the Great Being and repeated this stanza:

Hearing the Truth men soon discern betwixt the good and ill;
Perchance if heard these strains my heart with joy in Truth may fill.

Then the Great Being thought, "The man-eater is now eager to hear: I will reveal them to him," and he said, "Well then, my friend, listen carefully," and having gained his attention he sang the praises of these verses exactly as he was taught them by the brahmin Nanda, while the gods in the six worlds of sense all broke into one loud cry [494], and the angels in heaven shonted applause, and the Great Being thus proclaimed the Truth to the man-eater:

In nnion with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be[1].

[1] Here follow the four stanzas already given *supra*, p. 264.

Owing to these verses being so well delivered by the Great Being and to the fact that he himself was wise, the man-eater thought, "These stanzas are, as it were, the words of an Omniscient Buddha," and his whole body thrilled with the five kinds of joy, and he felt a tender pity for the Bodhisatta and regarded him in the light of a father that was ready to confer on him the white umbrella of royalty. And he thought, "I see no offerings of yellow gold to give to Sutasoma, but for each stanza I will grant him a boon," and he spoke this verse:

Pregnant with meaning and in accents clear
Thy goodly words, O prince, fall on mine ear,
So glad am I at heart, that I rejoice
Four boons, good friend, to offer thee for choice.

Then the Great Being upbraided him and said, "What boon, forsooth, will you offer me?" and he repeated this stanza:

[495] One his own mortal state that fails to learn,
Or good from evil, heaven from hell discern,
The slave of carnal appetite, how can
A wretch like thee know any boon for man?

Snppose I say 'Grant me this boon' and then
Thou shouldst thy promised word take back again,
Who that is wise would knowingly incur
So clear a risk of quarrelling, good sir?

Then the man-eater said, "He does not believe me; I will make him believe," and he repeated this stanza:

No one should claim to grant a boon and then
His promised word, false man, take back again:
Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose;
I'll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

Then the Great Being thonght, "He has spoken like a brave fellow and will do what I tell him; I will accept his offer. But if I should choose as the very first boon that he shonld abstain from eating human flesh, he will be very sick at heart. I will first choose three other boons, and after that I will choose this," and he said:

Who with a saint lives face to face[1] ever with saint agrees,
So too a sage is ever snre a brother sage to please:
Thus safe and sound a hundred years I pray to see thee live:
This is the first of all tbe boons I fain would have thee give.

[496] The man-eater, on hearing this, thought, "This man, even though I have driven him from his sovereignty, now wishes long life for me, the noted robber that lusteth after human flesh and would do him a mischief. Ah! he is my well-wisher." And he was glad at heart, not knowing that this boon had been chosen to cheat him to his good, aud in granting the boon he uttered this stanza:

[1] *sakkhi.* The scholiast renders it 'friend,' apparently from the v.l. *sakhi.*

Who with a saint lives face to face ever with saint agrees,
So too a sage is ever sure a brother sage to please:
Thou fain wouldst see me safe and sound for years twice fifty live:
Lo! at thy prayer this first of boons to thee I gladly give.

Then the Bodhisatta said:

These warrior chiefs held captive in thy hand,
By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,
These mighty lords of earth thou must not eat:
For this as second boon I next entreat.

Thus did he in choosing a second boon gain the boon of life for over a hundred kshatriyas, and the man-eater in granting the boon to him said:

These warrior chiefs held captive in my hand,
By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,
These mighty lords, I'll not eat them, I swear:
This second boon too grant I to thy prayer.

[497] Well, did these kings hear what they were talking about? They did not hear it all. For when the man-eater lighted a fire, for fear of any injury to the tree from the smoke and flame, he stepped back a space from it, and the Great Being conversed with him, seated in the interval between the fire and the tree, and consequently these kings did not hear all that they said, but heard only partially, and they comforted one another, saying, "Fear not: now will Sutasoma convert the man-eater," and at this moment the Great Being spoke this stanza:

Thou captive holdst a hundred kings and more,
All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,
Restore them each to his own realm again:
This the third boon I would from thee obtain.

Thus did the Great Being in making his third choice choose the restoration of these kshatriyas, each to his own kingdom. Why was this? Because the ogre, supposing he did not eat them, through fear of their hostility would either enslave them all and make them dwell in the forest, or would slay them and expose their dead bodies, or would bring them to the border country and sell them as slaves; and therefore he made choice as his boon of their restoration to their own kingdoms, and the man-eater in granting his request spoke this stanza:

I captive hold a hundred kings and more,
All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,
All will I to their realms restore again:
This third boon too thou shalt from me obtain.

Now in making his fourth choice the Bodhisatta spoke this stanza:

Distracted is thy realm and sick with fright,
In caves much people hide them from thy sight.
From eating human flesh, O king, abstain:
This the fourth boon I would from thee obtain.

[498] When he had so spoken, the man-eater clapped his hands and laughing said, "Friend Sutasoma, what in truth is this that you say? How can I grant you this boon? If you are anxious to receive another boon, choose something else," and he uttered this stanza:

> Much to my taste I surely find this food;
> 'Twas for this cause I hid within the wood.
> How then from such delights should I abstain?
> For thy fourth boon, good sir, pray, choose again.

Then the Great Being said, "Because you love man's flesh, you say, 'I cannot abstain from it.' He verily that does evil because it is pleasant is a fool," and he repeated this stanza:

> [1]A king like thee should not his pleasure take
> Nor sacrifice his life for pleasure's sake.
> Life in its highest sense, best gift, attain
> And future joys thou shalt by merit gain.

When these words had been spoken by the Great Being, the man-eater was overcome with fear and thought, "I can neither repudiate the choice Sutasoma has made nor abstain from human flesh. [499] What in the world am I to do?" and with his eyes swimming in tears he repeated this stanza:

> I love man's flesh: thou too must know,
> Great Sutasoma, it is so.
> From it I never can abstain,
> Think, sir, of something else and choose again.

Then the Bodhisatta said:

> Whoso shall ever his own pleasure take
> And sacrifice e'en life for pleasure's sake,
> The poison cup like drunkard will he drain,
> And so hereafter suffers endless pain.
>
> Who knowingly shall pleasure here eschew,
> The arduous path of duty to pursue,
> As one in pain that drains the healing cup,
> So he to bliss in the next world wakes up.

After he had thus spoken, the man-eater sorely lamenting repeated this stanza:

> The five-fold joys that from our senses spring
> And parents dear and all abandoning,
> For this cause came I in this wood to live;
> How then can I the boon thou askest give?

Then the Great Being spoke this stanza:

> Sages in speech duplicity ne'er show,
> True to their promise are good men, we know:
> [500] 'Choose, friend, some boon' is what thou saidst to me;
> What now thou sayst with this will scarce agree.

[1] These verses are repeated from *Jāt.* vol. III. p. 177, English version.

Once more, still weeping, the man-eater spoke this stanza :

Demerit, with disgrace and shame combined,
Misconduct, lust and sin of every kind,
All this, to eat man's flesh, I did incur :
Why then should I this boon on thee confer?

Then the Great Being said :

No one should claim to grant a boon and then
His promised word, false man, take back again :
Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose ;
I'll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

When he had thus pointed out the stanza uttered in the first instance by the man-eater, to inspire him with courage to grant the boon, he spoke this stanza :

Good men will life give up, but never right,
True to their word e'en in their own despite ;
If thou shouldst promise, best of kings, a boon,
Perfect thy work and see it done right soon[1].

One who to save a limb rich treasure gave
Would sacrifice a limb, his life to save,
[501] Yea, wealth, limbs, life and all away would fling,
Right and its claims alone remembering.

Thus did the Great Being by these means establish the man-eater in the Truth, and now to make clear to him his own title to respect he spoke this stanza :

One from whose lips a man the Truth may prove,
—Yea all good men that will his doubts remove—
A refuge sure is he, a rest, a stay ;
The wise man's love for him should ne'er decay.

After repeating these verses he said, "My man-eating friend, it is not right that you should transgress the words of so excellent a master, and I, too, when you were young, acted as your private teacher and gave you much instruction, and now with all the charm of a Buddha I have repeated to you stanzas worth a hundred pieces each : therefore you ought to obey my words." On hearing this the man-eater thought, "Sutasoma was my teacher and a learned man, and I granted him the choice of a boon. What am I to do? Death verily is a certainty in the case of an individual existence. I will not eat human flesh but will grant him the boon he asks," and with tears streaming from his eyes he rose up and fell at king Sutasoma's feet, and in granting the boon he repeated this stanza :

[502] Sweet to my taste and pleasant is this food,
'Twas for this cause I hid within the wood ;
But if thou askest me to do this thing,
This boon I'll grant to thee, my friend and king.

[1] *avākarohi* here and in *Jāt.* vi. 280. 13, must mean 'pay, fulfil,' but *avākareyya* in *Jāt.* v. 495. 6, and 500. 19, seems to mean 'not to pay.' Is it possible that for *datvāna avākareyya* we should read *datvā na avākareyya*?

Then the Great Being said, "So be it, friend; to one firmly grounded in moral practice, verily even death is a boon. I accept, sire, the boon you have offered me. From this very day you are established in the path of a spiritual guide, and this being so I beg this favour of you: if you have any love for me, accept, sir, the five moral laws." "Very good," he answered, "teach me, friend, these moral laws." "Learn then from me, sire." So he saluted the Great Being with the five Rests[1] and took a seat apart, and the Great Being established him in the moral law. At that moment the deities that dwell on the earth gathered together and said, "There is no one else from the inhabitants of the Avīci hell to those of the highest of the Formless Worlds that by inspiring affection for the Great Being could make this man-eater abstain from eating human flesh. Oh! a miracle has been wrought by Sutasoma," and they applauded, making the jungle re-echo with their loud cries, and hearing the tumult the Four Great Kings did likewise and there was one universal roar reaching even to the Brahma world. And the kings suspended on the tree heard this noise of applauding spirits, and the tree nymph still standing in her abode uttered a sound of applause. So the cry of the angel spirits was heard, but their form was invisible. The kings on hearing the loud applause of the spirits thought, "Owing to Sutasoma our lives are saved: Sutasoma has wrought a miracle in converting the man-eater[2]," and they offered up their praises to the Bodhisatta. The man-eater after bowing down to the feet of the Great Being stood apart. Then the Great Being said to him, "Friend, release these warrior princes." He thought, "I am their enemy; if they are released by me, they will say, 'Seize him, he is an enemy of ours,' and will do me a mischief, but even if I lose my life, I cannot transgress the moral law which I have accepted at the hands of Sutasoma: I will go with him and release them and in this way I shall find safety." Then bowing to the Bodhisatta he said, "Sutasoma, we will go together and release the warrior princes," and he repeated this stanza:

[503] My teacher and my friend art thou in one,
Behold, good sir, thy bidding I have done:
Do thou in turn what I have bidden thee
And straight we'll go and set these princes free.

Then the Bodhisatta said to him:

Thy teacher and thy friend am I in one,
And thou in truth my bidding, sir, hast done:
I too will do what thou hast bidden me
And straight we'll go and set these princes free.

And drawing nigh to them he said:

Strung up upon this tree your tears fast flow
Because of ogre that has wronged you so,
Still we would fain from you a promise wring
Never to lay a finger on this king.

[1] Childers, p. 327.

[2] The sense is clear, but the construction of *damento* is irregular.

Then they replied:

Strung up upon this tree and weeping sore
This ogre that has wronged us we abhor,
Yet will we all a solemn promise give
To harm him not, if only we may live.

[504] Then the Bodhisatta said, "Well, give me this promise," and he repeated this stanza:

Just as fond parents to their children may
A merciful and tender love display,
E'en such a father may he ever prove
And may ye him as children dearly love.

They, too, agreeing to this, repeated this stanza:

Just as fond parents to their children may
A merciful and tender love display,
E'en such a father may he ever prove
And may we him as children dearly love.

Thus did the Great Being exact a promise from them and summoning the man-eater he said, "Come and release these princes," and the man-eater took his sword and severed the bonds of one of the kings, and as this king had been fasting for seven days and was maddened with pain, no sooner was he released by the cutting of his bonds than he fell on the ground, and the Great Being on seeing this was moved with compassion and said, "My man-eating friend, do not cut them down like this," and taking hold of a king firmly with both hands he clasped him to his breast and said, "Now cut his bonds." So the man-eater severed them with his sword and the Great Being, endowed as he was with great strength, placed him on his breast, and letting him down tenderly as though it were his own son laid him flat upon the ground. Thus did he lay them all on the ground, and after bathing their wounds he gently pulled the cords from their hands, just as it were a string from a child's ear, and washing off the clotted blood he rendered the wounds harmless. And he said to the man-eater, "My friend, pound some bark from the tree on a stone and bring it to me." And when he had got him to fetch it, he performed an Act of Truth and rubbed the palms of their hands, and at that very moment their wounds were healed. The man-eater took some husked rice and cooked it as a prophylactic [505], and the pair of them gave it to the hundred and odd warrior princes to drink as a prophylactic, and so all of them were satisfied and the sun set. On the next day at dawn and at noon and in the evening they still gave them rice water to drink, but on the third day they gave them gruel with boiled rice, and so on till they were convalescent. Then the Great Being asked them if they were strong enough to go home, and when they answered they were equal to the journey he said, "Come, my man-eating friend, let us depart to our own kingdom." But weeping he fell at the Great Being's

feet and cried, "Do you, my friend, take these kings and depart, but I will continue to live here on roots and wild berries." "What would you do here, my friend? Your kingdom is a delightful one: go and reign at Benares." "Friend, what is this you say? It is out of the question for me to go there: all the inhabitants of that city are my enemies. They will revile me and say, 'This fellow ate my mother or my father; seize this brigand,' and with a clod of earth they will deprive me of life, but if I am firmly established in the moral law by you, I could not kill anyone else, not even to save my life. I will not go. In consequence of my abstaining from eating human flesh how long shall I live? and now I shall no more set eyes on you," and he wept, saying, "Do you go." And the Great Being stroked him on the back and said, "My friend, my name is Sutasoma: I have ere now tamed just such a cruel wretch as yourself, and if you ask what story you are to tell in Benares, why I will either establish you there, or dividing my own kingdom I will hand over the half of it to you." "In your city too I have enemies," he said. Sutasoma thought, "In obeying my word this man has achieved a difficult task: by some means or other I must establish him in his former state of glory," and to tempt him he sang the praises of the great glory of his city and said:

Of beasts and birds of every kind the flesh thou once didst share,
By skilful cooks prepared was it, in sooth a dainty fare,
Yielding such joy as Indra felt, to taste ambrosial food—
Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

[506] These noble dames with slender waists, magnificently dressed,
That round about thee formerly, a thronging bevy, pressed,
Whilst thou, like Indra midst his gods, didst step in happy mood—
Why leave them thus, to take delight alone within this wood?

In midst of ample couch, O king, thou once at ease didst lie,
With many a woollen coverlet around thee piled on high,
And pillow red beneath thy head and bedding clean and white—
Why leave it thus, within this wood alone to take delight?

There thou ofttimes at dead of night the beat of drum wouldst hear,
And sounds surpassing human strains[1] would strike upon the ear,
Music and song in unison, inspiring cheerful mood—
Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

Thou hadst a charming park wherein flowers in abundance grew,
Migācira, so known to fame, as park and city too,
There horses, elephants, and cars innumerable stood—
Why leave them all, to take delight alone within this wood?

[507] The Great Being thought, "Haply this man, calling to mind the flavour of dainties he enjoyed long ago, will be eager to come with me," and so he tempted him first with food, next by appealing to his passions, thirdly by the thought of a bed, fourthly by song, dancing and music, fifthly

[1] *nippurisa*. The word is applied to music and means "not human," "not produced by human beings," but by *gandharvas*, or heavenly musicians. Morris, *Academy*, Feb. 25, 1888.

by remembrance of a park and a city—with all these thoughts he tempted him, saying, "Come, sire, I will go with you to Benares and firmly establish you there and afterwards return to my own kingdom; but if we shall fail in securing the kingdom of Benares, I will grant you the half of my realm. What have you to do with a forest life? Only do what I tell you." The man-eater after hearing his words was eager to go with him and he thought, "Sutasoma is anxious for my well-being and is a merciful man. He first established me in virtue and now says he will restore me to my former glory, and he will be able to do so. I ought to go with him. What have I to do with a forest?" And being glad at heart he was eager by reason of his merit to sing Sutasoma's praises, and he said, "Friend Sutasoma, there is nothing better than consorting with a virtuous friend, nothing worse than consorting with a wicked one," and he repeated these verses:

As in the dark half of the month the moon wanes day by day,
So friendship with the bad, O king, will suffer like decay;

Thus I consorting with that cook, the lowest of the low,
Wrought evil deeds, for which in time to hell I'm doomed to go.

As in the month's clear half the moon aye waxes day by day,
So friendship with the good, O king, will suffer no decay:

Thus with thee, Sutasoma, I consorting, thou must know,
Shall after working righteousness to heaven all blissful go.

As copious floods when shed upon dry ground
Are ever fleeting, transitory found,
[508] E'en so is union of bad men, O king,
Like water on dry land, a fleetiug thing.

But copious floods when shed upon the sea
Enduring long are ever found to be,
E'en such is union of good men, O king,
Like water in the sea, a lasting thing.

No transient thing is union of the good,
As long as life endures such brotherhood,
But union of the bad soon falls away,
From virtue's course bad men go far astray.

Thus did that man-eater in seven stanzas sing the praises of the Great Being. But he took the man-eater and those kings and went to a frontier village, and the inhabitants on seeing the Great Being went to the city and reported it, and the king's ministers came with an army and escorted the Great Being, and with this escort he came to the kingdom of Benares. And on his way there the country people brought presents and followed in his train, and a great company reached Benares with him. At that time the man-eater's son was the king and Kāḷahatthi was still commauder-in-chief, and the people of the city reported it to the king, saying, "Sutasoma, they tell us, sire, has tamed the man-eater and is come here with him: we will not allow him to enter the city," and they hastily closed the city gates and stood by with arms in their hands. The Great Being, when he discovered

that the gate was closed, left the man-eater and the hundred and odd kings and coming with a few of his counsellors he cried, "I am king Sutasoma, open ye the gate," and the officers went and told the king, and he ordered them to open the gate with all speed, and the Great Being entered the city. And the king and Kāḷahatthi came out to meet him [509] and took him up with them to the tower of the palace. The Great Being seating himself on the royal throne summoned the man-eater's chief consort and the rest of his counsellors, and addressing Kāḷahatthi said, "Why, Kāḷahatthi, do you not suffer the king to enter the city?" He answered, "The wicked wretch that he was, while he was ruling as king in this city, devoured many men and did that which is not lawful for kshatriyas to do, and rent asunder all India: that is the reason why we act thus." "Do not suppose," he answered, "that he will act after this sort now. I have converted him and established him in the moral law. Not even to save his life will he do anyone an injury: you are in no danger from him; act not after this manner. Verily children ought to watch over their parents: they who cherish their father and mother go to heaven, the others go to hell." Thus did he admonish the king's son, as he sat by him on a low seat. And he instructed the commander-in-chief and said, "Kāḷahatthi, you are a friend and follower of the king, and were firmly established by him in great power; you too ought to act in the king's interests." And admonishing the queen he said, "You, O queen, came from a noble stock and from his hand acquired the position of chief consort and were blest with many sons and daughters by him; you too ought to act in his interests." And, to bring this matter to a head, in teaching the law he said:

No king should conquer one who aye inviolate[1] should be,
No friend should get the better of a friend by treachery;
She of her lord that stands in fear is no true wife, I hold,
Nor children they that nourish not a father when he's old.

No council-hall is that wherein the wise do not appear,
Nor wise are they that do not preach the Truth both far and near.
The wise are they that lust and hate and error lay aside,
And never fail to preach the Truth to mortals far and wide.

The sage midst fools if silent none at once discern as wise,
He speaks and all a Teacher of Nirvāna recognise.

Preach, glorify the Truth, and lift the sages' flag on high,
Emblem of saints is goodly speech, Truth is the flag they fly.

[510] The king and the commander-in-chief on hearing his exposition of the Truth were highly pleased and said, "Let us go and bring the great king here," and having made proclamation in the city by beat of drum, they called together the inhabitants and said, "Be not afraid; the king, they tell us, is established in righteousness: let us conduct him hither." So with a great multitude and with the Great Being at their head they went and

[1] The commentator explains this to be a man's father or mother.

saluted the king. And they provided barbers and when his hair and beard had been shorn and he had taken a bath and put on goodly raiment, they placed him on a pile of precious stones and besprinkled him and then conducted him into the city. The man-eating king paid great honour to the hundred and more kshatriyas and the Great Being, and there was great excitement throughout all India at the report that Sutasoma, lord of men, had converted the man-eater and re-established him on the throne. And the inhabitants of the city Indapatta sent a message bidding the kings return. The Great Being stayed there just a month and admonished the king, saying, "Friend, we will be going; see that you are zealous in good works and have five alms-halls erected at the city gates and at your palace door, and observe the ten royal virtues and guard against evil courses." And from a hundred and more royal cities a numerous army [511] assembled together, and with this escort he went forth from Benares. The man-eater too going forth with him halted midway on the road. The Great Being presented horses to ride to such as had them not and then dismissed them all. And they exchanged friendly greetings with him, and then after fitting salutations and embraces they returned each to his own people. The Great Being too on reaching Indapatta with great majesty entered the city, which its inhabitants had decorated like as it were a city of the gods. After paying his respects to his parents and expressing his pleasure at seeing them he ascended the palace tower. While exercising just rule in his kingdom the thought occurred to him, "The tree-spirit was very helpful to me; I will see that it receives a religious offering." So he had a vast lake constructed near the banyan tree and transported thither many families and founded a village. It grew into a big place supplied with eighty thousand shops. And starting from the farthest limits of its branches he levelled the ground about the roots of the tree and surrounded it with a balustrade[1] furnished with arches and gates; and the spirit of the tree was propitiated. And owing to the fact of the village having been settled on the spot where the ogre was converted, the place grew into the town of Kammāsadamma. And all the kings, abiding in the admonition of the Great Being, performed good works such as alms-giving and the like, and attained to heaven.

The Master here ended his religious instruction and said, "Not now only, Brethren, do I convert Aṅgulimāla, in former times too was he converted by me and he identified the Birth": "At that time the man-eating king was Aṅgulimāla, Kāḷahatthi was Sāriputta, the brahmin Nanda was Ānanda, the tree-sprite was Kassapa, Sakka was Anuruddha, the rest of the kings were the followers of Buddha, the king's father and mother were members of the great king's household, and king Sutasoma, it is said, was I myself."

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[1] *vedikā*. This word is discussed in Senart's *Mahāvastu*, I. pp. 529 and 544, and in *Vinaya Texts*, III. 104 and 162.

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